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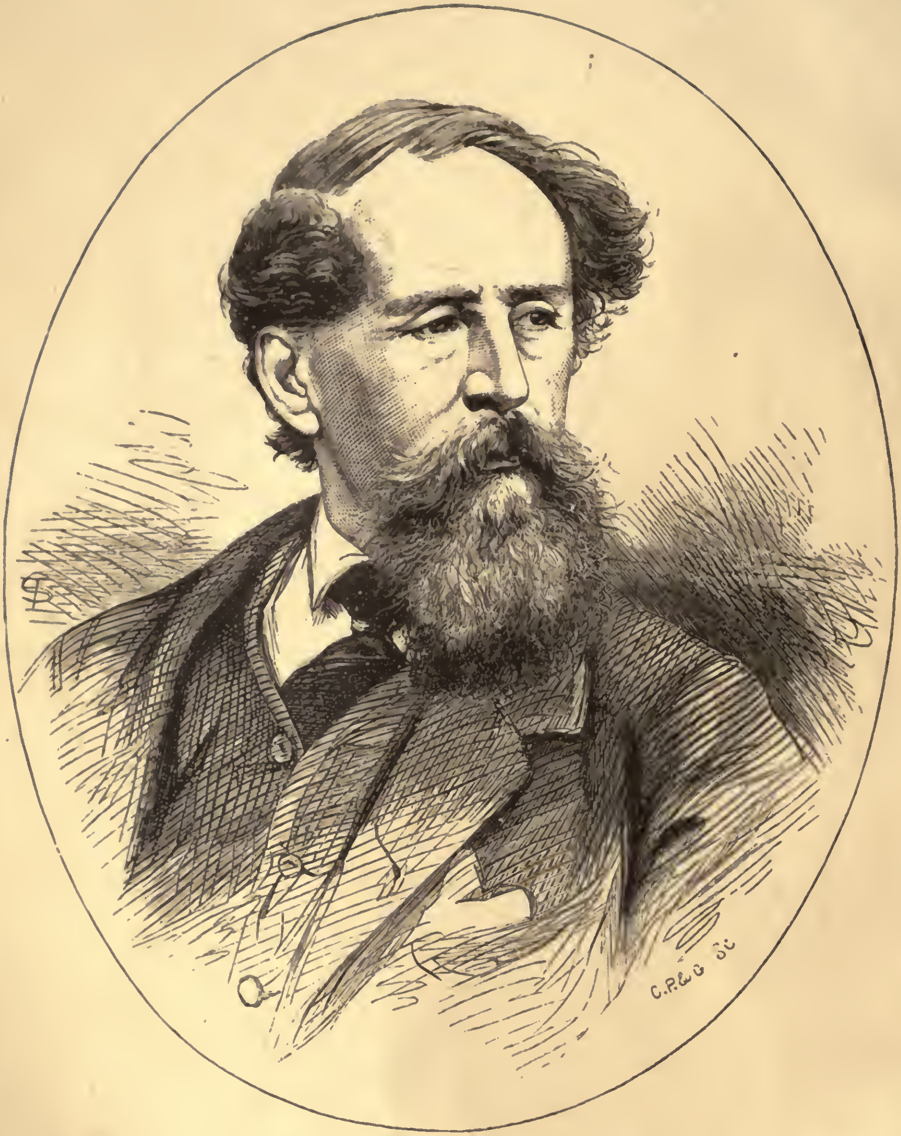

Faithfully Yours

Charles Dickens

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PENNY

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CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED READINGS

CONDUCTED BY

TOM HOOD

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—It is usual, I believe, to open a Penny Reading with a few prefatory remarks. I must ask you to allow me to avail myself of the privilege to explain to you the intention of this selection. It is intended, not only as a hand-book for public readings, but as a fireside companion on occasions when the weather or ill-health may forbid attendance at the Institute or the Lecture Hall. It will be offered to you weekly, so that in the absence of a Public Reading, some member of your family may give you a Home Reading—a practice I would especially recommend. It will, moreover, as far as I am able to make it, add to your libraries a collection of the gems to be found in the English literature of all ages. For the permission which enables me to add selections from the popular works of our own times, I am glad to take this public opportunity of thanking those Authors and Publishers who have so readily granted the use of their copyrights.

There are two specialities in this series of Readings to which I would, in conclusion, draw your attention—their Illustration and their Cheapness.

The drawings will, by the direct appeal they make to the eye, assist materially in impressing on your memories the recollection of the passages placed before you. The low price at which the series is issued will enable all to overcome the one drawback to public readings—that generally, through the mere straining of the attention in order not to miss anything, we fail to appreciate fully the very finest passages when read aloud to us for the first time.

With these few words I make my bow, opening to you the riches of the finest literature in the world.

TOM HOOD.

THE BROKEN HEART.

[WASHINGTON IRVING, an American writer, long resident in England. Born 1783. Died 1859.]

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness!

As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me. The circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young E——, the Irish patriot: it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned, and executed on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so generous, so brave, so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country; the eloquent vindication of his name; and the pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation; all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervour of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image! Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth; who have sat at its threshold as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horror of such a grave! so frightful, so disgraceful! so dishonoured! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation—none of those tender, those melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene; nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parching hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth the bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of far-gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless where all around is gay; to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woebegone as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air that showed her insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken soul.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.*

[Miss **Elizabeth Barrett Barrett**, married Robert Browning the poet, and spent the chief part of her life in Italy. Died in 1861, and was buried at Florence.]

I.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,—
And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.

II.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow,
Which is lost in Long Ago;
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in the frost,
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost:
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
In our happy fatherland?

III.

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy:
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;
Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek:
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old!

IV.

"True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time.
Little Alice died last year, her grave is shapen
Like a snowball in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her—
Was no room for any work in the close clay!
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries!
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes!
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud, by the kirk-chime!
It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time."

V.

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have!
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city,
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty,
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows;
From your pleasures fair and fine!

VI.

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow:
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark, underground—
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

VII.

"For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning;
Their wind comes in our faces,
Till our hearts turn, our head, with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places—
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling—
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall—

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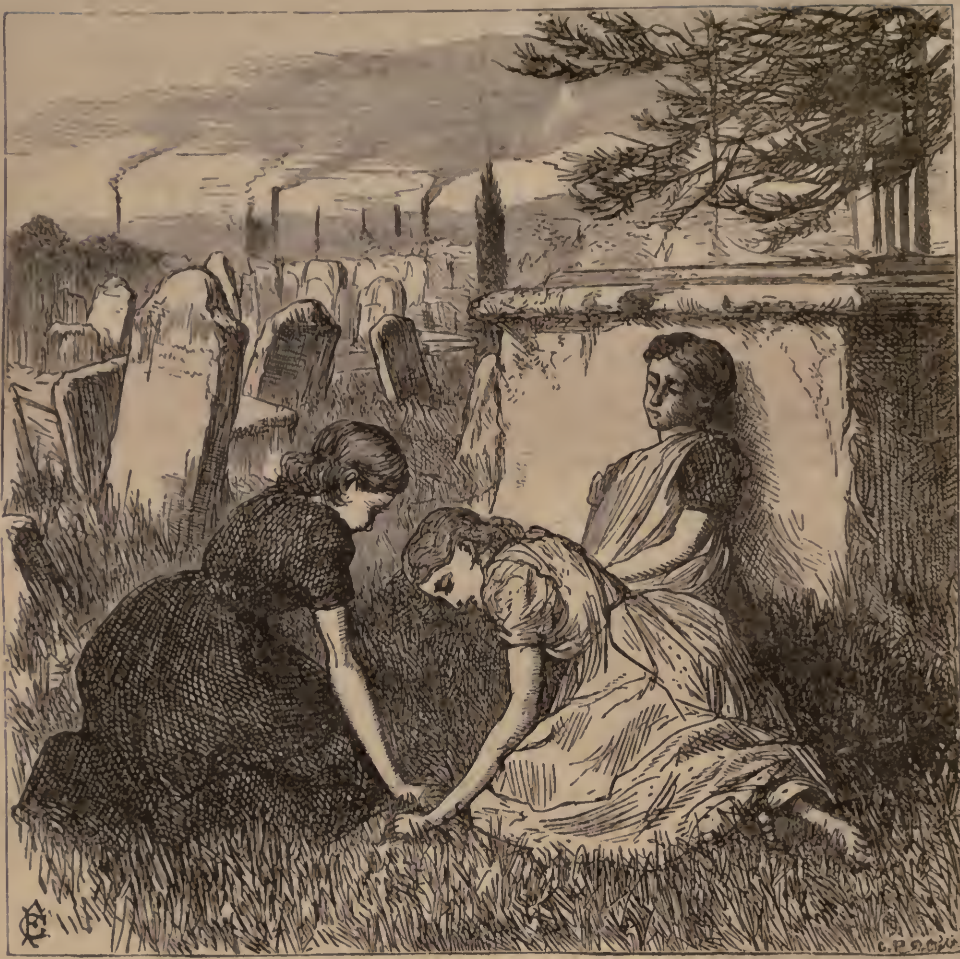


" If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries!"—*Page* 3.

Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning),
'Stop! be silent for to-day!'"

VIII.

Ay, be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth!
Let them touch each other's hands in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals;
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!

Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

IX.

Now, tell the poor young children, O my brothers!
To look up to Him and pray;
So the Blessed One, who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer, "Who is God that he should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word;
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)
Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round him,
Hears our weeping any more?

X.

"Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
And at midnight's hour of harm,
'Our Father!' looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.
We know no other words except 'Our Father,'
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold both within his right hand which is strong.
'Our Father!' If he heard us, he would surely
(For they call him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
'Come and rest with me, my child.'

XI.

"But, no!" say the children, weeping faster,
"He is speechless as a stone:
And they tell us, of his image is the master
Who commands us to work on.
Go to!" say the children—"up in heaven,
Dark, wheel-like turning clouds are all we find.
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving;
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by his world's loving,
And the children doubt of each.

XII.

And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun;
They know the grief of man without his wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without his calm—
Are slaves without the liberty in Christdom—
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm—
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The blessing of its memory cannot keep—
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly:
Let them weep! let them weep!

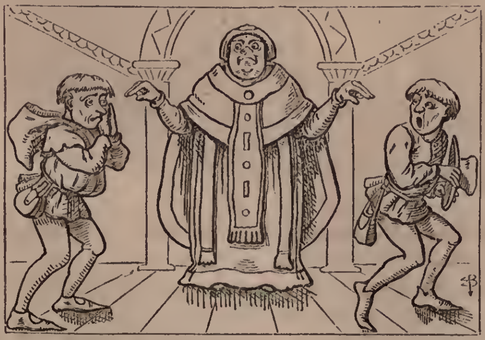
XIII.

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in high places
With eyes turned on Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart:
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob curses deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath."

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

[Dr. Wolcott, born at Dodbrooke, in Devon, 1738. Was ordained, and held a living in Jamaica; but returned to England and practised as a physician at Truro. Published satires, under the assumed name of Peter Pindar. Died in Somers Town, January 14, 1819. Buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden.]

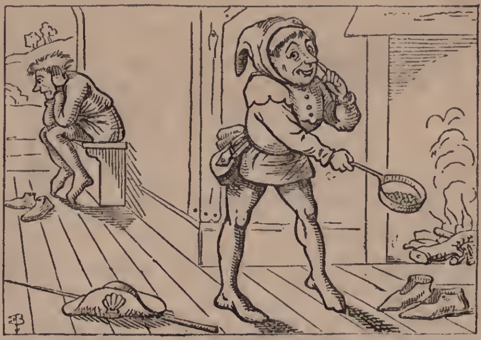
A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And in a curled little wig looked wondrous fine.



Ye priest ordereth ye pease.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel:
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes.

A nostrum, famous in old Popish times,
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes;
A sort of apostolic salt,
That Popish parsons for its powers exalt,



Toil and trouble. | Boil and bubble.

For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their speed, I wot:

One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limped as if he had been shot.

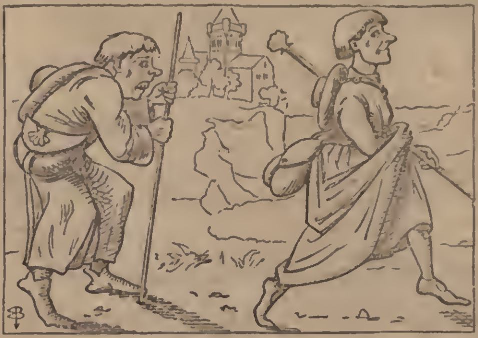
One saw the Virgin, soon *peccavi* cried,
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever;
When home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother-rogue about half-way,
Hobbling, with outstretched hams and bending knees,
Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathising with his groaning feet.

"How now!" the light-toed, whitewashed pilgrim broke,
"You lazy lubber."
"Confound it!" cried the t'other, "'tis no joke;
My feet, once hard as any rock, are now as soft as blubber.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear:
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
No! to the bad my sinful soul must go,
For hang me if I ha'n't lost every toe!

"But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain—
What power hath worked a wonder for your toes?
Whilst I just like a snail am crawling;
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling—
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes!



Ye pilgrim that hath pease. | Ye pilgrim that hath peace.

"How is't that you can like a greyhound go,
As merry as if nought had happened, burn ye?"
"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must know,
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas!"

DR. PANGLOSS AND HIS PUPIL.

(*From "The Heir at Law.*)

[George Colman, the Younger, born October 21, 1762. Educated at Westminster and Oxford. Favourite companion of George IV., and by him made licenser of plays. Died in London, October 26, 1836.]

PANGLOSS. Never before did honour and affluence let fall such a shower on the head of Dr. Pangloss! Fortune, I thank thee! Propitious goddess, I am grateful! I, thy favoured child, who commenced his career in the loftiest apartment of a muffin-maker, in Milk Alley. Little did I think—good "easy man"—Shakespeare—hem!—of the riches and literary dignities which now—

Enter Dick Dowlas.

My pupil!

Dick. (*Speaking while entering.*) Well, where is the man that wants—oh! you are he, I suppose—

Pang. I am the man, young gentleman. *Homo sum.* Terence—hem! Sir, the person who now presumes to address you is Peter Pangloss, to whose name, in the College of Aberdeen, is subjoined LL.D., signifying Doctor of Laws; to which has been recently added the distinction of A double S; the Roman initials for a Fellow of the Society of Arts.

Dick. I am your most obedient, Richard Dowlas; to whose name, in his tailor's bill, is subjoined D.R., signifying Debtor; to which are added L.S.D., the Roman initials for pounds, shillings, and pence.

Pang. (*Aside.*) Ha! this youth was, doubtless, designed by destiny to move in the circles of fashion, for he dips in debt, and makes a merit of telling it.

Dick. But what are your commands with me, doctor?

Pang. I have the honour, young gentleman, of being deputed an ambassador to you, from your father.

Dick. Then you have the honour to be ambassador of as good-natured an old fellow as ever sold a ha'porth of cheese in a chandler's shop.

Pang. Pardon me, if on the subject of your father's cheese, I advise you to be as mute as a mouse in one for the future; 'twere better to keep that *altâ mente repostum!* Virgil—hem!

Dick. Why, what's the matter? Any misfortune?—Broke, I fear?

Pang. No, not broke; but his name, as 'tis customary in these cases, has appeared in the *Gazette.*

Dick. Not broke, but gazetted! why, zounds!

Pang. Check your passions; learn philosophy. When the wife of the great Socrates threw a—hum!—threw a teapot at his erudite head, he was as cool as a cucumber. When Plato——

Dick. Hang Plato! What of my father?

Pang. Don't hang Plato. The bees swarmed round his mellifluous mouth as soon as he was swaddled. *Cum in cunis apes in labellis consedissent.*—Cicero—hem!

Dick. I wish you had a swarm round yours, with all my heart. Come to the point.

Pang. In due time. But calm your choler. *Ira furor brevis est.*—Horace—hem! Read this. [*Gives a letter.*

Dick. [*Snatches the letter, breaks it open, and reads.*]

"Dear Dick,—This comes to inform you I am in a perfect state of health, hoping you are the same." Ay, that's the old beginning. "It was my lot, last week, to be made"—ay, a bankrupt, I suppose?—"to be made a"—what?—"to be made a P E A R." A pear!—to be made a pear! What on earth does he mean by that?

Pang. A peer!—a peer of the realm. His lordship's orthography is a little loose, but several of his equals countenance the custom. Lord Loggerhead always spells physician with an F.

Dick. A peer!—what, my father? I'm electrified! Old Daniel Dowlas made a peer! But, let me see. (*Reads on.*)—"A pear of the realm. Lawyer Ferrett got me my tittle"—titt—oh, title!—"and an estate of fifteen thousand per ann., by making me out next of kin to old Lord Duberly, because he died without—without hair." 'Tis an odd reason, by-the-by, to be next of kin to a nobleman because he died bald.

Pang. His lordship means heir—heir to his estate. We shall ameliorate his style speedily. "Reform it altogether."—Shakespeare—hem!

Dick. "I send my carrot"—carrot!

Pang. He! he! he! Chariot, his lordship means.

Dick. "With Dr. Pangloss in it."

Pang. That's me.

Dick. "Respect him, for he's an LL.D., and moreover, an A double S." [*They bow.*

Pang. His lordship kindly condescended to insert that at my request.

Dick. "And I have made him your tutorer, to mend your cakelology."

Pang. Cacology; from *kakos,* "malus," and *logos,* "verbum."—Vide lexicon—hem!

Dick. "Come with the doctor to my house in Hanover Square"—Hanover Square! "I remain your affectionate father, to command.—Duberly."

Pang. That's his lordship's title.

Dick. It is?

Pang. It is.

Dick. Say sir to a lord's son. You have no more manners than a bear!

Pang. Bear! Under favour, young gentleman, I am the bear-leader, being appointed your tutor.

Dick. And what can you teach me?

Pang. Prudence. Don't forget yourself in a sudden success. *Tecum habita.*—Persius—hem!

Dick. Prudence to a nobleman's son with fifteen thousand a year!

Pang. Don't give way to your passions.

Dick. Give way! Zounds! I'm wild—mad! You teach me! Pooh! I have been in London before, and know it requires no teaching to be a modern fine gentleman. Why, it all lies in a nutshell: sport a curricle—walk Bond Street—play at faro—get drunk—dance reels—go to the Opera—cut off your tail—pull on your pantaloons, and there's a buck of the first fashion in town for you. D'ye think I don't know what's going?

Pang. Mercy on me! I shall have a very refractory pupil.

Dick. Not at all. We'll be hand and glove together, my little doctor. I'll drive you down to all the races, with my little terrier between your legs, in a tandem.

Pang. Dr. Pangloss, the philosopher, with a terrier between his legs, in a tandem!

Dick. I'll tell you what, doctor: I'll make you my long-stop at cricket—you shall draw corks when I'm president—laugh at my jokes before company—squeeze lemons for punch—cast up the reckoning—and woe betide you if you don't keep sober enough to see me safe home after a jollification!

Pang. Make me a long-stop, and a squeezer of lemons! Zounds! this is more fatiguing than walking out with the lapdogs! And are these the qualifications for a tutor, young gentleman?

Dick. Come now, tutor, go you and call the waiter.

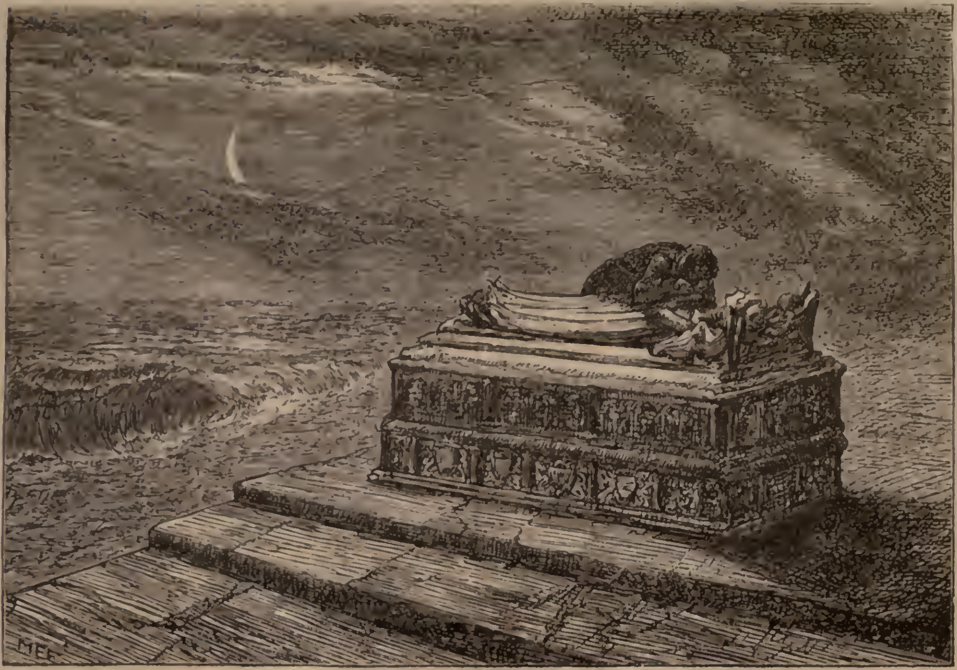
Pang. Go and call. Sir—sir! I'd have you to understand, Mr. Dowlas——

Dick. Ay, let us understand one another, doctor. My father, I take it, comes down handsomely to you for your management of me?

Pang. My lord has been liberal.

Dick. But 'tis I must manage you, doctor. Acknowledge this, and, between ourselves, I'll find means to double your pay.

Pang. Double my pay! Say no more—done! *Actum est!*—Terence—hem! Waiter. (*Bawling.*) Gad, I've reached the right reading at last!



(*Drawn by* M. E. Edwards.)

ANNABEL LEE.

[Edgar Allan Poe, born at Baltimore, in Virginia, January, 1811. Educated partly in England, partly at Charlottesville University. Died 7th October, 1849.]

I.

It was many and many a year ago,
  In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
  By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought,
  Than to love and be loved by me.

II.

I was a child, and she was a child,
  In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
  I and my Annabel Lee:
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
  Coveted her and me.

III.

And this was the reason that long ago,
  In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
  My beautiful Annabel Lee,
So that her high-born kinsman came,
  And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
  In this kingdom by the sea.

IV.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
  Went envying her and me—
Yes, that was the reason (as all men know,
  In this kingdom by the sea),
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
  Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

V.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
  Of those who were older than we—
  Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
  Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

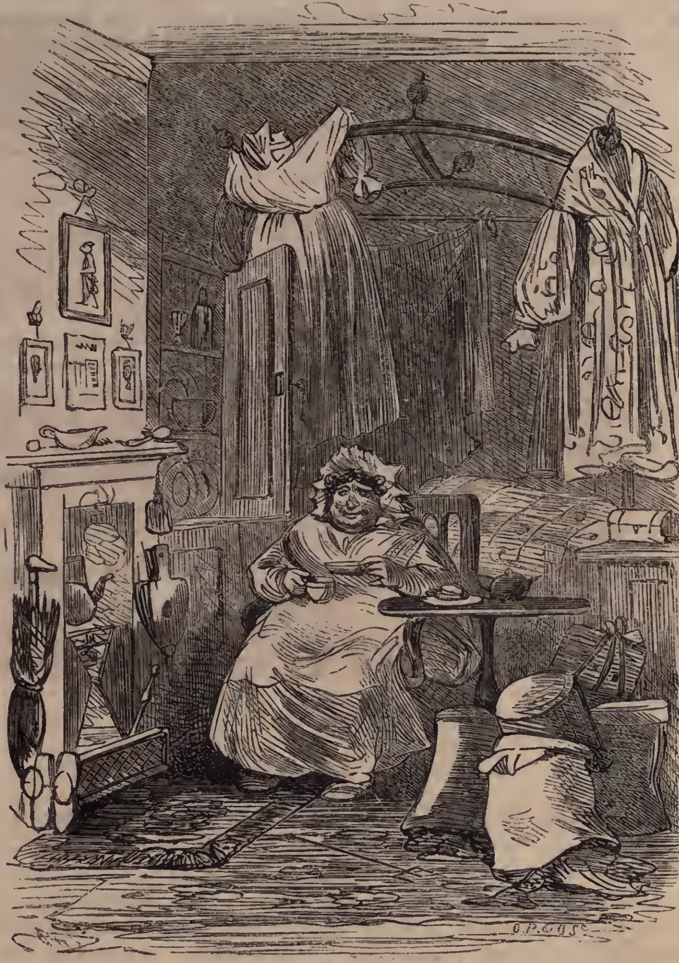
VI.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
  Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
  In the sepulchre there by the sea,
  In her tomb by the sounding sea.

MRS. GAMP'S APARTMENT.

(*By kind permission of the Author.*)

[Charles Dickens. Born at Portsmouth in 1812. Originally a reporter on the *Morning Chronicle*, in which "Sketches by Boz" appeared. With the publication of "Pickwick" he achieved a position as a popular writer, which he has held ever since. The *Daily News* was started under his auspices, and in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* he established the excellent cheap periodicals of high-class literature.]



(*Drawn by* Phiz.)

Mrs. Gamp's apartment in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn, wore, metaphorically speaking, a robe of state. It was swept and garnished for the reception of a visitor. That visitor was Betsy Prig; Mrs. Prig of Bartlemy's; or, as some said, Bärklemy's; or, as some said, Bardlemy's; for by all these endearing and familiar appellations had the hospital of St. Bartholomew become a household word among the sisterhood which Betsy Prig adorned.

Mrs. Gamp's apartment was not a spacious one, but, to a contented mind, a closet is a palace; and the first-floor front at Mr. Sweedlepipe's may have been, in the imagination of Mrs. Gamp, a stately pile. If it were not exactly that to restless intellects, it at least comprised as much accommodation as any person not sanguine to insanity could have looked for in a room of its dimensions. For only keep the bedstead always in your mind, and you were safe. That was the grand secret. Remembering the bedstead, you might even stoop to look under the little round table for anything you had dropped, without hurting yourself much against the chest of drawers, or qualifying as a patient of St. Bartholomew by falling into the fire. Visitors were much assisted in their cautious efforts to preserve an unflagging recollection of this piece of furniture by its size, which was great. It was not a turn-up bedstead, nor yet a French bedstead, nor yet a four-post bedstead, but what is poetically called a tent; the sacking whereof was low and bulgy, insomuch that Mrs. Gamp's box would not go under it, but stopped half way, in a manner which, while it did violence to the reason, likewise endangered the legs of a stranger. The frame, too, which would have supported the canopy and hangings, if there had been any, was ornamented with divers pippins carved in timber, which, on the slightest provocation, and frequently on none at all, came tumbling down, harassing the peaceful guest with inexplicable terrors. The bed itself was decorated with a patchwork quilt of great antiquity; and at the upper end, upon the side nearest to the door, hung a scanty curtain of blue check, which prevented the zephyrs that were abroad in Kingsgate Street from visiting Mrs. Gamp's head too roughly.

The chairs in Mrs. Gamp's apartment were extremely large and broad-backed, which was more than a sufficient reason for their being but two in number. They were both elbow-chairs of ancient mahogany, and were chiefly valuable for the slippery nature of their seats, which had been originally horsehair, but were now covered with a shiny substance of a bluish tint, from which the visitor began to slide away, with a dismayed countenance, immediately after sitting down. What Mrs. Gamp wanted in chairs she made up in bandboxes, of which she had a great collection, devoted to the reception of various miscellaneous valuables, which were not, however, as well protected as the good woman, by a pleasant fiction, seemed to think; for though every bandbox had a carefully-closed lid, not one among them had a bottom, owing to which cause the property within was merely, as it were, extinguished. The chest of drawers having been originally made to stand upon the top of another chest, had a dwarfish, elfin look alone; but, in regard of security, it had a great advantage over the bandboxes, for as all the handles had been long ago pulled off, it was very difficult to get at its contents. This, indeed, was only to be done by one of two devices; either by tilting the whole structure forward until all the drawers fell out together, or by opening them singly with knives, like oysters.

Mrs. Gamp stored all her household matters in a little cupboard by the fire-place; beginning below the surface (as in nature) with the coals, and mounting gradually upwards to the spirits, which, from motives of delicacy, she kept in a tea-pot. The chimney-piece was ornamented with an almanack; it was also embellished with three profiles; one, in colours, of Mrs. Gamp herself in early life; one, in bronze, of a lady in feathers, supposed to be Mrs. Harris, as she appeared when dressed for a ball; and one, in black, of Mr. Gamp deceased. The last was a full-length, in order that the likeness might be rendered more obvious and forcible, by the introduction of the wooden leg. A pair of bellows, a pair of pattens, a toasting fork, a kettle, a spoon for the administration of medicine to the refractory, and lastly, Mrs. Gamp's umbrella, which, as something of great price and rarity, was displayed with particular ostentation, completed the decorations of the chimney-piece and adjacent wall.

MOSES AND THE GROSS OF GREEN SPECTACLES.

(From the "Vicar of Wakefield.")

[**Oliver Goldsmith**, born at Pallas, in Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Travelled through most parts of Europe, and practised as a physician in Southwark. After a life of much vicissitude, he died in the Temple, April 4, 1774.]

When we returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest.

Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed my wife kept up the usual theme.

"Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."

"Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say.

"What, only pretty well!" returned she; "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town. This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day; and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be? *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly; so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?"

"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter; "Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and, indeed, I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at the neighbouring fair, and buy us a horse which would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly, but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home.

"No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage: you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had, at last, the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat of that cloth called thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarcely gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied.

"Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into one of the families of the great; but when once one gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep."

To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by little at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by-the-bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice; although we seldom follow advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife.

"I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who have made use of it themselves."

"Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will."

As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what is wanted in wit, I changed the subject by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall.

"Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it, he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze you. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar.

"Welcome! welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

"Ah, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?"

"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."

"Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then."

"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again; "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; 'here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green, paltry spectacles!"

"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

"A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion. "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

"What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver!"

"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better!"

"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."

"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff. If I had them, I would throw them in the fire."

"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

Our family had now made several attempts to be fine; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take advantage of every disappointment to improve their good sense, in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition.

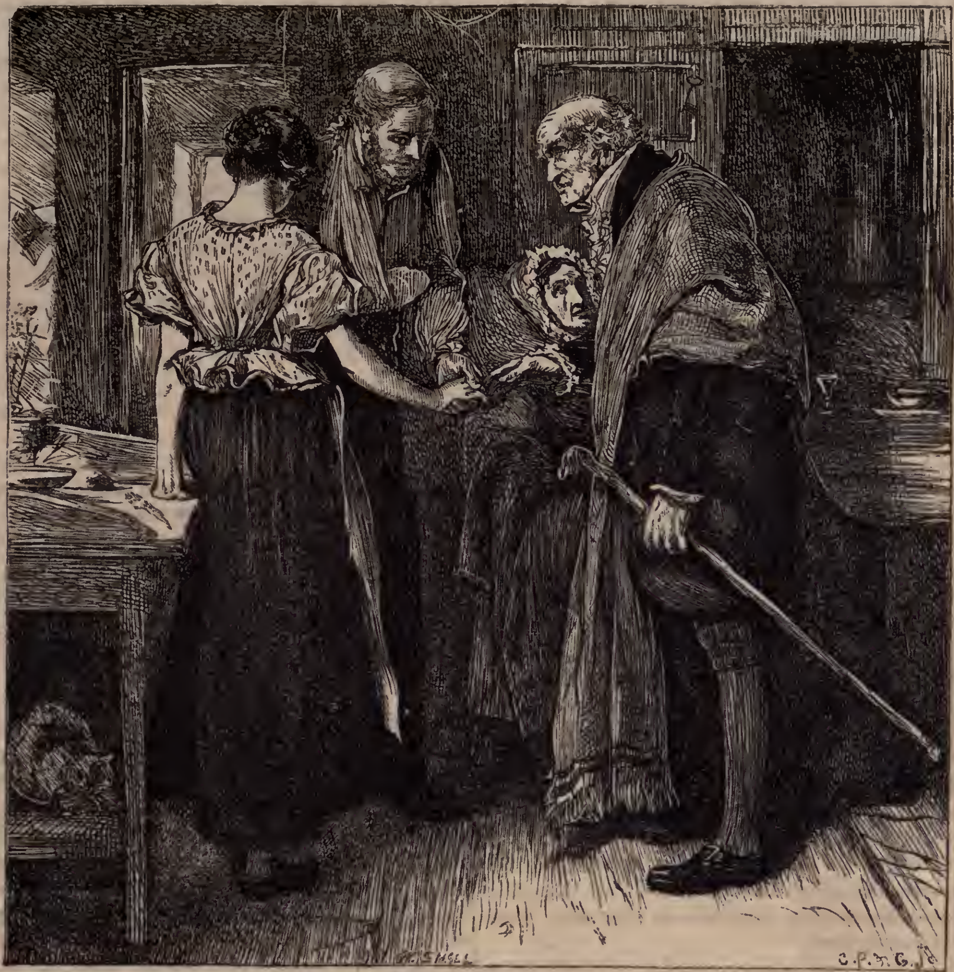
"You see, my children," cried I, "how little is to be got by attempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor, and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side; the rich having the pleasure, the poor the inconveniences, that result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the fable you were reading to-day, for the good of the company."

"Once upon a time," cried the child, "a giant and a dwarf were friends and kept together. They made a bargain that they would never forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens; and the dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a woful plight; but the giant, coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before, but for all that struck the first blow, which was returned by another that knocked out his eye; but the giant was soon up with them, and had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the giant and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a company of robbers. The giant, for the first time, was foremost now, but the dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant came, all fell before him; but the dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last, the victory declared for the two adventurers; but the dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf was now without an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion, 'My little hero, this is glorious sport; let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour for ever.'

"'No,' cries the dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser, 'no; I declare off; I'll fight no more, for I find, in every battle, that you get all the honours and rewards, but all the blows fall on me.'"

I was going to moralise this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr. Burchell, upon my daughters' intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it. Mr. Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardour, and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high, while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and was at last obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamour. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all: she knew, she said, of some who had their own secret reasons for what they advised; but for her part, she wished such to stop away from her house for the future.

"Madam," cried Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, "as for secret reasons, you are right; I have secret reasons which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret. But I find my visits here are become troublesome; I'll take my leave therefore now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country." Thus saying, he took up his hat; nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.



Drawn by W. Small.)

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

[Lady Anne Barnard, daughter of James Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres. Born December 8, 1750. Married Sir Andrew Barnard librarian to George III., in 1793. She wrote *Auld Robin Gray* to an ancient air in 1771, but did not acknowledge th authorship until 1823, when she admitted it to Sir Walter Scott. Died May 8, 1825.]

When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye at hame,
And a' the world to sleep are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and socht me for his bride—
But saving a croun, he had naething else beside;
To mak' that croun a pund young Jamie gaed to sea,
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea—
And Auld Robin Gray cam' a courtin' me.

My father couldna work and my mother couldna spin;
I toiled day and nicht, for their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, oh! marry me."

My heart it said nay—for I looked for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack:
The ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to say, "Wae's me?"

My father argued sair, my mother didna speak,
But she lookit in my face, till my heart was like to break;
Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was at the sea,
And Auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I could not think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame to marry thee."

Ah! sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I was dead! but I'm no like to dee,
And why was I born to say, "Wae's me?"

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

RESIGNATION.

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, born February 27, 1807, at Portland, Maine. Educated at Bowdoin College, Brunswick; has travelled much in Europe; is Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard University.]

I.

SPES
REGRETS

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

II.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

III.

Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

IV.

We see but dimly through the mist and vapours
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

V.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

VI.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

VII.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

VIII.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

IX.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

X.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when, with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

XI.

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace,
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.

XII.

And though at times impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves—moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest—

XIII.

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE STARLING.—CAPTIVITY.

(*From the "Sentimental Journey."*)

[Lawrence Sterne, born at Clonmel, November 24, 1713. Educated at Cambridge, took orders, and obtained the living of Sutton. Subsequently a prebend of York. Died in lodgings in Bond Street, March 18, 1768.]

And as for the Bastille, the terror is in the word. Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastille is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year; but with nine livres a day, and pen, and ink, and paper, and patience; albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within, at least, for a month or six weeks, at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a bettor and a wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard as I settled this account; and remember I walked down-stairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. Beshrew the sombre pencil! said I, vauntingly, for I envy not its powers which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.

'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition, the Bastille is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors, call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper and not of a man which holds you in it, the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out." I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention. In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling, hung in a little cage. "I can't get out! I can't get out!" said the starling. I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get out," said the starling.

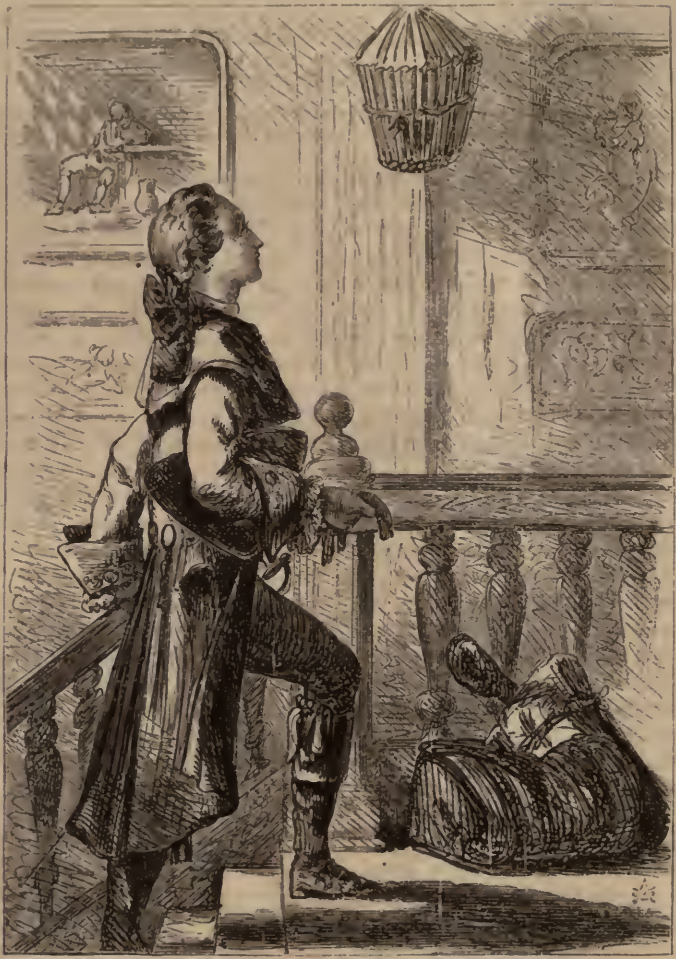
God help thee! said I; but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door. It was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it. The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient. I fear, poor creature, said I, I cannot set thee at liberty. "No," said the starling, "I can't get out; I can't get out." I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember any incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastille, and I heavily walked up-stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, said I, still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change; no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron; with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close by the table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of a confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years the



(*Drawn by* ALFRED THOMPSON.)

"I stood looking at the bird."—*Page* 15.

western breeze had not once fanned his blood; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice; his children—but here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calendar of small sticks lay at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh: I saw the iron enter into his soul. I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

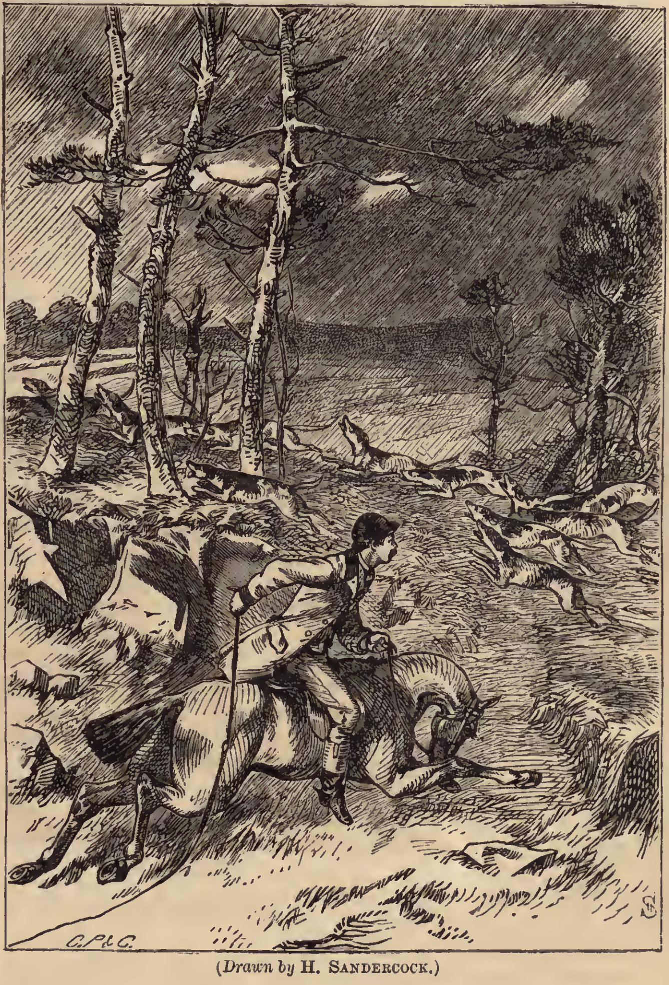
I started up from my chair, and calling La Fleur, I bid him bespeak me a *remise*, and have it ready at the door of the hotel by nine in the morning.

"I'll go directly," said I, "myself to Monsieur the Duc de Choiseul."

Le Fleur would have put me to bed; but, not willing that he should see anything upon my cheek which would cost the honest fellow a heart-ache, I told him I would go to bed by myself; and bid him go do the same.

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND.*

[The Rev. **Charles Kingsley**, M.A., born at Holne, on the borders of Dartmoor, June 12, 1819. Educated at King's College, and Magdalen, Cambridge, at which latter place he took a first-class in classics and a second in mathematics. Rector of Eversley, which was his first cure. Has taken a foremost part in all movements for the benefit of the working classes. Is Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.]



(*Drawn by* H. Sandercock.)

Welcome, wild North-Easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-Easter!
O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day;
Jovial wind of winter,
Turn us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds,
Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;
Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest,
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark! the brave North-Easter!
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow,
Who can override you?—
Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast,
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind,
Breathe in lovers' sighs;
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard Englishmen.
What's the soft South-Wester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas:
But the black North-Easter,
Through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward—round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee;
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come, and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew,
Blow, thou wind of God!

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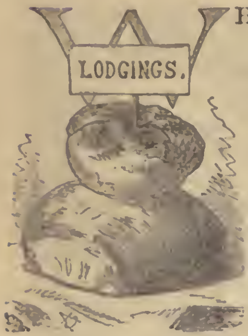
* By kind permission of Rev. Charles Kingsley, and Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

[George Colman, the Younger. *See Page 6.*]



WHO has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face;
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was fat, he appeared like a ton,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fevered and heated;
And though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same, and the next, and the next;
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vexed;
Week passed after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him,
For his skin, like a lady's loose gown, hung about him;
He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny:
"I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea."

The doctor looked wise: "A slow fever," he said;
Prescribed sudorifics and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will, "are humbugs!
I've enough of them there without paying for drugs!"

Will kicked out the doctor; but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host, he said, "Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago?

"Look'e, landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first took me in;
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so precious hot that I'm sure I caught cold."

Quoth the landlord, "Till now I ne'er had a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years; I'm a baker to boot:
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven,
And your bed is immediately over my oven."

"The oven!" says Will. Says the host, "Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion!
Why so crusty, good sir?" "Zounds!" cried Will in a taking,
"Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms; cried the host, with a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been going away half a year!"
"Friend, we can't well agree; yet no quarrel," Will said,
"But I'd rather not perish while you make your bread."

THE HAPPY HEART.

[Decker (date and place of birth unknown) was at first connected with Ben Jonson as a dramatist, but subsequently quarrelled with him. He is supposed to have died, after a life of poverty and irregularity, about the year 1628.]

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed,
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face:
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
O sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O punishment!
Then he that patiently Want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace,
Honest labour bears a lovely face:
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

(*From the "Spectator.*")

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me the other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, "in which," says he, "there are a great many ingenious fancies." He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's "Chronicle," which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey.

I found the knight under the butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the Widow Truby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against some maladies.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic; when of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bade him call a hackney-coach, and take care that it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Truby's water, telling me that the Widow Truby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her medicine gratis among all sorts of people; to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; "and truly," says Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good. Upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bade him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of the best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his head that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner, "Dr. Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his 'Chronicle.'"

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter "what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland?" The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him "that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit." I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that "if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them."

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward III.'s sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward III. was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that "he was the first who touched for the evil;" and afterwards Henry IV.'s; upon which he shook his head, and told us "there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign."

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since; "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger: "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you do not take care."

The glorious names of Henry V. and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, "who," as our knight observed with some surprise, "had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey."

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

THE RAZOR-SELLER.

[PETER PINDAR. *See Page 5.*]

A FELLOW in a market-town,
Most musical cried "Razors," up and down,
And offered twelve for eighteen-pence;
Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As every man should buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard;
Poor Hodge! who suffer'd by a thick black beard,
That seem'd a shoebrush stuck beneath his nose;
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose!

"No matter if the fellow be a knave,
Provided that the razors shave:
It *sartinly* will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown with his good fortune went,
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes

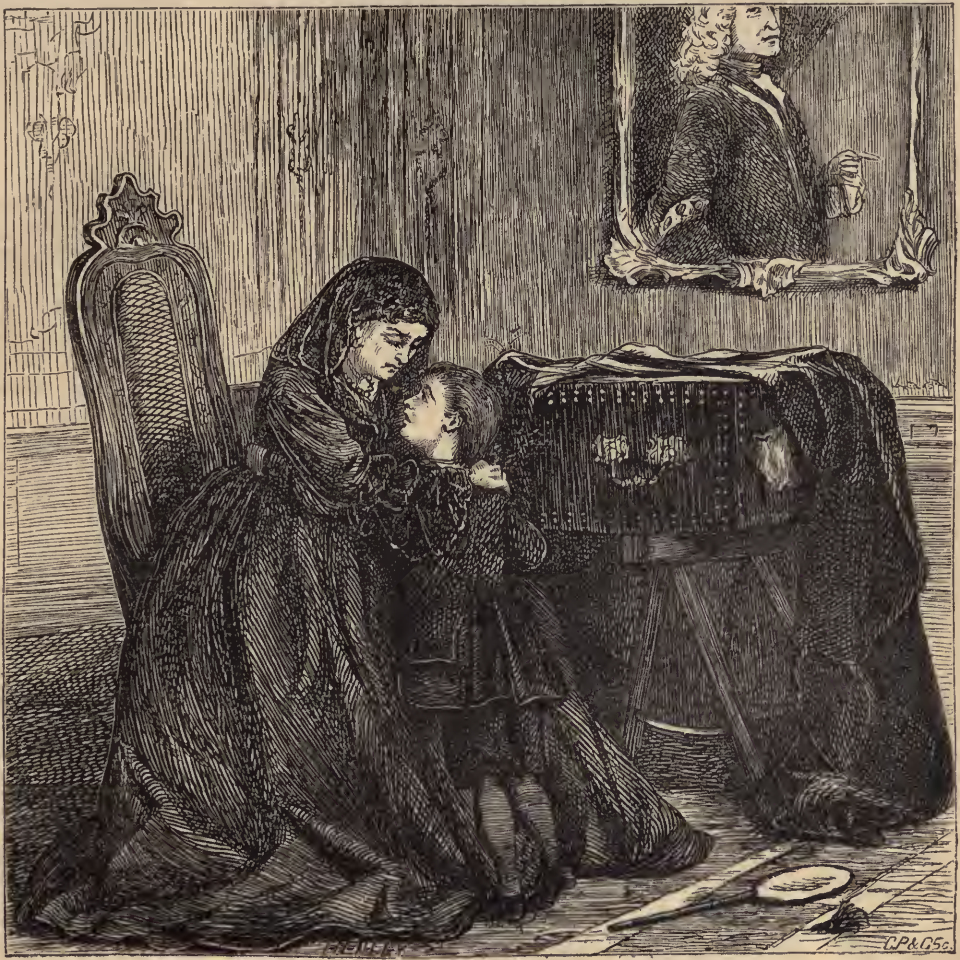
Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze:
'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he tried—
All were impostors—"Ah!" Hodge sigh'd,
"I wish my eighteen-pence were in my purse."

In vain, to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamp'd, and swore,
Brought blood, and danced, reviled, and made wry faces;
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er!

His muzzle, form'd of opposition stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds:
Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws
On the vile cheat that sold the goods:
"Razors! a base, confounded dog,
Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him, and begun—
"Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives;
You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my whiskers here a scrubbing,
With razors just like oyster-knives.
Sirrah, I tell you you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't shave."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm no knave;
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my word, I never thought
That they would shave."
"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with wondering eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for, then, you dog?" he cries,
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile—"*to sell.*"



DESCRIPTION OF A FATHER'S DEATH.

[Sir **Richard Steele**, born in Dublin, 1675. Educated at Charterhouse and Merton. Enlisted in the Horse Guards. Subsequently got a commission; afterwards the post of Commissioner in the Stamp Office. Sat in Parliament. Died at Llangunnor, near Carmarthen, in 1729.]

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me, in a flood of tears, papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, which, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is that good nature in me is no merit; but having been as frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of my affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since ensnared me into ten thousand calamities, and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can better indulge myself in the softness of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

THE NOTARY OF PERIGUEUX.

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. *See Page* 14.]

You must know, gentlemen, that there lived some years ago, in the city of Perigueux, an honest notary public, the descendant of a very ancient and broken-down family, and the occupant of one of those old weather-beaten tenements which remind you of the times of your great-grandfather. He was a man of an unoffending, quiet disposition; the father of a family, though not the head of it, for in that family "the hen overcrowed the cock;" and the neighbours, when they spoke of the notary, shrugged their shoulders, and exclaimed, "Poor fellow! his spurs want sharpening." In fine—you understand me, gentlemen—he was hen-pecked. Well, finding no peace at home, he sought it elsewhere, as was very natural for him to do; and at length discovered a place of rest far beyond the cares and clamours of domestic life. This was a little *café estaminet*, a short way out of the city, whither he repaired every evening to smoke his pipe, drink sugar water, and play his favourite game of domino. There he met the boon companions he most loved; heard all the floating chit-chat of the day; laughed when he was in a merry mood, found consolation when he was sad; and at all times gave vent to his opinions without fear of being snubbed short by a flat contradiction. Now, the notary's bosom friend was a dealer in claret and cognac, who lived about a league from the city, and always passed his evenings at the *estaminet*. He was a gross, corpulent fellow, raised from a full-blooded Gascon breed, and sired by a comic actor of some reputation in his way. He was remarkable for nothing but his good humour, his love of cards, and a strong propensity to test the quality of his own liquors by comparing those sold at other places. As evil communications corrupt good manners, the bad practices of the wine-dealer won insensibly upon the worthy notary; and before he was aware of it, he found himself weaned from domino and sugar water, and addicted to piquet and spiced wine. Indeed, it not unfrequently happened that, after a long session at the *estaminet*, the two friends grew so urbane, that they would waste a full half-hour at the door in friendly dispute which should conduct the other home. Though this course of life agreed well enough with the sluggish, phlegmatic temperament of the wine-dealer, it soon began to play the very deuce with the more sensitive organisation of the notary, and, finally, put his nervous system completely out of tune. He lost his appetite, became gaunt and haggard, and could get no sleep. Legions of blue devils haunted him by day, and by night strange faces peeped through his bed-curtains, and the nightmare snorted in his ear. The worse he grew, the more he smoked and tippled; and the more he smoked and tippled, why, as a matter of course, the worse he grew. His wife alternately stormed, remonstrated, entreated; but all in vain. She made the house too hot for him—he retreated to the tavern; she broke his long-stemmed pipes upon the hand-irons, he substituted a short-stemmed one, which, for safe keeping, he carried in his waistcoat pocket. Thus the unhappy notary ran gradually down at the heel. What with his bad habits and his domestic grievances, he became completely hypped. He imagined he was going to die, and suffered in quick succession all the diseases that ever beset mortal man. Every shooting pain was an alarming symptom, every uneasy feeling after dinner a sure prognostic of some mortal disease. In vain did his friends endeavour to reason, and then to laugh him out of his strange whims; for when did ever jest or reason cure a sick imagination? His only answer was, "Do let me alone; I know better—I know better than you what ails me."

Well, gentlemen, things were in this state, when, one afternoon in December, as he sat moping in his office, wrapped in an overcoat, with a cap on his head, and his feet thrust into a pair of furred slippers, a cabriolet stopped at the door, and a loud knocking without aroused him from his gloomy reverie. It was a message from his friend the wine-dealer, who had been suddenly attacked with a violent fever, and, growing worse and worse, had now sent in the greatest haste for the notary to draw up his last will and testament.

The case was urgent, and admitted neither excuse nor delay; and the notary, tying a handkerchief round his face, and buttoning up to the chin, jumped into the cabriolet, and suffered himself, though not without some dismal presentiments and misgivings of heart, to be driven to the wine-dealer's house. When he arrived, he found everything in the greatest confusion. On entering the house, he ran against the apothecary, who was coming down-stairs with a face as long as your arm, and a few steps further he met the housekeeper—for the wine-dealer was an old bachelor—running up and down and wringing her hands, for fear that the good man should die without making his will. He soon reached the chamber of his sick friend, and found him tossing about in a paroxysm of fever, and calling aloud for a draught of cold water. The notary shook his head; he thought this a fatal symptom; for ten years back the wine-dealer had been suffering under a species of hydrophobia, which seemed suddenly to have left him. When the sick man saw who stood by his bedside, he stretched out his hand, and exclaimed, "Ah, my dear friend! have you come at last? You see it's all over with me. You have arrived just in time to draw up that—that passport of mine. Ah! how hot it is here! Water—water—water! Will nobody give me a drop of cold water?"

As the case was an urgent one, the notary made no delay in getting his papers in readiness, and in a short time the last will and testament of the wine-dealer was drawn up in due form, the notary guiding the sick man's hand as he scrawled his signature at the bottom. As evening wore away, the wine-dealer grew worse and worse, and at length became delirious, mingling in his incoherent ravings the phrases of the *Credo* and *Paternoster*, with the shibboleth of the dram-shop and the card-table.

"Take care! take care! There, now! *Credo in*—Pop! ting-a-ling-ling! give some of that Cent-e-dize! Why, you old publican, this wine is poisoned. I know your tricks—*sanctam ecclesiam Catholicam*—Well, well, we shall see. Imbecile! to have a tierce major and a seven of hearts, and discard the seven."

With these words upon his lips, the poor wine-dealer expired. Meanwhile the notary sat cowering over the fire, aghast at the fearful scene that was passing before him, and now and then trying to keep up his courage by a glass of cognac. Already his fears were on the alert, and the idea of contagion flitted to and fro through his mind. In order to quiet these thoughts of evil import, he lighted his pipe, and began to prepare for returning home. At that moment the apothecary turned round to him and said—

"Dreadful sickly time this; the disorder seems to be spreading."

"What disorder?" exclaimed the notary, with a movement of surprise.

"Two died yesterday, and three to-day," continued the apothecary, without answering the question: "very sickly time, sir, very."

"But what disorder is it? What disease has carried off my friend here so suddenly?"

"What disease? Why, scarlet fever, to be sure."

"And is it contagious?"

"Certainly."

"Then I am a dead man!" exclaimed the notary, putting his pipe into his waistcoat pocket, and beginning to walk up and down the room in despair. "I am a dead man! and don't deceive me—don't, will you? What—what are the symptoms?"

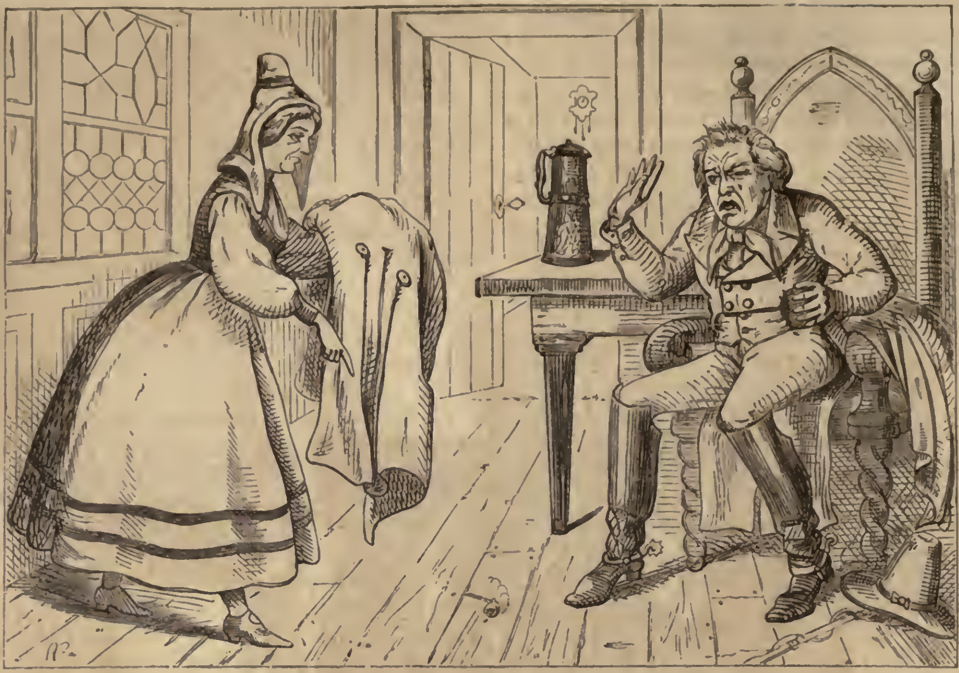
"A sharp, burning pain in the right side," said the apothecary.

"Oh, what a fool I was to come here!"

In vain did the housekeeper and the apothecary strive to pacify him. He was not a man to be reasoned with. He answered that he knew his own constitution better than they did, and insisted upon going home without delay. Unfortunately, the vehicle he came in had returned to the city, and the whole neighbourhood was a-bed and asleep. What was to be done? Nothing in the world but to take the apothecary's horse, which stood hitched at the door, patiently waiting his master's will.

Well, gentlemen, as there was no remedy, our notary mounted this raw-boned steed, and set forth upon his homeward journey. The night was cold and gusty, and the wind in his teeth. Overhead the leaden clouds were beating to and fro, and through them the newly-risen moon seemed to be tossing and drifting along like a cockboat in the surf—now swallowed up in a huge billow of cloud, and now lifted up on its bosom and dashed with silvery spray. The trees by the roadside groaned with a sound of evil omen; and before him lay three mortal miles, beset with a thousand imaginary perils. Obedient to the whip and spur, the steed leaped forward by fits and starts, now dashing away with a tremendous gallop, and now relaxing into a long, hard trot; while the rider, filled with symptoms of disease and dire presentiments of death, urged him on as if he were fleeing before the pestilence.

In this way, by dint of whistling and shouting, and beating right and left, one mile of the fatal three was safely passed. The apprehensions of the notary had so far subsided that he even suffered the poor horse to walk up the hill; but these apprehensions were suddenly revived again with tenfold violence by a sharp pain in the right side, which seemed to pierce him like a needle. "It is upon me at last!" groaned the fear-stricken man. "Heaven be merciful to me! And must I die in a ditch after all? *Hé!* get up, get up!" And away went horse and rider at full speed—hurry, scurry, up hill and down, panting and blowing like a whirlwind. At every leap the pain in the rider's side seemed to increase. At first it was a little point, like the prick of a needle, then it spread to the size of a half-franc piece, then covered a place as large as the palm of your hand. It gained upon him fast. The poor man groaned aloud in agony. Faster and faster sped the horse over the frozen ground, further and further spread the pain over his side. To complete the dismal picture, the storm commenced, snow mingled with rain; but snow, and rain, and cold were nought to him, for though



"He placed his hand upon his side, and lo! it was bare to the skin."

his arms and legs were frozen to icicles, he felt it not; the fatal symptom was upon him; he was doomed to die, not of cold, but of scarlet fever!

At length, he knew not how, more dead than alive, he reached the gate of the city. A band of ill-bred dogs, that were serenading at a corner of the street, seeing the notary dash by, joined in the hue and cry, and ran barking and yelping at his heels. It was now late at night, and only here and there a solitary lamp twinkled from an upper storey; but on went the notary, down this street and up that, till at last he reached his own door. There was a light in his wife's bedchamber. The good woman came to the window, alarmed at such a knocking, and clattering, and howling at her door so late at night; and the notary was too deeply absorbed in his own sorrows to observe that the lamp cast the shadows of two heads on the window curtains. "Let me in! Let me in! Quick! quick!" he cried, almost breathless from terror and fatigue.

"Who are you that come to disturb a lone woman at this hour of the night?" cried a sharp voice from above. "Begone about your business, and let quiet people sleep."

"Oh! come down and let me in! I am your husband. Don't you know my voice? Quick, I beseech you, for I am dying here in the street."

After a few moments of delay, and a few more words of parley, the door was opened, and the notary stalked into his domicile, pale and haggard in aspect, and as stiff and straight as a ghost. Cased from head to heel in an armour of ice, as the glare of the lamp fell upon him, he looked like a knight-errant mailed in steel. But in one place his armour was broken. On his right side was a circular spot as large as the crown of your hat, and about as black.

"My dear wife," he exclaimed, with more tenderness than he had exhibited for years, "reach me a chair. My hours are numbered: I am a dead man!"

Alarmed at these exclamations, his wife stripped off his overcoat. Something fell from beneath it, and was dashed to pieces on the hearth—it was the notary's pipe. He placed his hand upon his side, and lo! it was bare to the skin. Coat, waistcoat, and linen were burnt through and through, and there was a blister on his side as large over as your head. The mystery was soon explained, symptoms and all. The notary had put his pipe into his pocket without knocking out the ashes. And so my story ends.

"Is that all?" asked the radical, when the story-teller had finished.

"That is all."

"Well, what does your story prove?"

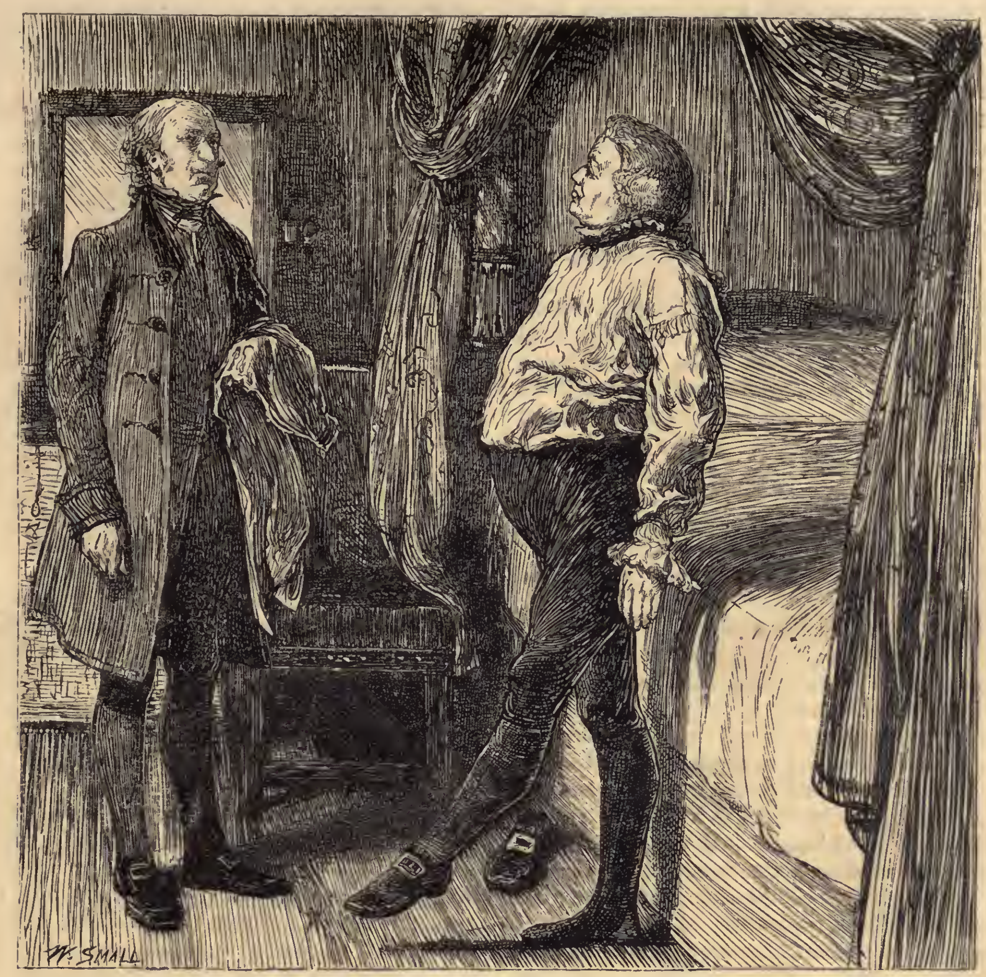
"That is more than I can tell. All I know is, that the story is true."

"And did he die?" said the nice little man in gosling green.

"Yes, he died afterwards," replied the story-teller, rather annoyed at the question.

"And what did he die of?" continued gosling green, following him up. "What did he die of?"

"Why, he died of a sudden!"



THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

(*From "Tristram Shandy."*)

[Lawrence Sterne. *See Page* 15.]

My uncle Toby was one evening sitting at supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack. "'Tis for a poor gentleman, I think of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast; 'I think,' says he, taking his hand from his forehead, 'it would comfort me.' If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend," continued he; "we are all of us concerned for him."

"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my uncle Toby; "and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself; and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good."

"Though I am persuaded," said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him that in so short a time he should win so much upon the affections of his host."

"And of his whole family," added the corporal; "for they are all concerned for him."

"Step after him," said my uncle Toby, "do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name."

"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal; "but I can ask his son again."

"Has he a son with him, then?" said my uncle Toby.

"A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bedside these two days."

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after, brought him his pipe and tobacco.

"Stay in the room a little," said my uncle Toby. "Trim," said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs. Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow. My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

"Trim," said my uncle Toby, "I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman."

"Your honour's roquelaure," replied the corporal, "has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas. And besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin."

"I fear so," replied my uncle Toby; "but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair," added my uncle Toby, "or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?"

"Leave it, an't please your honour, to me," quoth the corporal; "I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house, and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour."

"Thou shalt go, Trim," said my uncle Toby; "and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant."

"I shall get it all out of him," said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the *tenaille* a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:—

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant."

"Is he in the army then?" said my uncle Toby.

"He is," said the corporal.

"And in what regiment?" said my uncle Toby.

"I'll tell your honour," replied the corporal, "everything straightforwards as I learned it."

"Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe," said my uncle Toby, "and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thine ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again."

The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—"Your honour is good." And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words:—

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked——"

"That's a right distinction, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

"I was answered, an't please your honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came. 'If I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, 'we can hire horses from hence.' 'But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence,' said the landlady to me; 'for I heard the death-watch all night long; and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.'

"I was hearing this account," continued the corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. 'But I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth. 'Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it. 'I believe, sir,' said he, very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.' 'I am sure,' said I, 'his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.' The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears."

"Poor youth!" said my uncle Toby; "he has been bred up from an infant in the army; and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend. I wish I had him here."

"I never, in the longest march," said the corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an't please your honour?"

"Nothing in the world, Trim," said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose; "but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour, though a stranger, was extremely concerned for his father; and that, if there was anything in your house or cellar"—"And thou mightst have added my purse, too," said my uncle Toby—"he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow, which was meant to your honour; but no answer, for his heart was full; so he went upstairs with the toast.

"'I warrant you, my dear,' said I, as I opened the kitchen door, 'your father will be well again.' Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong," added the corporal.

"I think so, too," said my uncle Toby.

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step upstairs.

"'I believe,' said the landlord, 'he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside; and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.'

"'I thought,' said the curate, 'that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.'

"'I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night,' said the landlady, 'very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.'

"'Are you sure of it?' replied the curate.

"'A soldier, an't please your reverence,' said I, 'prays as often of his own accord as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour, too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.'"

"'Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

"'But when a soldier,' said I, 'an't please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to his knees in cold water, or engaged,' said I, 'for months together in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; he must say his prayers how and when he can. I believe,' said I, for I was piqued," quoth the corporal, "for the reputation of the army—'I believe, an't please your reverence,' said I, 'that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fun and hypocrisy.'"

"Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my uncle Toby; "for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal—at the day of judgment, and not till then—it will be seen who have done their duty in this world and who have not, and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly."

"I hope we shall," said Trim.

"It is in the Scripture," said my uncle Toby; "and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the meantime, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duty in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done it in a red coat or a black one."

"I hope not," said the corporal.

"But go on, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "with thy story."

"When I went up," continued the corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed; and, as he arose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.

"'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside.

"'If you are Captain Shandy's servant,' said he, 'you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me. If he was of Leven's,' said the lieutenant.

"I told him your honour was.

"'Then,' said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligation to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's. But he knows me not,' said he, a second time, musing. 'Possibly he may my story,' added he. 'Pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot as she lay in my arms in my tent.'

"'I remember the story, an't please your honour,' said I, 'very well.'

"'Do you so?' said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; 'then well may I.'

"In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kissed it twice.

"'Here, Billy,' said he.

"The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and, falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too; then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept."

"I wish," said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, "I wish, Trim, I was asleep."

"Your honour," replied the corporal, "is too much concerned. Shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?"

"Do, Trim," said my uncle Toby. "But finish the story thou art upon."

"'Tis finished already," said the corporal, "for I could stay no longer; so wished his honour a good night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs, and, as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But, alas!" said the corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is over."

"Then what is to become of his poor boy?" cried my uncle Toby.

* * * *

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed; "and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself."

"Your honour knows," said the corporal, "I had no orders."

"True!" quoth my uncle Toby; "thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man. In the second place, for which indeed thou hast the same excuse," continued my uncle Toby, "when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with the care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him at once, and set him on his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks," added my uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march."

"He will never march, an't please your honour, in this world," said the corporal.

"He will march," said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off.

"An' please your honour," said the corporal, "he will never march but to his grave."

"He shall march," cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had one shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—"he shall march to his regiment!"

"He cannot stand it," said the corporal.

"He shall be supported," said my uncle Toby.

"He'll drop at last," said the corporal; "and what will become of his boy?"

"He shall not drop," said my uncle Toby, firmly.

"Ah, well-a-day! do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point, "the poor soul will die."

"He shall not die, by ——," cried my uncle Toby.

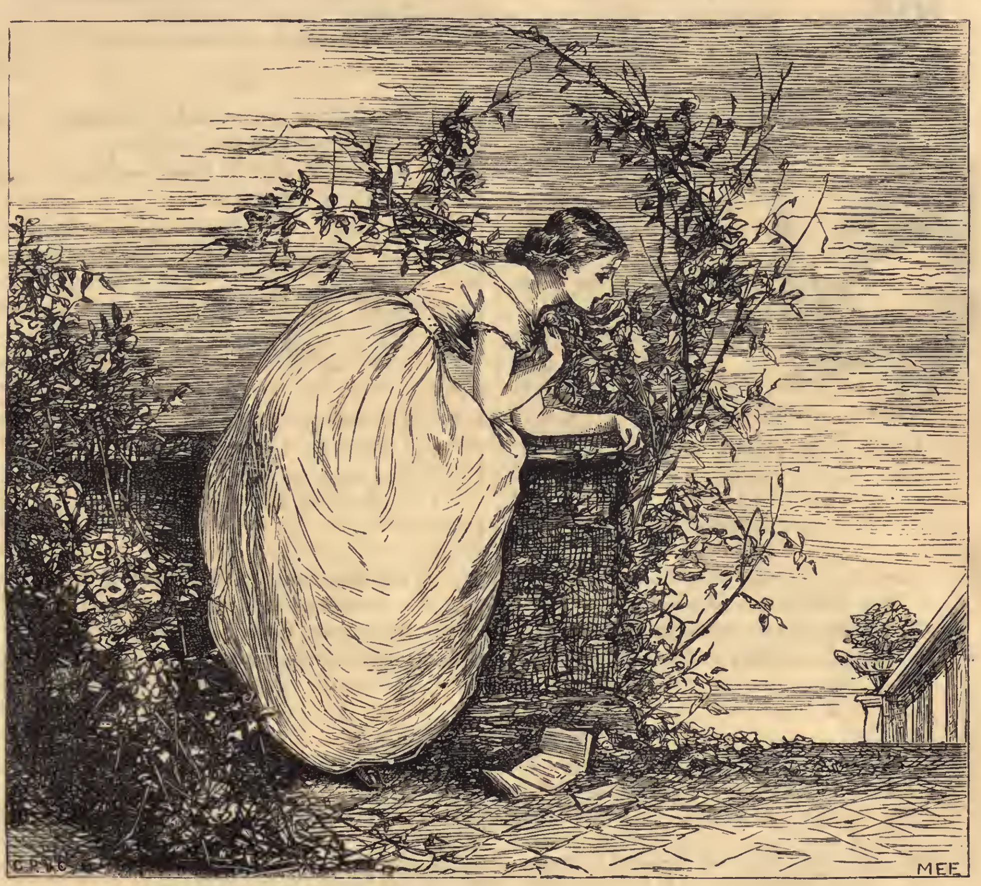
The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau; put his purse into his breeches pocket; and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's. The hand of Death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside; and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint—where was his pain—and what he could do to help him. And without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, he went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

"You shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my uncle Toby, "to my house, and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre."

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, he had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken. Nature instantly ebbed again; the film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped! Shall I go on? No.



GO, LOVELY ROSE!

[Edmund Waller, born at Coleshill in 1605. Was Member of Parliament, but vacillated between the royal and popular party. Was exiled for a plot against Cromwell, who afterwards pardoned him. Returned to England, and died at Beaconsfield, October 21, 1687.]

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her grace spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have, uncommended, died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not so blush to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

[Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Mass., born 1809. Practised as a physician at Boston; is Professor of Anatomy at Harvard University.]

I.

I WROTE some lines, once on a time,
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

II.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

III.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me—
He of the mighty limb!

IV.

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

V.

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon a grin.

VI.

He read the next—the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

VII.

The fourth, he broke into a roar;
The fifth, his wristband split;
The sixth, he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

VIII.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eyes,
I watched that wretched man;
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

THE THEATRE.

[James Smith, born 1772. Published "Rejected Addresses," in conjunction with his brother Horace, in 1802, when Drury Lane Theatre was about to open after being rebuilt. Died in London, December 29, 1836.]

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start;
To see red Phœbus through the gallery-pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane;
While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.
At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they please;
But when the multitude contracts the span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.
Now the full benches to late comers doom
No room for standing, miscalled standing-room.
See! to their desks Apollo's sons repair—
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair!
In unison their various tones to tune
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon;
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute;
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French horn, and twangs the tingling harp,
Till like great Jove, the leader figuring in
Attunes to order the chaotic din.
Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongues?
Who's that calls "Silence!" with such leathern lungs?
He who, in quest of quiet, "Silence!" hoots,
Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer,
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer 'listed in the Blues,
Emmanuel Jennings polish'd Stubb's shoes.
Emmanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;
In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the "Granby's Head:"
He would have bound him to some trade in town,
But with a premium he could not come down.
Pat was the urchin's name—a red-haired youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.
Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.
Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat:
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurned the one to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery-door
Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Muliens whispers, "Take my handkerchief."
"Thank you," cries Pat; "but one won't make a line."
"Take mine," cried Wilson; and cried Stokes, "Take mine."
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow down darts the painted clue,
Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band.
Up soars the prize! The youth, with joy unfeigned,
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained:
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat.

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

(From the "Percy Collection of Ballads." Author unknown.)

I.

As it fell out on a long summer's day,
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together that long summer's day,
And could not talk their fill.

II.

"I see no harm by you, Margaret,
And you see none by me;
Before to-morrow, at eight o' the clock,
A rich wedding you shall see."

III.

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,
Combing her yellow hair;
There she spyed sweet William and his bride,
As they were a-riding near.

IV.

Then down she laid her ivory comb,
And braided her hair in twain:
She went alive out of her bower,
But never came alive in't again.

V.

When day was gone and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of fair Margaret,
And stood at William's feet.

VI.

"Are you awake, sweet William?" she said,
Or, sweet William, are you asleep?
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
And me of my winding-sheet."

VII.

When day was come and night was gone,
And all men waked from sleep,
Sweet William to his ladye sayd,
"My dear, I have cause to weep:

VIII.

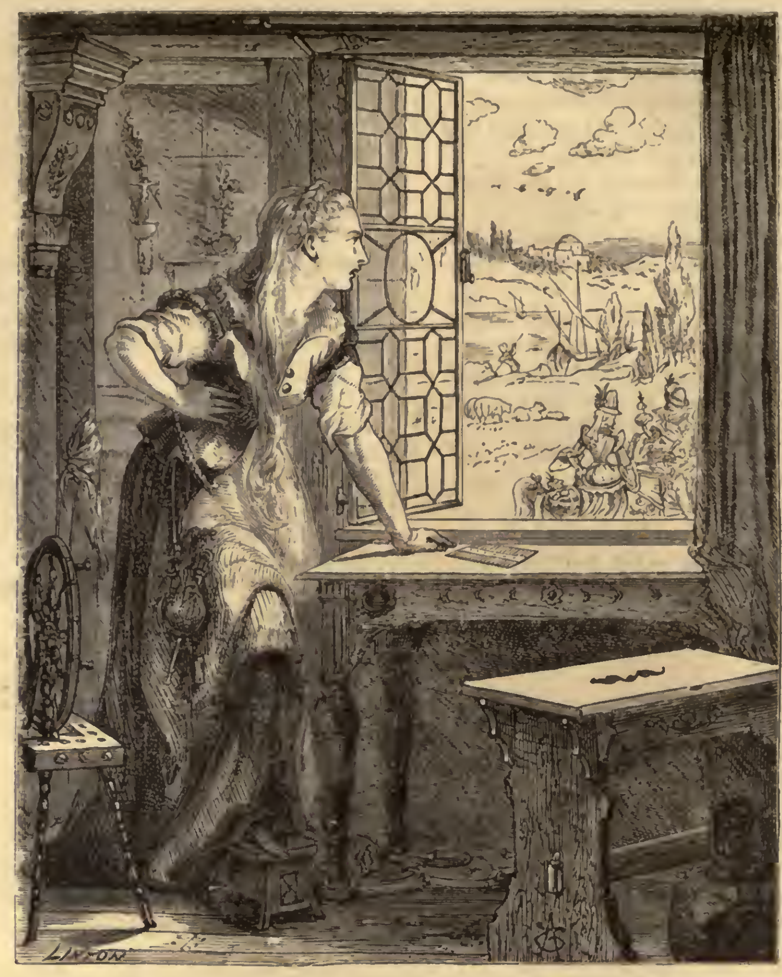
"I dreamt a dream, my dear ladye,
Such dreams are never good;
I dreamt my bower was full of red wine,
And my bride-bed full of blood."

IX.

"Such dreams—such dreams, my honoured sir,
They never do prove good;
To dream thy bower was full of red wine,
And thy bride-bed full of blood."

X.

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying, "I'll away to fair Margaret's bower,
By the leave of my ladye."



XI.
And when he came to fair Margaret's bower,
He knocked at the ring,
And who so ready as her seven brethren
To let sweet William in?

XII.
Then he turned up the covering sheet—
"Pray, let me see the dead:
Methinks she looks all pale and wan,
She hath lost her cherry red.

XIII.
"I'll do more for thee, Margaret,
Than any of thy kin;
For I will kiss thy pale, wan lips,
Though a smile I cannot win."

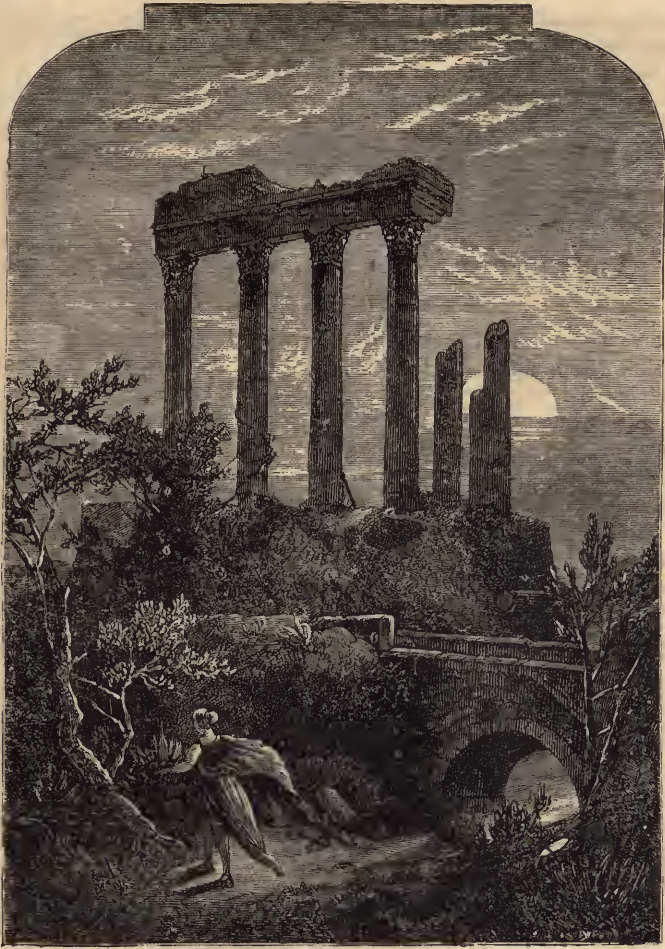
XIV.
With that bespake the seven brethren,
Making most piteous moan:
"You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
And let our sister alone."

XV.
"If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right;
I ne'er made a vow to yonder poor corpse,
By day nor yet by night.

XVI.
"Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
Deal on your cake and your wine;
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day,
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."

XVII.
Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet William dyed the morrow:
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

XVIII.
Margaret was buryed in the lower chancel,
And William in the higher:
Out of her breast there sprang a rose,
And out of his a brier.



DESCRIPTION OF A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

(*From the "Merchant of Venice."*)

[**William Shakespeare**, born at Stratford-on-Avon, April 23, 1564. Was an actor, but subsequently obtained position and wealth by his writings. Died 1616, at his native town.]

Lorenzo. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojans' wall,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jessica. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully outstrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jes. And in such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

* * * *

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank;
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst the muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

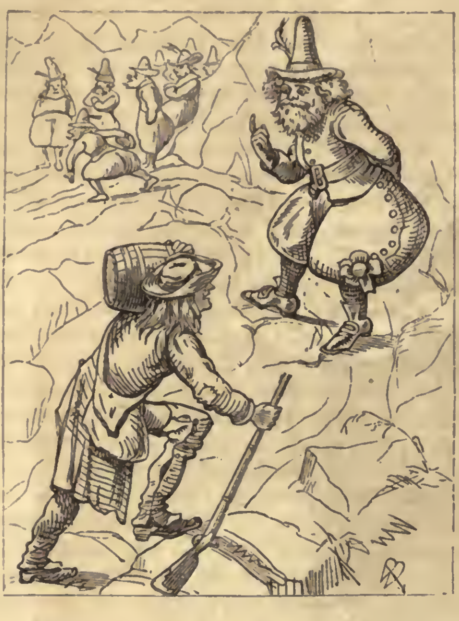
ADVENTURES OF RIP VAN WINKLE.

[WASHINGTON IRVING. *See Page* 1.]

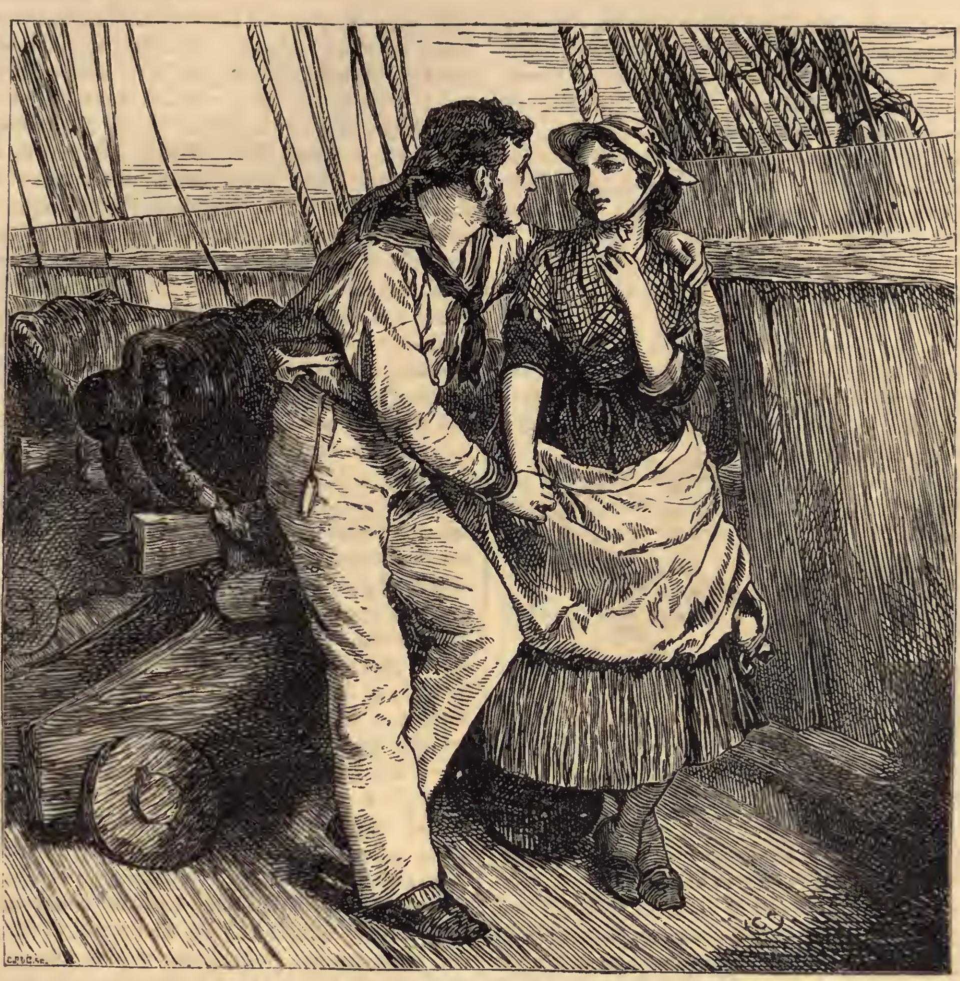
WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into a fresh green of the nearer landscape. In that small village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man: he was, moreover, a kind neighbour, and an obedient hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Certain it is that he was a great favourite among all the good-wives of the neighbourhood. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood. The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance, for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible. His children were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather. Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master, for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell; his tail dropped to the ground or curled between his legs; he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation. Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on. A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge-tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its session on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George III. Here they used to sit in the shade during a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labour of the farm and clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away in the woods. In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, he had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene. Evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys. He saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle. As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountains. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it. On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gulley, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, towards which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but, supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices; over the brink of which impending trees shot their branches, merely allowing glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying the keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity. On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, in similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small, piggish eyes; the face of another seemed entirely to consist of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlour of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement. What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folk were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder. As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game. By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered; his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep. On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes. It was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep—the strange man with a keg of liquor, the mountain ravine, the wild retreat among the rocks, the woe-begone party at nine-pins, the flagon. "Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip; "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?" He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen. He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening, but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs.



At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre, but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of a surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward. As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long! He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognised for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head



"Let me kiss off that falling tear."—*Black-eyed Susan, Page 39.*

sadly!" It was with some difficulty he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!" He entered the house. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, with old hats and petticoats stuffed in the chasms, and over the door was painted "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." He recognised on the sign, however. the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceable pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, and a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre; the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, "General Washington." There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity.

One orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear "whether he was a Federal or Democrat?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man; a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: "A Tory! a Tory! a spy! a refugee! Hustle him! away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that a self-important man in a cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking.

The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! Why, he's dead and gone these eighteen years. There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard, and that used to tell all about him; but that's rotten, and gone too."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too; was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out, in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! That's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up to the mountain, apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name? "God knows," exclaimed he, at his wits' end. "I'm not myself; I'm somebody else; that's me yonder—no; that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads; there was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief. At this critical moment, a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she; "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he. "Judith Gardenier." "And your father's name?" "Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle. It's twenty years since he went away with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians, nobody, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl." Rip had but one more question to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice. "Where's your mother?" "Oh, she died but a short time since; she broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New English pedlar." There was a drop of comfort, at least, at this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I'm your father!" cried he. "Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?" Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks. It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half Moon*, being accustomed in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses, playing at nine-pins in the hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer's afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

[John Gay, born at Barnstaple in 1688. Apprenticed in youth to a silk-mercer. Subsequently secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth and envoy to Hanover. Died December 4, 1732, of inflammatory fever.]

All in the downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard:
"Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew?"

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below;
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning, on the deck he stands.

So sweet the lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest;
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

"Oh! Susan! Susan! lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear—
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath in Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin in ivory so white;
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kissed—she sighed, he hung his head
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;
"Adieu!" she cries, and waved her lily hand

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE.

[William Cowper, born at Great Berkhampstead, November 15, 1731. Educated at Westminster. Was subject to fits of insanity. Lived chiefly at Olney. Died April 25, 1800.]

I.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

II.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause,
With a great deal of skill and a wig full of learning;
While Chief Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

III.

"In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always to wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

IV.

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court,
"Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

V.

"Again, would your lordship a moment suppose—
'Tis a case that has happened, and may be again—
That the visage or countenance had not a nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then?

VI.

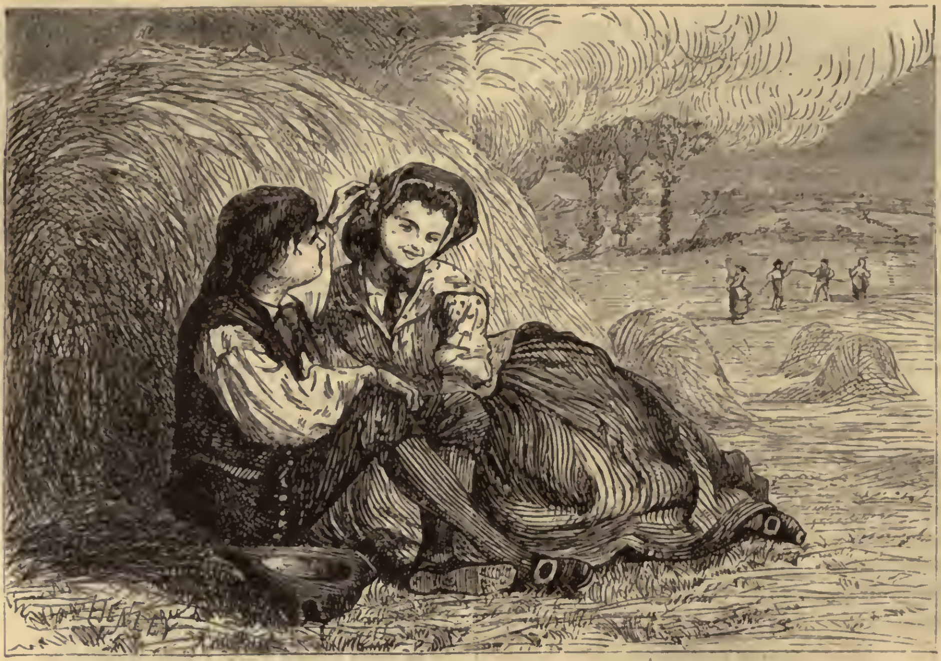
"On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

VII.

Then, shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know;
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

VIII.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave, solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*,
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on—
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut!



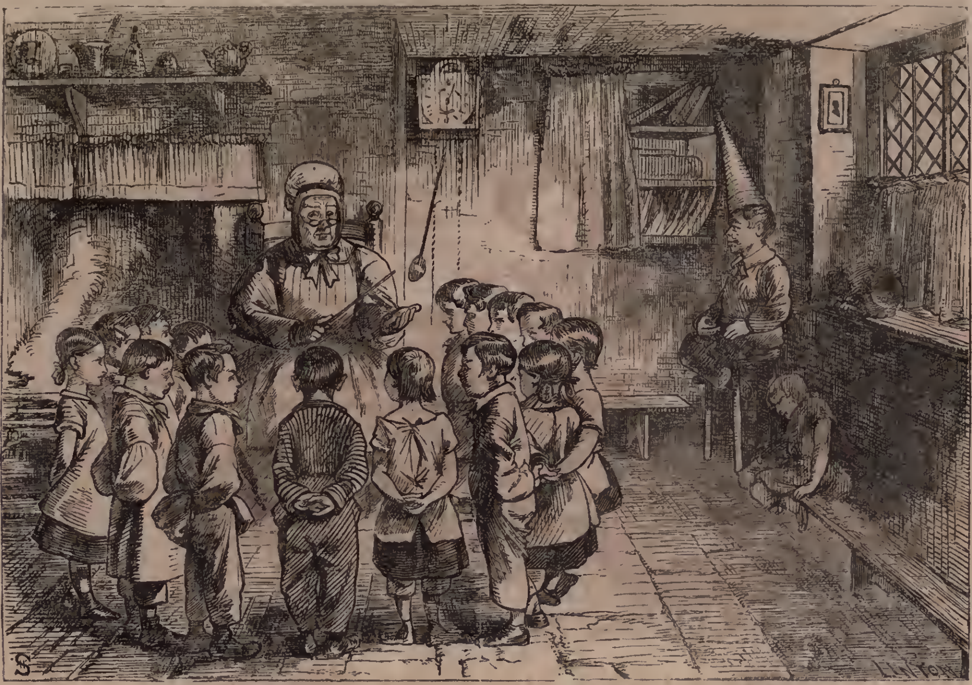
DEATH OF TWO LOVERS BY LIGHTNING.

(*From Pope's Letters to Lady Wortley Montague.*)

[**Alexander Pope**, born in London, May 22, 1688; resided near Windsor Forest. Subsequently removed to a villa at Twickenham, where he died on May 30, 1744.]

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. . . . It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one—let it sound as it will—was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five-and-twenty; Sarah, a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that she had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July), a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sank on a haycock; and John, who never separated from her, sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had bursted asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another. Those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay; they first saw a little smoke, and after this the faithful pair—John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them.

Upon the whole, I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument.



THE SCHOOL HOUSE.

[James Russell Lowell, born at Boston, U.S., 1819. Chiefly known in England as the author of the "Biglow Papers."]

Propt on the marsh, a dwelling now I see—
The humble school-house of my A B C,
Where well-drilled urchins, each behind his tire,
Waited in ranks the wished command to fire:
Then all together, when the signal came,
Discharged their *a b—abs* against the dame,
Who, 'mid the volleyed learning, firm and calm,
Patted the furloughed ferule on her palm;
And, to our wonder, could detect at once
Who flashed the pan, and who was downright dunce.
There young Devotion learned to climb with ease
The gnarly limbs of Scripture family trees;
And he was most commended and admired
Who soonest to the topmost twig perspired.
Each name was called as many various ways,
As pleased the reader's ears on different days;
So that the weather, or the ferule's stings,
Colds in the head, or fifty other things,
Transformed the helpless Hebrew thrice a week
To guttural Pequot or resounding Greek;
The vibrant accent skipping here and there
Just as it pleased invention or despair.
No controversial Hebraist was the dame—
With or without the "points" pleased her the same.
If any tyro found a name too tough,
And looked at her, pride furnished skill enough;
She nerved her larynx for the desperate thing,
And cleared the five-barred syllables at a spring.
Ah, dear old times! there once it was my hap,
Perched on a stool, to wear the long-eared cap;
From books degraded, there I sat at ease,
A drone, the envy of compulsory bees.

JOHNNY IN HOSPITAL.

[Mr. Charles Dickens, in the following passage from "Our Mutual Friend," refers to that excellent institution, the Children's Hospital, in Great Ormond Street, which owes so much to his constant support. If any of our readers desire to give their mites to the Hospital, Mr. Samuel Whitford, the Secretary, at the Hospital, will no doubt be glad to receive them.]

Punctual to the time, appeared the carriage and the secretary. He sat on the box, and Mr. Sloppy graced the rumble. So, to the "Three Magpies," as before, where Mrs. Boffin and Miss Bella were handed out, and whence they all went on foot to Mrs. Betty Higden's.

But, on the way down, they had stopped at a toy-shop, and had bought that noble charger, a description of whose points and trappings had on the last occasion conciliated the then worldly-minded orphan, and also a Noah's ark, and also a yellow bird with an artificial voice in him, and also a military doll, so well dressed that if he had only been of life-size his brother officers in the Guards might never have found him out. Bearing these gifts, they raised the latch of Betty Higden's door, and saw her sitting in the dimmest and furthest corner, with poor Johnny in her lap.

"And how's my boy, Betty?" asked Mrs. Boffin, sitting down beside her.

"He's bad! he's bad!" said Betty; "I begin to be afeerd he'll not be yours any more than mine. All others belonging to him have gone to the Power and the Glory, and I have a mind that they're drawing him to them—leading him away."

"No, no, no!" said Mrs. Boffin.

"I don't know why else he clenches his little hand as if it had hold of a finger that I can't see. Look at it," said Betty, opening the wrappers in which the flushed child lay, and showing his small right hand lying closed upon his breast. "It's always so. It don't mind me."

"Is he asleep?"

"No, I think not. You're not asleep, my Johnny?"

"No," said Johnny, with a quiet air of pity for himself, and without opening his eyes.

"Here's the lady, Johnny, and the horse."

Johnny could bear the lady with complete indifference, but not the horse. Opening his heavy eyes, he slowly broke into a smile on beholding that splendid phenomenon, and wanted to take it in his arms. As it was much too big, it was put upon a chair, where he could hold it by the mane and contemplate it, which he soon forgot to do. But, Johnny murmuring something with his eyes closed, and Mrs. Boffin not knowing what, old Betty bent her ear to listen, and took pains to understand. Being asked by her to repeat what he had said, he did so two or three times, and then it came out that he must have seen more than they supposed when he looked up to see the horse, for the murmur was, "Who is the boofer lady?"

Now the boofer, or beautiful, lady was Bella; and whereas this notice from the poor baby would have touched her of itself, it was rendered more pathetic by the late melting of her heart to her poor little father, and their joke about the lovely woman. So Bella's behaviour was very tender and very natural when she kneeled on the brick floor to clasp the child, and when the child, with a child's admiration of what is young and pretty, fondled the "boofer" lady.

"Now, my good, dear Betty," said Mrs. Boffin, hoping that she saw her opportunity, and laying her hand persuasively on her arm; "we have come to remove Johnny from this cottage to where he can be taken better care of."

Instantly, and before another word could be spoken, the old woman started up with blazing eyes, and rushed at the door with the sick child. "Stand away from me, every one of ye!" she cried out wildly. "I see what ye mean now. Let me go my way, all of ye. I'd sooner kill the pretty, and kill myself."

"Stay, stay!" said Rokesmith, soothing her, "you don't understand."

"I understand too well. I know too much about it, sir. I've run from it too many a year. No, never for me, nor for the child, while there's water enough in England to cover us!"

The terror, the shame, the passion of horror and repugnance, firing the worn face and perfectly maddening it, would have been quite a terrible sight, if embodied in one old fellow-creature alone. Yet it "crops up"—as our slang goes—my lords and gentlemen and honourable boards, in other fellow-creatures, rather frequently.

"It's been chasing me all my life, but it shall never take me nor mine alive!" cried old Betty. "I've done with ye. I'd have fastened door and window, and starved out afore I'd ever have let ye in, if I had known what ye came for." But, catching sight of Mrs. Boffin's wholesome face, she relented, and crouching down by the door and bending over her burden to hush it, said, humbly, "Maybe my fears has put me wrong. If they have so, tell me; and the good Lord forgive me! I'm quick to take this fright, I know, and my head is summat light with wearying and watching."

"There, there, there!" returned Mrs. Boffin. "Come, come, say no more of it, Betty. It was a mistake, a mistake! Any one of us might have made it in your place, and felt just as you do."

"The Lord bless ye!" said the old woman, stretching out her hand.

"Now, see, Betty," pursued the sweet, compassionate soul, holding the hand kindly, "what I really did mean, and what I should have begun by saying out, if I had only been a little wiser and handier. We want to move Johnny to a place where there are none but children; a place set up on purpose for sick children; where the good doctors and nurses pass their lives with children, talk to none but children, touch none but children, comfort and cure none but children."

"Is there really such a place?" asked the old woman, with a gaze of wonder.

"Yes, Betty, on my word, and you shall see it. If my home was a better place for the dear boy, I'd take him to it; but indeed, indeed it's not."

"You shall take him," returned Betty, fervently kissing the comforting hand, "where you will, my deary. I am not so hard, but that I believe your face and voice, and I will, as long as I can see and hear."

This victory gained, Rokesmith made haste to profit by it, for he saw how woefully time had been lost. He dispatched Sloppy to bring the carriage to the door; caused the child to be carefully wrapped up; bade old Betty get her bonnet on; collected the toys, enabling the little fellow to comprehend that his treasures were to be transported with him; and had all things prepared so easily that they were ready for the carriage as soon as it appeared, and in a minute afterwards were on their way. Sloppy they left behind, relieving his overcharged breast with a paroxysm of mangling.

At the Children's Hospital, the gallant steed, the Noah's ark, the yellow bird, and the officer in the Guards, were made as welcome as their child-owner. But the doctor said aside to Rokesmith, "This should have been days ago. Too late!"

However, they were all carried up into a fresh airy room, and there Johnny came to himself, out of a sleep or a swoon, or whatever it was, to find himself lying in a little quiet bed, with a little platform over his breast, on which were already arranged, to give him heart and urge him to cheer up, the Noah's ark, the noble steed, and the yellow bird; with the officer in the Guards doing duty over the whole, quite as much to the satisfaction of his country as if he had been upon Parade. And at the bed's head was a coloured picture beautiful to see, representing as it were another Johnny seated on the knee of some Angel, surely, who loved little children. And, marvellous fact, to lie and stare at, Johnny had become one of a little family, all in little quiet beds (except two playing dominoes in little arm-chairs at a little table on the hearth): and on all the little beds were little platforms whereon were to be seen dolls' houses, woolly dogs with mechanical barks in them not very dissimilar from the artificial voice pervading the bowels of the yellow bird, tin armies, Moorish tumblers, wooden tea-things, and the riches of the earth.

As Johnny murmured something in his placid admiration, the ministering woman at his bed's head asked him what he said. It seemed that he wanted to know whether all these were brothers and sisters of his. So they told him yes. It seemed then, that he wanted to know whether God had brought them all together there. So they told him yes again. They made out then, that he wanted to know whether they would all get out of pain. So they answered yes to that question likewise, and made him understand that the reply included himself.

Johnny's powers of sustaining conversation were as yet so very imperfectly developed, even in a state of health, that in sickness they were little more than monosyllabic. But he had to be washed and tended, and remedies were applied, and though those offices were far, far more skilfully and lightly done than ever anything had been done for him in his little life, so rough and short, they would have hurt and tired him but for an amazing circumstance which laid hold of his attention. This was no less than the appearance on his own little platform in pairs, of all creation, on its way into his own particular ark: the elephant leading, and the fly, with a diffident sense of his size, politely bringing up the rear. A very little brother lying in the next bed with a broken leg, was so enchanted by this spectacle that his delight exalted its enthralling interest; and so came rest and sleep.

"I see you are not afraid to leave the dear child here, Betty," whispered Mrs. Boffin.

"No, ma'am. Most willingly, most thankfully, with all my heart and soul."

So they kissed him, and left him there, and old Betty was to come back early in the morning, and nobody but Rokesmith knew for certain how that the doctor had said, "This should have been days ago. Too late!"

But Rokesmith knowing it, and knowing that his bearing it in mind would be acceptable thereafter to that good woman who had been the only light in the childhood of desolate John Harmon dead and gone, resolved that late at night he would go back to the bedside of John Harmon's namesake, and see how it fared with him.

The family whom God had brought together were not all asleep, but were all quiet. From bed to bed, a light, womanly tread and a pleasant, fresh face passed in the silence of the night. A little head would lift itself up into the softened light here and there, to be kissed as the face went by—for these little patients are very loving—and would then submit itself to be composed to rest again. The mite with the broken leg was restless and moaned; but after a while turned his face towards Johnny's bed, to fortify himself with a view of the ark, and fell asleep. Over most of the beds, the toys were yet grouped as the children had left them when they last laid themselves down, and, in their innocent grotesqueness and incongruity, they might have stood for the children's dreams.

The doctor came in too, to see how it fared with Johnny. And he and Rokesmith stood together, looking down with compassion on him.

"What is it, Johnny?" Rokesmith was the questioner, and put an arm round the poor baby as he made a struggle.

"Him," said the little fellow. "Those!"

The doctor was quick to understand children, and, taking the horse, the ark, the yellow bird, and the man in the Guards, from Johnny's bed, softly placed them on that of his next neighbour, the mite with the broken leg.

With a weary and yet a pleased smile, and with an action as if he stretched his little figure out to rest, the child heaved his body on the sustaining arm, and seeking Rokesmith's face with his lips, said—

" A kiss for the boofer lady."

Having now bequeathed all he had to dispose of and arranged his affairs in this world, Johnny, thus speaking, left it.

DIRGE IN "CYMBELINE."

SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

[William Collins, born at Chichester, December 25, 1720. Educated at Winchester and Oxford. Was insane during the latter part of his life. Died in 1756.]

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

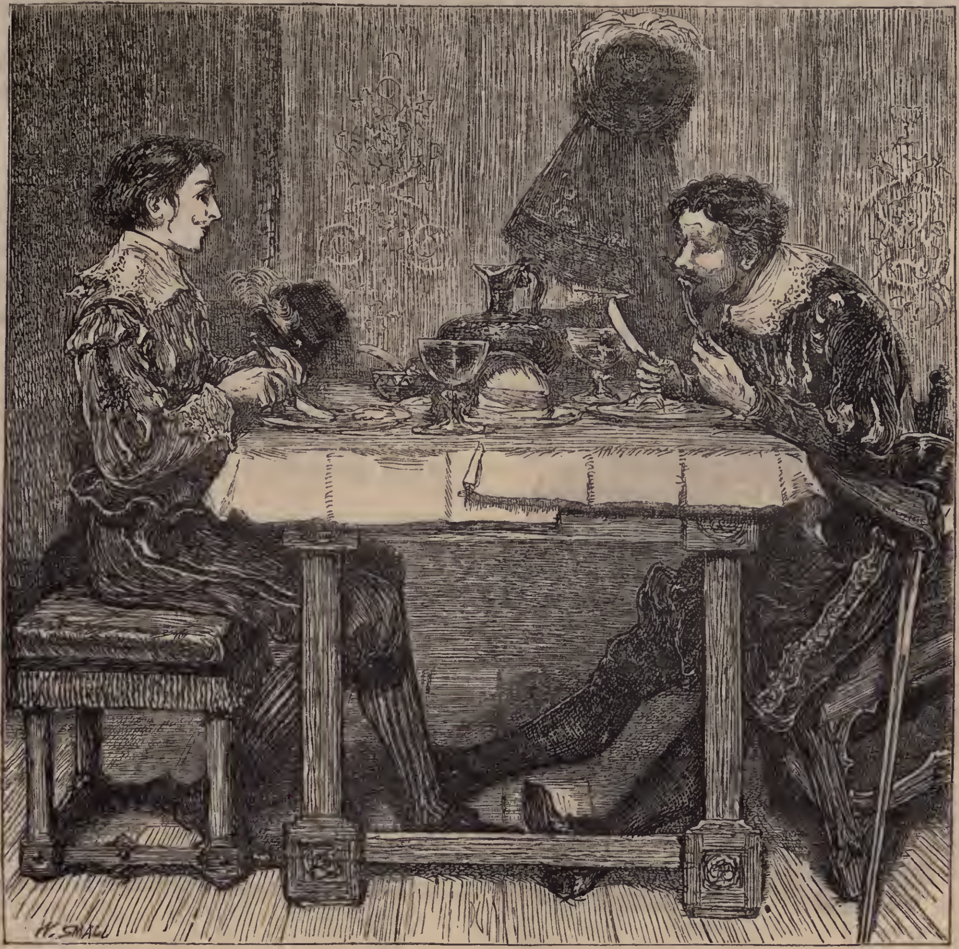
The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gathered flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

GIL BLAS' ADVENTURES AT PENNAFLOR.

[Alain Réné Le Sage, born at Sarzeau, in Morbihan, May 8, 1688. Educated by the Jesuits. Went to Paris, where he made a large fortune by dramatic and general literature. Died at Boulogne, November 17, 1747.]

I arrived in safety at Pennaflor; and, halting at the gate of an inn that made a tolerable appearance, I had no sooner alighted than the landlord came out and received me with great civility; he untied my portmanteau with his own hands, and, throwing it on his shoulders, conducted me into a room, while one of his servants led my mule into the stable. This innkeeper, the greatest talker of the Asturias, and as ready to relate his own affairs, without being asked, as to pry into those of another, told me that his name was Andrew Corcuelo; that he had served many years in the army, in quality of a serjeant, and had quitted the service fifteen months ago to marry a damsel of Castropol, who, though she was a little swarthy, knew very well how to turn the penny.

He said a thousand other things which I could have dispensed with the hearing of; but, after having made me his confidant, he thought he had a right to exact the same condescension from me; and, accordingly, he asked me from whence I came, whither I was going, and what I was. I was obliged to answer article by article, because he accompanied every question with a profound bow, and begging me to excuse his curiosity with such a respectful air that I could not refuse to satisfy him in every particular. This engaged me in a long conversation with him, and gave me occasion to mention my design, and the reason I had for disposing of my mule, that I might take the opportunity of a carrier. He approved of my intention, though not in a very succinct manner, for he represented all the troublesome accidents that might befall me on the road, recounted many



"Very well pleased with my sweet self."—*Page 46.*

dismal stories of travellers, and I was afraid would never have done; he concluded at length, however, telling me that if I had a mind to sell my mule, he was acquainted with a very honest jockey who would buy her. I assured him he would oblige me by sending for him, upon which he went in quest of him with great eagerness.

It was not long before he returned with his man, whom he introduced to me as a person of exceeding honesty; and we went into the yard all together.

There my mule was produced, and passed and re-passed before the jockey, who examined her from head to foot, and did not fail to speak very disadvantageously of her. I own there was not much to be said in her praise; but, however, had it been the Pope's mule he would have found some defects in her. He assured me she had all the faults a mule could have, and, to convince me of his veracity, appealed to the landlord, who, doubtless, had his reasons for supporting his friend's assertions.

"Well," said this dealer, with an air of indifference, "how much money do you expect for this wretched animal?"

After the eulogium he had bestowed on her, and the attestation of Signor Corcuelo, whom I believed to be a man of honesty and understanding, I would have given my mule for nothing, and, therefore, told him I would rely on his integrity, bidding him appraise the beast in his own conscience, and I would stand to the valuation. Upon this he assumed the man of honour, and replied that, in engaging his conscience, I took him on the weak side. In good sooth, that did not seem to be his strong side; for, instead of valuing her at ten or twelve pistoles, as my uncle had done, he fixed the price at three ducats, which I accepted with as much joy as if I had made an excellent bargain.

After having so advantageously disposed of my mule, the landlord conducted me to a carrier, who was to set out next day for Astorga. When everything was settled between us, I returned to the inn with Corcuelo, who, by the way, began to recount the carrier's history. He told me every circumstance of his character in town: and, in short, was going to stupefy me again with his intolerable loquacity, when a man of pretty good appearance prevented that misfortune, by accosting him with great civility. I left them together, and went on, without suspecting that I had the least concern in their conversation.

When I arrived at the inn, I called for supper, and, it being a meagre day, was fain to put up with eggs. While they were getting ready, I made up to my landlady, whom I had not seen before. She appeared handsome enough, and withal so sprightly and gay, that I should have concluded (even if her husband had not told me so) that her house was pretty well frequented. When the omelet I had bespoken was ready, I sat down to table by myself; but had not swallowed the first morsel when the landlord came in, followed by the man who had stopped him in the street. This cavalier, who wore a long sword, and seemed to be about thirty years of age, advanced towards me with an eager air, saying—

"Mr. Student, I am informed that you are that Signor Gil Blas of Santillane, who is the flambeau of philosophy and ornament of Oviedo! Is it possible that you are that mirror of learning, that sublime genius, whose reputation is so great in this country? You know not," continued he (addressing himself to the innkeeper and his wife), "you know not what you possess! You have a treasure in your house! Behold, in this young gentleman, the eighth wonder of the world!" Then, turning to me, and throwing his arms about my neck, "Forgive," cried he, "my transports. I cannot contain the joy your presence creates."

I could not answer for some time, because he locked me so close in his arms that I was almost suffocated for want of breath; and it was not till I had disengaged my head from his embrace that I replied—

"Signor Cavalier, I did not think my name was known at Pennaflor."

"Not known?" replied he, in his former strain. "We keep a register of all the celebrated names within twenty leagues of us. You, in particular, are looked upon as a prodigy, and I don't at all doubt that Spain will one day be as proud of you as Greece was of the Seven Sages."

These words were followed by a fresh hug, which I was forced to endure, though at the risk of strangulation. With the little experience I had, I ought not to have been the dupe of his professions and hyperbolical compliments. I ought to have known, by his extravagant flattery, that he was one of those parasites who abound in every town, and who, when a stranger arrives, introduce themselves to him, in order to fill their bellies at his expense. But my youth and vanity made me judge quite otherwise; my admirer appeared to me so much of a gentleman that I invited him to take a share of my supper.

"Ah, with all my heart," cried he; "I am too much obliged to my kind stars for having thrown me in the way of the illustrious Gil Blas, not to enjoy my good fortune as long as I can. I own I have no great appetite," pursued he; "but I will sit down to bear you company, and eat a mouthful purely out of complaisance."

So saying, my panegyrist took his place right over against me, and, a cover being laid for him, attacked the omelet as voraciously as if he had fasted three whole days. By his complaisant beginning I foresaw that one dish would not last long, and therefore ordered a second, which they dressed with such dispatch, that it was served up just as we—or rather he—had made an end of the first. He proceeded on this with the same vigour, and found means, without losing one stroke of his teeth, to overwhelm me with praises during the whole repast, which made me very well pleased with my sweet self. He drank in proportion to his eating; sometimes to my health, sometimes to that of my father and mother, whose happiness in having such a son as I, he could not enough admire. In the meantime, he plied me with wine, and insisted upon my doing him justice, while I toasted health for health, a circumstance which, together with his intoxicating flattery, put me into such good humour, that, seeing our second omelet half devoured, I asked the landlord if he had no fish in the house. Signor Corcuelo, who, in all likelihood, had a fellow-feeling with the parasite, replied, "I have a delicate trout, but those who eat it must pay for the sauce: 'tis a bit too dainty for your palate, I doubt."

"What do you call too dainty?" said the sycophant, raising his voice. "You're a wiseacre, indeed! Know, that there is nothing in this house too good for Signor Gil Blas de Santillane, who deserves to be entertained like a prince."

I was pleased at his laying hold of the landlord's last words, in which he prevented me; and, feeling myself offended, said, with an air of disdain, "Produce this trout of yours, Gaffer Corcuelo, and give yourself no trouble about the consequence." This was what the inkeeper wanted: he got it ready and served it up in a trice. At sight of this new dish I could perceive the parasite's eyes sparkle with joy, and he renewed that complaisance—I mean for the fish—which he had already shown for the eggs. At last, however, he was obliged to give out, for fear of accident, being crammed to the very throat. Having, therefore, eaten and drank enough, he thought proper to conclude the farce by rising from table and accosting me in these words:

"Signor Gil Blas, I am too well satisfied with your good cheer to leave you without offering you an important advice, which you seem to have great occasion for. Henceforth beware of flattery, and be upon your guard against everybody you do not know. You may meet with other people inclined to divert themselves with your credulity, and perhaps to push things still farther, but don't be duped again, nor believe yourself, though they should swear it, the Eighth Wonder of the World."

CUMNOR HALL.

[William Julius Mickle, born in Dumfriesshire, 1734 Was a printer by profession. Subsequently secretary to Commodore Johnston. Died at Forest Hill, near Oxford, 1788.]

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon—sweet regent of the sky—
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies—
The sounds of busy life were still—
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from the lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love,
That thou so oft hast sworn to me;
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privity?

"No more thou com'st with lover's speed,
Thy once belovèd bride to see;
But, be she alive or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received,
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark so blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the live-long day.

"If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

"And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say;
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily's dead;
But he that once their charm so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

"For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay:
What flowret can endure the storm?

"At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare,
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds,
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

"'Mong rural beauties I was one;
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my passing beauty rare.

"But, Leicester—or I am much wrong—
It is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Then, Leicester, why, again I plead—
The injured surely may repine—
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

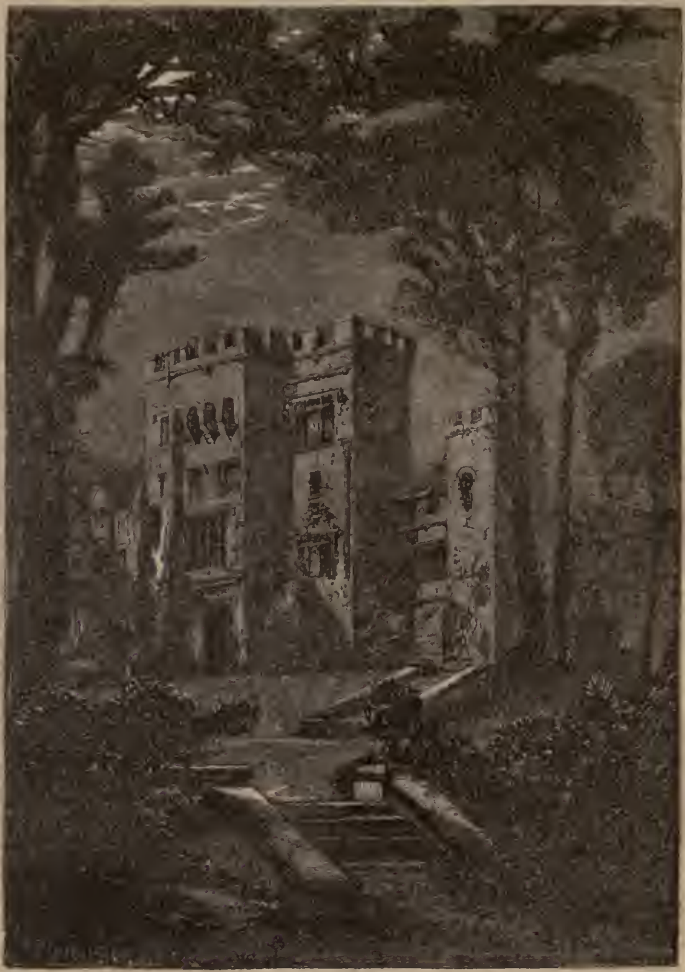
"Why didst thou praise my humble charms
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me mourn the live-long day?

"The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

"The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy's their estate;
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe;
To be content, than to be great.

"How far less blest am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

"Nor, cruel Earl, can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.



CUMNOR HALL.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They winked aside, and seemed to say—
'Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'

"And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

"My spirits flag, my hopes decay;
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And, many a boding seems to say—
'Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'"

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

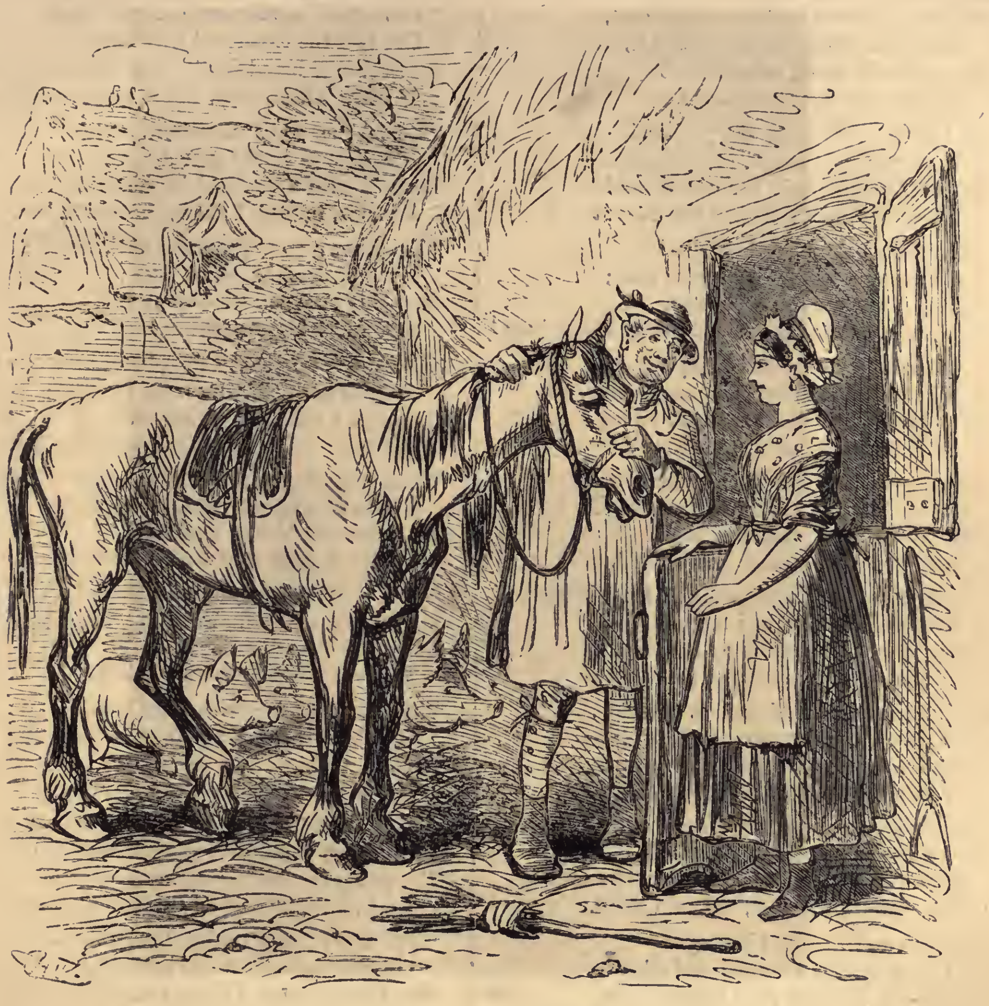
The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was heard to call;
And thrice the raven flapped his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,
The oaks were shattered on the green;
Woe was the hour, for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller has sighed,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onward they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.



ABNER AND THE WIDOW JONES.

[Robert Bloomfield, born at Honington, in Suffolk, December 3, 1766. He was at first a farm labourer, then a shoemaker, but soon attracted notice by his writings. Died at Shefford, Beds, August 19, 1823.]

"Well! I'm determined; that's enough:–
Gee, Bayard! move your poor old bones,
I'll take to-morrow, smooth or rough,
To go and court the Widow Jones.

"Our master talks of stable-room,
And younger horses in his grounds;
'Tis easy to foresee thy doom,
Bayard, thou'lt go to feed his hounds.

"But could I win the widow's hand,
I'd make a truce 'twixt death and thee;
For thou upon the best of land
Should'st feed, and live and die with me."

Twirl went his stick; his curly pate
A bran new hat uplifted bore;
And Abner, as he leapt the gate,
Had never looked so gay before.

But whether, freed from recent vows,
Her heart had back to Abner flown,
And marked him for a second spouse,
In truth is not exactly known;

Howbeit, as he came in sight,
She turned her from the garden stile,
And downward looked with pure delight,
With half a sigh and half a smile.

She heard his sounding step behind,
The blush of joy crept up her cheek,
As cheerly floated on the wind,
"Hoi! Mary Jones—what! won't you speak?"

Then, with a look that ne'er deceives,
She turned, but found her courage fled;
And, scolding sparrows from the eaves,
Peeped forth upon the stranger's head.

Down Abner sat, with glowing heart,
  Resolved, whatever might betide,
To speak his mind, no other art
  He ever knew, or ever tried.

And gently twitching Mary's hand—
  The bench had ample room for two—
His first words made her understand
  The ploughman's errand was to woo.

"My Mary—may I call thee so?
  For many a happy day we've seen;
And if not mine, ay, years ago,
  Whose was the fault? You might have been!

"And now my own dear Mary's free,
  Whom I have loved this many a day,
Who knows but she may think on me?
  I'd fain hear what she has to say.

"Perhaps that little stock of land
  She holds, but knows not how to till,
Will suffer in the widow's hand,
  And make poor Mary poorer still.

"Therefore, I'm come to-night, sweet wench,
  I would not idly thus intrude"—
Mary looked downward on the bench,
  O'erpowered by love and gratitude,

And leaned her head against the vine,
  With quick'ning sobs of silent bliss;
Till Abner cried, "You must be mine,
  You must"—and sealed it with a kiss.

His eloquence improved apace,
  As manly pity filled his mind;
"You know poor Bayard—here's the case—
  He's past his labour, old, and blind.

"If you and I should but agree
  To settle here for good and all,
Could you give all your heart to me,
  And grudge that poor old rogue a stall?

"He was a horse of mighty power,
  Compact in frame, and strong in limb,
Went with a chirp from hour to hour—
  Whipcord was never made for him!

"But I might talk till pitch dark night,
  And then have something left to say.
But, Mary, am I wrong or right?
  Or do I throw my words away?

"Leave me; or take me and my horse.
  I've told the truth and all I know;
Truth should breed truth—that comes of course;
  If I sow wheat, why, wheat must grow."

"Yes, Abner; but thus soon to yield,
  Neighbours would fleer and look behind 'em;
Though, with a husband in the field,
  Perhaps, indeed, I should not mind 'em.

"I've known your generous nature well;
  My first denial cost me dear;
How this may end we cannot tell;
  But, as for Bayard, bring him here!"

"Bless thee for that!" the ploughman cried,
  At once both starting from the seat;
He stood a guardian by her side,
  But talked of home—'twas growing late.

What news at home? The smile he wore
  One little sentence turned to sorrow;
An order met him at the door:
  "Take Bayard to the dogs to-morrow."

"Yes, yes," thought he, and heaved a sigh;
  "Die when he will, he's not your debtor;
I must obey, and he must die—
  That's if I can't contrive it better."

The day rose fair; with team a-field,
  He watched the farmer's cheerful brow;
And, in a lucky hour, revealed
  His secret at his post, the plough;

And there, without a whine, began:
  "Master, you'll give me your advice;
I'm going to marry—if I can—
  And want old Bayard; what's his price?

"For Mary Jones last night agreed—
  Or near upon 't—to be my wife.
The horse's value I don't heed,
  I only want to save his life."

"Buy him, hey, Abner! Trust me, I
  Have not the thought of gain in view;
Bayard's best days we've seen go by,
  He shall be cheap enough to you."

The wages paid, the horse brought out,
  The hour of separation come,
The farmer turned his chair about:
  "Good fellow, take him, take him home!"

ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF GASTON OF FOIX.

[John Froissart, born at Valenciennes, about the year 1337. Educated for the Church. Began his "Chronicles" at the desire of Sir Robert of Namur. Came to England as secretary to Queen Philippa. After her death he was attached to the train of the Duke of Brabant, and subsequently that of the Count de Blois. Died at Chimay.]

It is well known that the Count and Countess of Foix were not on good terms with each other. This disagreement arose from the King of Navarre, who is the lady's brother. The King of Navarre had offered to pledge himself in the sum of 50,000 francs, for the Lord D'Albreth, whom the Count de Foix held in prison. The count, knowing the King of Navarre to be crafty and faithless, would not accept his security, which circumstance piqued the countess, and raised her indignation against her husband. The countess went to the King of Navarre to endeavour to settle this business; and when, after much talking, she found she could come to no satisfactory arrangement, she was afraid to return home, knowing her husband to be of a cruel disposition towards those with whom he was displeased. Thus things remained for some time. Gaston, my lord's son, grew up and became a fine young gentleman. He married the daughter of the Count D'Armagnac, sister to the present count, by which union peace was restored between Foix and Armagnac. He might be at the time about fifteen or sixteen years old, and was a very fine figure, the exact resemblance of his father. Some time after his marriage he took it into his head to make a journey into Navarre, to visit his mother and uncle; but it was an unfortunate journey for him and for his country. In Navarre he was splendidly entertained, and stayed there some time with his mother. On taking leave he could not prevail on her to return, for she had found that the count had bid him convey no such request to her. She consequently remained, and the heir of Foix went to Pampeluna to take leave of his uncle, who detained him ten days, and, on his departure, made him several handsome presents. The last gift he made him was the cause of his death; and I will tell you in what way.

As the youth was on the point of setting out, the king took him privately into his chamber, and gave him a bag full of powder, which was of such pernicious quality that it would cause the death of any one who ate it.

"Gaston, my fair nephew," said the king, "will you do what I am about to tell you? You see how unjustly the Count de Foix hates your mother. Now, if you wish to reconcile them, you must take a small pinch of this powder and strew it upon the meat destined for your father's table; but take care no one sees you. The instant he has taken it he will be impatient for your mother's return, and henceforth they will so love each other that they will never again be separated. Do not mention this to any one, for if you do it will lose its effect."

The youth, who believed all which his uncle told him, cheerfully agreed to do as he said, and then departed from Pampeluna. On his return to Orthes, his father received him gladly, and asked what presents he had brought.

The youth replied, "Very handsome ones;" and then showed him all, except the bag which contained the powder.

It was customary in the Hôtel de Foix for Gaston and his natural brother, Evan, to sleep in the same chamber. They loved each other dearly, and dressed alike, for they were of the same size and age. It happened one night that their clothes got mixed together; and the coat of Gaston being on the bed, Evan, noticing the powder in the bag, said to him, "What is this, Gaston?"

By no means pleased at the inquiry, Gaston replied, "Give me back my coat, Evan; what have you to do with it?"

Evan flung him his coat, and Gaston, during the day, became very pensive. Three days after this, as if Heaven were interposing to save the life of the Count de Foix, Gaston quarrelled with Evan at tennis, and gave him a box on the ears. Much vexed at this, Evan ran crying into the count's apartment, who immediately said to him, "What is the matter, Evan?"

"My lord," replied he, "Gaston has been beating me; but he deserves beating much more than I do."

"For what reason?" said the count.

"On my faith," said Evan, "ever since his return from Navarre he wears a bag of powder in his breast. I know not what he intends to do with it; but he has once or twice told me that his mother would soon return hither, and be more in your good graces than she ever was."

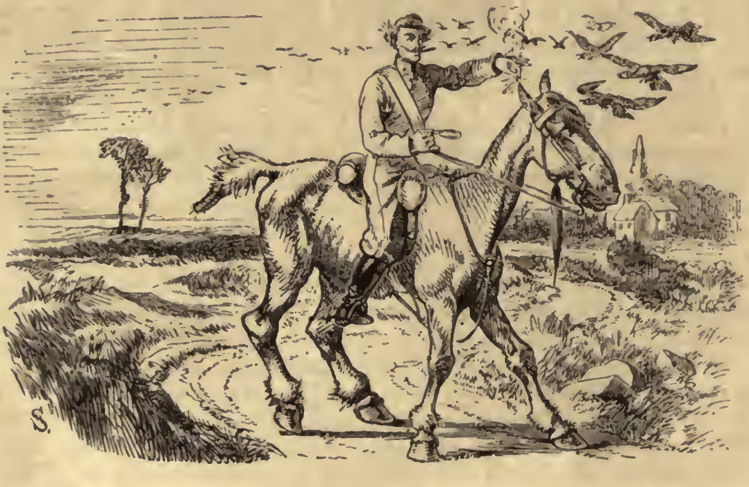
"Ho!" said the count; "be sure you do not mention to any one what you have just told me."

The Count de Foix became very thoughtful on the subject, and remained alone until dinner-time, when he took his seat, as usual, at the table. It was Gaston's office to place the dishes before him and taste them. As soon as he had served the first dish, the count detected the strings of the bag hanging from his pourpoint, the sight of which made his blood boil, and he called Gaston towards him. The youth advanced to the table, when the count untied his pourpoint, and with his knife cut away the bag. Gaston was thunderstruck, turned very pale, and began to tremble exceedingly. The count took some powder from the bag, which he strewed over a slice of bread, and, calling to him one of his dogs, gave it to him to eat. The instant the dog had eaten a morsel, his eyes rolled round in his head, and he died.

The count was much enraged, and not without reason, and it was with great difficulty that the knights and squires who were present prevented him from slaying his son. "Ho! Gaston!" he said; "thou traitor! For thee, and to increase thine inheritance, have I made war, and incurred the hatred of the kings of France and England, Spain, Navarre, and Arragon." Then leaping over the table, with a knife in his hand, he was about to thrust it into his body, when the knights and squires interfered, and on their knees besought him—"My lord, for Heaven's sake, consider you have no other child. Let him be confined, and inquiry made into the matter. Perhaps he was ignorant of what the bag contained, and therefore may be blameless."

"Well, then, confine him in the tower," said the count; "only be careful that he is forthcoming."

At the count's orders, Gaston was confined in a room of the dungeon where there was little light. There he remained ten days, scarcely eating or drinking anything. It is even reported that after his death all the food that had been brought to him was found untouched, so that it is marvellous how he could have lived so long. From the time he entered the dungeon he never put off his clothes, and the count would permit no one to remain in the room to advise or comfort him. On the day of his death the person who waited upon him, seeing the state he was in, went to the count, and said, "My lord, for Heaven's sake, do look to your son; he is starving himself!" on hearing which the count became very angry, and went himself to the prison. It was an evil hour; the count had in his hand a knife, with which he had been paring his nails, and which he held tight between his fingers, with scarcely the point protruding, when, pushing aside the tapestry that covered the entrance of the prison, through ill luck he hit his son on a vein of the throat with the point of the knife as he rushed forward, addressing him, "Ha! traitor! why dost thou not eat?" Then, without saying or doing more, he instantly left the place. The youth was much frightened at his father's arrival, and withal exceedingly weak from fasting. The point of the knife, small as it was, had cut a vein, and as soon as he felt it he turned himself on one side, and died. Scarcely had the count reached his apartment when his son's attendants came to him in haste, to inform him that Gaston was dead. "Dead!" cried the count. "Yes; God help me, he is indeed dead, my lord." The count would not believe the report, and sent one of his knights to ascertain the truth. The knight soon returned to confirm the account, when the count wept bitterly, crying out, "Ha, ha, Gaston, how sad a business is this for thee and me! In an evil hour didst thou visit thy mother in Navarre. Never shall I be happy again!"



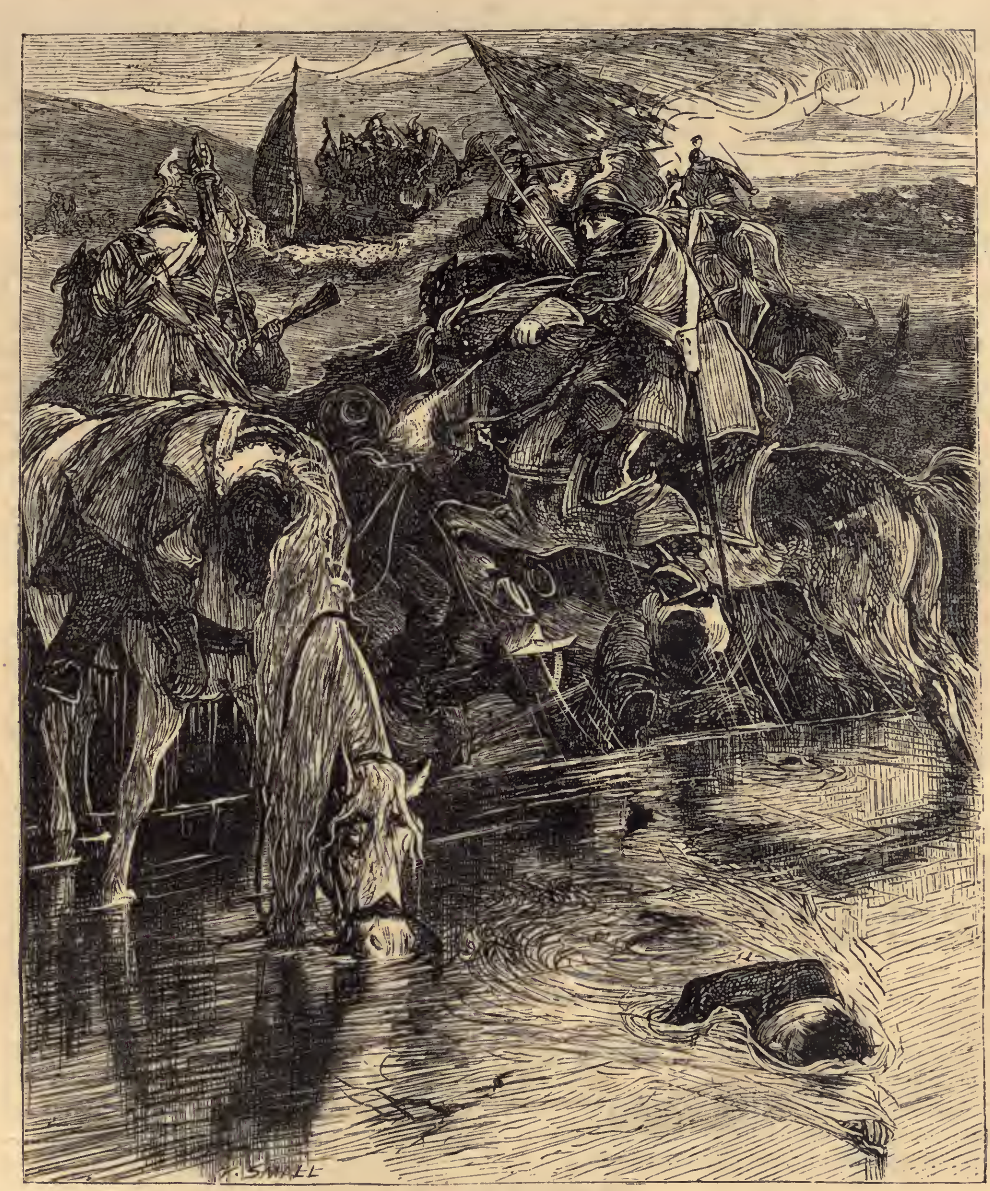
THE GOTHIC STEED.

[**R. H. Newell**, one of the Editors of the New York *Sunday Mercury*. His satires on the mismanagement and maladministration of the Northern army were published in that journal, under the title of the *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers*.]

Washington, D.C., October 6th, 1861.

The horse is the swarthy Arab's bosom friend, the red Indian's solitary companion, and the circus proprietor's salvation. One of these noble animals was presented to me last week by an old-maid relative, whose age I once guessed to be "about nineteen." The glorious gift was accompanied by a touching letter. She honoured my patriotism, and the self-sacrificing spirit that had led me to join the gallant Mackerel Brigade, and get a furlough as soon as a rebel picket appeared. She loved me for my mother's sake; and as she happened to have ten shillings about her, she thought she would buy a horse with it for me. Mine affectionately, Tabitha Turnips.

Ah! woman, glorious woman! what should we do without thee? All our patriotism is but the inspiration of thy proud love, and all our money is but the few shillings left after thou hast got through buying new bonnets. Oh, woman! thoughtful woman! the soldier thanks thee for sending him pies and cakes that turn sour before



RUPERT'S MARCH.—*Page* 54.

they leave New York; but don't send any more Havelocks, or there'll be a crisis in the linen market. It's a common thing for a sentry to report, "Eighty thousand more Havelocks from the women of America."

But to return to the horse which woman's generosity has made me own—me be-yuteous steed. The beast is fourteen hands high, fourteen hands long, and his sagacious head is shaped like an old-fashioned pickaxe. Viewed from the rear his style of architecture is Gothic, and he has a gable-end, to which his tail is attached. His eyes are two pearls set in mahogany, and before he lost his sight they were said to be brilliant. I rode down to the Patent Office the other day, and left him leaning against a post while I went inside to transact some business. Pretty soon the Commissioner of Patents came tearing in like mad, and says he—

"I'd like to know whether this is a public building belonging to the United States, or a second-hand auction shop?"

"What mean you, sirrah?" I asked, majestically.

"I mean," says he, "that some enemy to his country has gone and stood an old mahogany umbrella-stand right in front of the office."

To the disgrace of his species, be it said, he referred to the spirited and fiery animal for which I am indebted to woman's generosity. I admit that when seen at a distance the steed somewhat resembles an umbrella-stand; but a single look into his pearly eyes is enough to prove his relations with the animal kingdom.

I have named him Pegasus, in honour of Tupper, and when I mount him, Villiam Brown, of Company 3, Regiment 5, Mackerel Brigade, says that I remind him of Santa Claus sitting astride the roof of a small Gothic cottage, holding on by the chimney. Villiam is becoming rather too familiar, and I hope he'll be shot at an early day.

At an early hour yesterday morning, while yet the dew was on the grass, and on everything else green enough to be out at that matinal hour, I saddled my Gothic steed Pegasus, and took a trot for the benefit of my health. Having eaten a whole straw bed and a piece of an Irishman's shoulder during the night, my architectural beast was in great spirits, and as he snuffed the fresh air, and unfurled the remnants of his warlike tail to the breeze of heaven, I was reminded of that celebrated Arabian steed which had such a contempt for the speed of all other horses that he never would run with them—in fact, he never would run at all.

Having struck a match on that rib of Pegasus which was most convenient to my hand, I lit a cigar, and dropped the match, still burning, into the right ear of my fiery charger. Something of this kind is always necessary to make the sagacious animal start; but when once I get his mettle up he never stops, unless he happens to hear some crows cawing in the air, just above his venerable head. I am frequently glad that Pegasus has lost his eyesight, for could he see the expression on the faces of some of these same crows, when they get near enough to squint along his backbone, it would wound his sensibilities fearfully.

RUPERT'S MARCH.

[WALTER THORNBURY, born 1828. Originally intended for an artist, but discarded the pencil for the pen, with which he has achieved distinction as poet, essayist, and novelist.]

I.

CARABINE slung, stirrup well hung,
Flagon at saddle-bow merrily swung;
Toss up the ale,—for our flag, like a sail,
Struggles and swells in the July gale.
Colours fling out, and then give them a shout;
We are the gallants to put them to rout.

II.

Flash all your swords, like Tartarian hordes,
And scare the prim ladies of Puritan lords;
Our steel caps shall blaze through the long summer days,
As we galloping sing our mad Cavalier lays.
Then, banners, advance! by the lilies of France,
We are the gallants to lead them a dance!

III.

Ring the bells back, though the sexton look black,
Defiance to knaves who are hot on our track.
"Murder and fire!" shout louder and higher;
Remember Edge Hill and the red-dabbled mire,
When our steeds we shall stall in the Parliament hall,
And shake the old nest till the roof-tree shall fall.

IV.

Froth it up, girl, till it splash every curl,
October's the liquor for trooper and earl;
Bubble it up, merry gold in the cup,
We never may taste of to-morrow night's sup
(Those red ribbons glow on thy bosom below
Like apple-tree bloom on a hillock of snow).

V.

No, by my word, there never shook sword
Better than this in the clutch of a lord.
The blue streaks that run are as bright in the sun
As the veins on the brow of that loveliest one;
No deep light of the sky, when the twilight is nigh,
Glitters more bright than this blade to the eye.

VI.

Well, whatever may hap, this rusty steel cap
Will keep out full many a pestilent rap;
This buff, though it's old, and not larded with gold,
Will guard me from rapier as well as from cold;
This scarf, rent and torn, though its colour is worn,
Shone gay as a page's but yesterday morn.

VII.

Here is a dint from the jagg of a flint
Thrown by a Puritan, just as a hint;
But this stab through the buff was a warning more rough,
When Coventry city arose in a huff;
And I met with this gash, as we rode with a crash
Into Noll's pikes on the banks of the Ash.

VIII.

No jockey or groom wears so draggled a plume
As this, that's just drenched in the swift flowing Froom,
Red grew the tide ere we reached the steep side,
And steaming the hair of old Barbary's hide;
But for branch of that oak, that saved me a stroke,
I had sunk there like herring in pickle to soak.

IX.

Pistolet crack flashed bright on our track,
And even the foam of the water turned black.
They were twenty to one, our poor rapier to gun,
But we charged up the bank, and we lost only one.
So I saved the old flag, though it was but a rag,
And the sword in my hand was snapped off to a jagg.

X.

The water was churned as we wheeled and we turned,
And the dry brake, to scare out the vermin, we burned;
We gave our halloo, and our trumpet we blew;
Of all their stout fifty we left them but two;
With a mock and a laugh, won their banner and staff,
And trod down the cornets as threshers do chaff.

XI.

Saddle my roan, his back is a throne,
Better than velvet or gold, you will own.
Look to your match, for some harm you may catch,
For treason has always some mischief to hatch,
And Oliver's out with all Haslerigg's rout,
So I am told by this shivering, white-livered scout.

XII.

We came o'er the downs, through village and towns,
In spite of the sneers, and the curses, and frowns,
Drowning their psalms and stilling their qualms,
With a clatter and rattle of scabbards and arms,
Down the long street, with a trample of feet,
For the echo of hoofs to a Cavalier's sweet.

XIII.

See, black on each roof, at the sound of our hoof,
The Puritans gather, but keep them aloof;
Their muskets are long and they aim at a throng,
But woe to the weak when they challenge the strong!
Butt-end to the door—one hammer more,
Our pike-men rush in and the struggle is o'er.

XIV.

Storm through the gate, batter the plate,
Cram the red crucible into the grate,
Saddle-bags fill, Bob, Jenkin, and Will,
And spice the staved wine that runs out like a rill;
That maiden shall ride all to-day by my side,
Those ribbons are fitting a Cavalier's bride.

XV.

Does Baxter say right, that a bodice laced tight
Should never be seen by the sun or the light?
Like stars from a wood, shine under that hood
Eyes that are sparkling, though pious and good.
Surely this waist was by Providence placed,
By a true lover's arm to be often embraced.

XVI.

Down on your knees, you villains in frieze;
A draught to King Charles, or a swing from those trees.
Blow off this stiff lock, for 'tis useless to knock,
The ladies will pardon the noise and the shock;
From this bright dewy cheek, might I venture to speak,
I could kiss off the tears, though she wept for a week.

XVII.

Now loop me this scarf round the broken pikestaff,
'Twill do for a flag, though the Cropheads may laugh.
Who was it blew? Give a halloo,
And hang out the pennon of crimson and blue.
A volley of shot is welcoming hot—
It cannot be troop of the murdering Scot.

XVIII.

Fire the old mill on the brow of the hill;
Break down the plank that runs over the rill;
Bar the town gate—if the burghers debate,
Shoot some to death—for the villains must wait·
Rip up the lead from the roofing o'erhead,
And melt it for bullets, or we shall be sped.

XIX.

Now look to your buff, for steel is the stuff
To slash your brown jerkins with crimson enough.
There burst a flash: I heard their drums crash—
To horse! Now for race over moorland and plash.
Ere the stars glimmer out we will wake with a shout
The true men of York, who will welcome our rout.

XX.

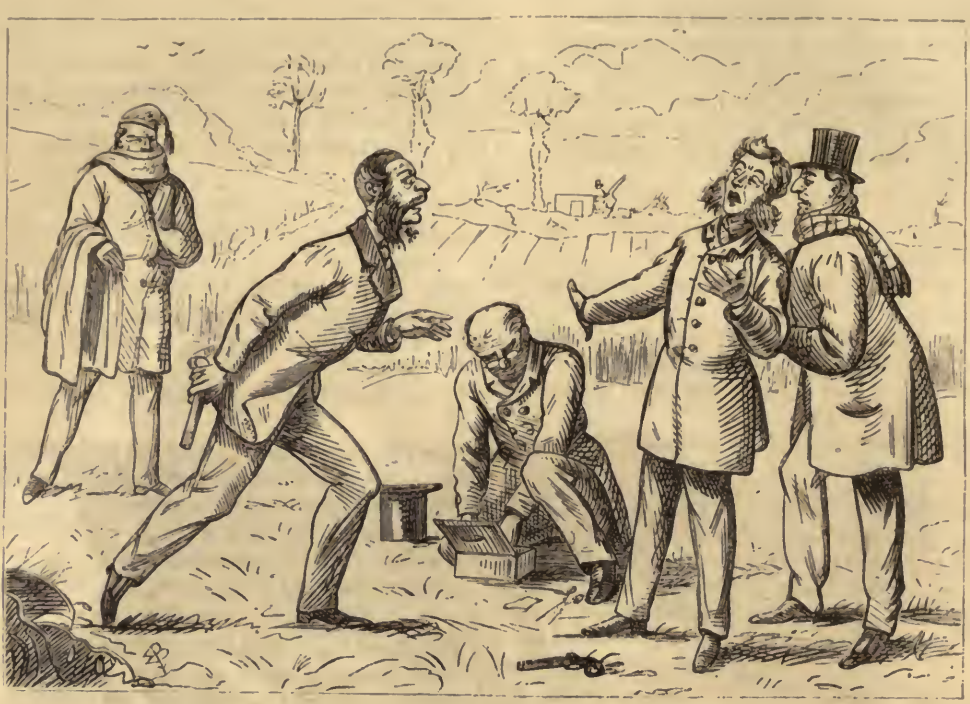
We'll shake their red roofs with our echoing hoofs,
And flutter the dust from their tapestry woofs;
Their old minster shall ring with our "God save the King!"
And our horses shall drink at St. Christopher's spring;
We shall welcome the meat, oh! the wine will taste sweet,
When our boots are flung off, and as brothers we greet.

SAYING, NOT MEANING.

[**William Basil Wake**, one of the contributors to Hone's "Every-Day Book."]

Two gentlemen their appetite had fed,
When, opening his toothpick-case, one said—
"It was not until lately that I knew
That *anchovies* on terra-firma grew."

"Grow!" cried the other; "yes, they grow, indeed,
Like other fish, but not upon the land.
You might as well say grapes grow on a reed,
Or in the Strand."



"Why, sir," returned the irritated other,
"My brother,
When at Calcutta,
Beheld them bonâ fide growing;
He wouldn't utter
A lie for love or money, sir; and so in
This matter you are thoroughly mistaken."
"Nonsense, sir! nonsense! I can give no credit
To the assertion; none e'er saw or read it;
Your brother, like his evidence, should be shaken."

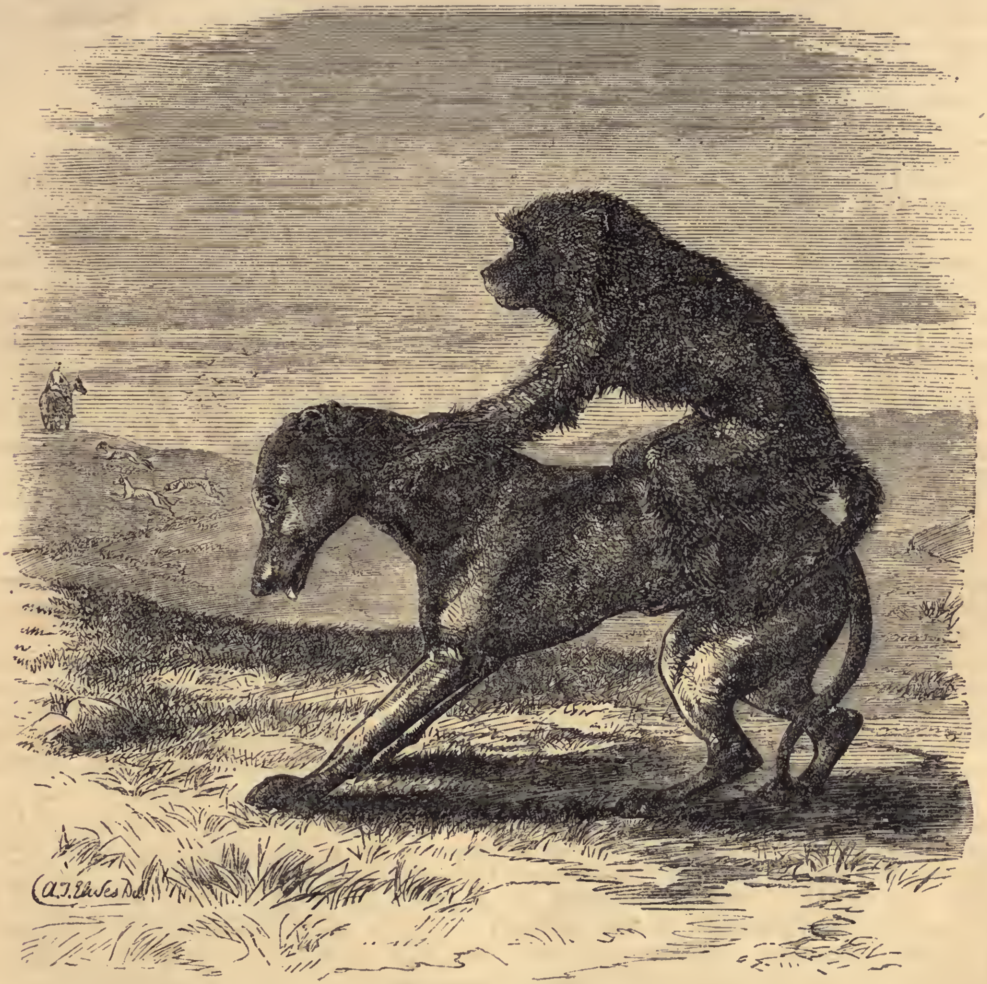
"Be shaken, sir! let me observe, you are
Perverse. In short——"
"Sir," said the other, sucking his cigar,
And then his port,
"If you *will* say impossibles are true,
You may affirm just anything you please—
That swans are quadrupeds, and lions blue,
And elephants inhabit Stilton cheese;
Only you must not force me to believe
What's propagated merely to deceive."

"Then you force *me* to say, sir, you're a fool,"
Returned the bragger.
Language like this no man can suffer cool:
It made the listener stagger.
So, thunder-stricken, he at once replied,
"The traveller *lied*
Who had the impudence to tell it you."

"Zounds! then, d'ye mean to swear before my face
That anchovies don't grow, like cloves and mace?"
"I do!"

Disputants often, after hot debates,
Leave the contention as they found it—bone,
And take to duelling, or thumping têtes,
Thinking by strength of artery to atone
For strength of argument; and he who winces
From force of words, with force of arms convinces!

With pistols, powder, bullets, surgeons, lint,
Seconds, and smelling-bottles, and foreboding,
Our friends advanced; and now portentous loading
(Their hearts already loaded) served to show
It might be better they shook hands—but, no;
When each opines himself, though frightened, right,
Each is, in courtesy, obliged to fight.
And they did fight: from six full-measured paces
The unbeliever pulled his trigger first,
And fearing, from the braggart's ugly faces,
The whizzing lead had whizzed its very worst,
Ran up, and with a duelistic fear,
His ire evanishing like morning vapours,
Found him possessed of one remaining ear,
Who, in a manner sudden and uncouth,
Had given, not lent, the other ear to truth.
For while the surgeon was applying lint,
He, wriggling, cried, "The deuce is in 't—
Sir! I *meant* capers!"



(*Drawn by* A. J. Elwes.)

LE VAILLANT'S MONKEY.

[François Le Vaillant, born at Paramaribo, Guiana, 1753. Died 1824. Naturalist and traveller.]

"An animal," says M. Le Vaillant, "which often rendered me essential services, whose presence has frequently interrupted or banished from my memory the most bitter and harassing reflections, whose simple and touching affection even seemed, on some occasions, to anticipate my wishes, and whose playful tricks were a perfect antidote to ennui, was a monkey of the species so common at the Cape, and so well known by the name of 'Bavian.' It was very familiar, and attached itself particularly to me. I conferred upon it the office of my taster-general, and when we met with any fruits or roots unknown to my Hottentots, we never ventured to eat them till they had been presented to, and pronounced upon by, Kees. If he ate, we fed upon them; if he refused to eat them, we did so likewise. The baboon has this quality in particular, which distinguishes him from the lower animals, and approximates him more nearly to man: he has received from Nature equal portions of curiosity and gluttony; he tastes everything you give him; without necessity he touches whatever comes in his way. But in Kees I valued a still more precious quality. He was a most trusty guardian. Night or day, it mattered not, the most distant approach of danger roused him to instant watchfulness; and his cries and gestures invariably warned us of any unusual occurrence long before my dogs got scent of it. Indeed, these otherwise faithful guardians became so habituated to his voice, and depended so implicitly upon his instinct, that they became utterly careless of their own duty, and, instead of watching our encampment, went to sleep in full confidence. But no sooner had he given the alarm than the whole pack were up and on the alert, flying to defend the quarter from which his motions directed them to expect the threatened danger. . . . I often took him out with me on my hunting and shooting excursions. On the way he amused himself by climbing the trees in search of gum, of which he was passionately fond. Sometimes he would discover the honeycombs which the wild bees deposit in the hollows of decayed trees; but when neither gum nor honey were to be found, and he began to be pressed by hunger, an exhibition of the most comic and amusing nature took place. In default of more dainty fare, he would search for roots, and, above all, for a particular kind, which the Hottentots call 'kameroo,' which he greatly admired, and which, unfortunately for him, I had myself found so refreshing and agreeable, that I often contested the possession of the prize with him.

"This put him upon his mettle, and developed all his talents for ruse and deception. When he discovered the kameroo at any distance from me, he commenced devouring it, without even waiting to peel it according to his usual custom, his eyes all the while eagerly fixed upon my motions, and he generally managed matters so adroitly as to have finished the banquet before I reached him. Occasionally, however, I would arrive too soon for him; he would then break the root and cram it into his cheek-pouches, from which I have often taken it without his displaying either malice or resentment at what he must have considered as an act of great injustice. To pluck up the roots, he resorted to a most ingenious method, which greatly amused me. Seizing the tuft of leaves with his teeth, he dug about and loosened the root with his fingers, and by then drawing his head gently backwards he commonly managed to extract it without breaking; but when this method failed, he would seize the tuft as before, and as close to the root as possible, and then, suddenly turning a somersault, he would throw himself head over heels, and the kameroo rarely failed to follow.

"On these little expeditions, when he felt himself fatigued, it was most ludicrous to see him mounting upon the back of one of my dogs, which he would thus compel to carry him for hours together. One of the pack, however, was more than a match for him, even at his own weapons—cunning and finesse. As soon as this animal found Kees upon his shoulders, instead of trying to shake him off or dispute the point, which he knew by experience to be useless, he would make a dead halt, and, with great resignation and gravity, stand as immovable as a statue, whilst our whole train passed by and proceeded on their journey. Thus the two would continue, mutually trying to tire out one another's patience, till we were nearly out of sight. This had no effect upon the dog, who, to do him justice, possessed a most praiseworthy firmness of character, and an obstinacy which would have done honour to a logician; but with Kees it was a different matter. He saw the distance increasing without any better chance of overcoming his adversary's resolution than at first. Then commenced a most ludicrous and amusing scene. Kees would alight, and both follow the caravan at full speed; but the dog, always distrusting the finesse of the monkey, would adroitly allow him to pass on a little before him, for fear of a surprise, and never for a moment taking his eye off him. In other respects he had gained a complete ascendancy over the whole pack, which he undoubtedly owed to the superiority of his instinct, for among animals, as among men, cunning and address are frequently more than a match for physical force. It was only at mealtimes, however, that Kees ever showed any ill-nature towards the dogs; when any of them approached him on that important occasion, the administration of a sound box on the ear warned him to keep at a more respectful distance, and it is singular that none of the pack ever disputed the point or resented the affront.

"Like all monkeys, he was incorrigibly addicted to petty larceny, and had he been an Englishman, would have been long since tried at the Old Bailey, and transported to Botany Bay; but being a free-born Africandar—for such is the name by which the Cape colonists delight to be called—he committed his depredations with impunity, or only fled for an hour or two to the woods to escape immediate chastisement, always, however, taking good care to return by nightfall. Never but on one occasion did he absent himself during the night. It was near dinner-time, and I had just prepared some fricasseed beans on my plate, when suddenly the cry of a bird which I had not before heard called off my attention, and I seized my gun and set off in pursuit of it. I had not been more than a quarter of an hour absent, when I returned with my bird in my hand; but Kees and my dinner had both disappeared in the meantime, though I had severely chastised him for stealing my supper on the previous evening. I concluded, however, that, as usual, he would return on the approach of night, when he fancied that the affair would be forgotten, and so thought no more of it. But for once I was mistaken in him; evening came without any appearance of Kees, nor had any of my Hottentots seen him on the following morning, and I began to fear that I had lost him for good. I really began seriously to feel the loss of his amusing qualities and watchfulness, when, on the third day after his disappearance, one of my people brought the welcome intelligence that he had encountered him in the neighbouring wood, but that he concealed himself among the branches upon seeing that he was discovered. I immediately proceeded to the place indicated, and, after beating for some time about the environs to no purpose, at length heard his voice in the tone which he usually adopted when supplicating for a favour or a remission of punishment. Upon looking up, I perceived him half hid behind a large branch in a tree immediately above me, from which, in fact, he had been watching our encampment ever since his departure; but all my persuasions could not prevail upon him to descend, and it was only by climbing the tree that I finally succeeded in securing him. He made no attempt to escape me, however, and his countenance exhibited a ludicrous mixture of joy at the meeting and fear of being punished for his misdeeds.

"On one occasion, I resolved to reward my Hottentots for good conduct. The pipe went merrily round, joy was pictured on every countenance, and the brandy-bottle was slowly circulating. Kees, all impatience for the arrival of his turn, followed it with his eyes, holding his plate ready for his allotted portion; for I had found that in drinking out of a glass his impatience generally caused some of the liquor to run up his nose, which greatly incommoded him, and kept him coughing and sneezing for hours afterwards. I was engaged at the moment in sealing a letter. He had just received the share of the brandy, and was stooping down to drink it, when I adroitly introduced a slip of lighted paper under his chin. The whole plate suddenly burst into flame, and the terrified animal, with a yell of indescribable horror, leaped backwards at least twelve or fifteen feet at a single bound, and continued, during the whole time the brandy was burning, to chatter and gaze intently at a phenomenon which he no doubt considered of preternatural occurrence. He could never afterwards be prevailed upon to taste spirits of any kind, and a mere sight of a bottle was at all times sufficient to frighten and alarm him."

THE MERMAID.

[John Leyden, born at Denholm, Roxburghshire. Distinguished himself at Edinburgh College. Ordained 1800. Subsequently went as surgeon to an Indiaman. Became an Indian judge. Died in Java, August 28, 1811.]

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee!
How softly mourns the wreathèd shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

But softer, floating o'er the deep,
The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the barque of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering barque's delay:
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

"And raise," he cried, "the song of love
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!

"'When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die,' she said, 'the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue.'"

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!

"Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread
Shun the shelving reefs below.

"As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, oh, shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrievreckin's surges roar!

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!"

Thus, all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green;—
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave,
She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then, clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feignèd bier
The monks the prayer of death shall say,
And long for thee the fruitless tear
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay!

But downward, like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees.
No more the waters round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dares his trancèd eyes unclose,
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song
Far in the crystal cavern rose—

Soft as the harp's unseen control,
In morning dreams which lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams through the tepid air,
When clouds dissolve the dews unseen,
Smile on the flowers that bloom more fair,
And fields that glow with livelier green—

So melting soft the music fell;
It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray—
"Say, heard'st thou not these wild notes swell?
Ah! 'tis the song of Colonsay."

Like one that from a fearful dream
Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
Yet fears to find the vision true,

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
Which bade his torpid languor fly;
He feared some spell had bound his feet,
And hardly dared his limbs to try.

"This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway;
Can'st thou the maiden of the wave
Compare to her of Colonsay?"

Roused by that voice of silver sound,
From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And, glancing wild his eyes around
Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung,

No form he saw of mortal mould;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl the comb.

Her pearly comb the syren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay:
"Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay?"

"Fair is the crystal hall for me,
With rubies and with emeralds set;
And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing when we for love are met.

"Through the green meads beneath the sea,
Enamoured, we shall fondly stray;
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay!"

"Though bright thy locks of glistering gold,
Fair maiden of the foamy main,
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
While mine beats high in every vein:

"If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
My heart would grow as cold as thine.

"These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
They swim not in the light of love;
The beauteous maid of Colonsay,
Her eyes are milder than the dove!

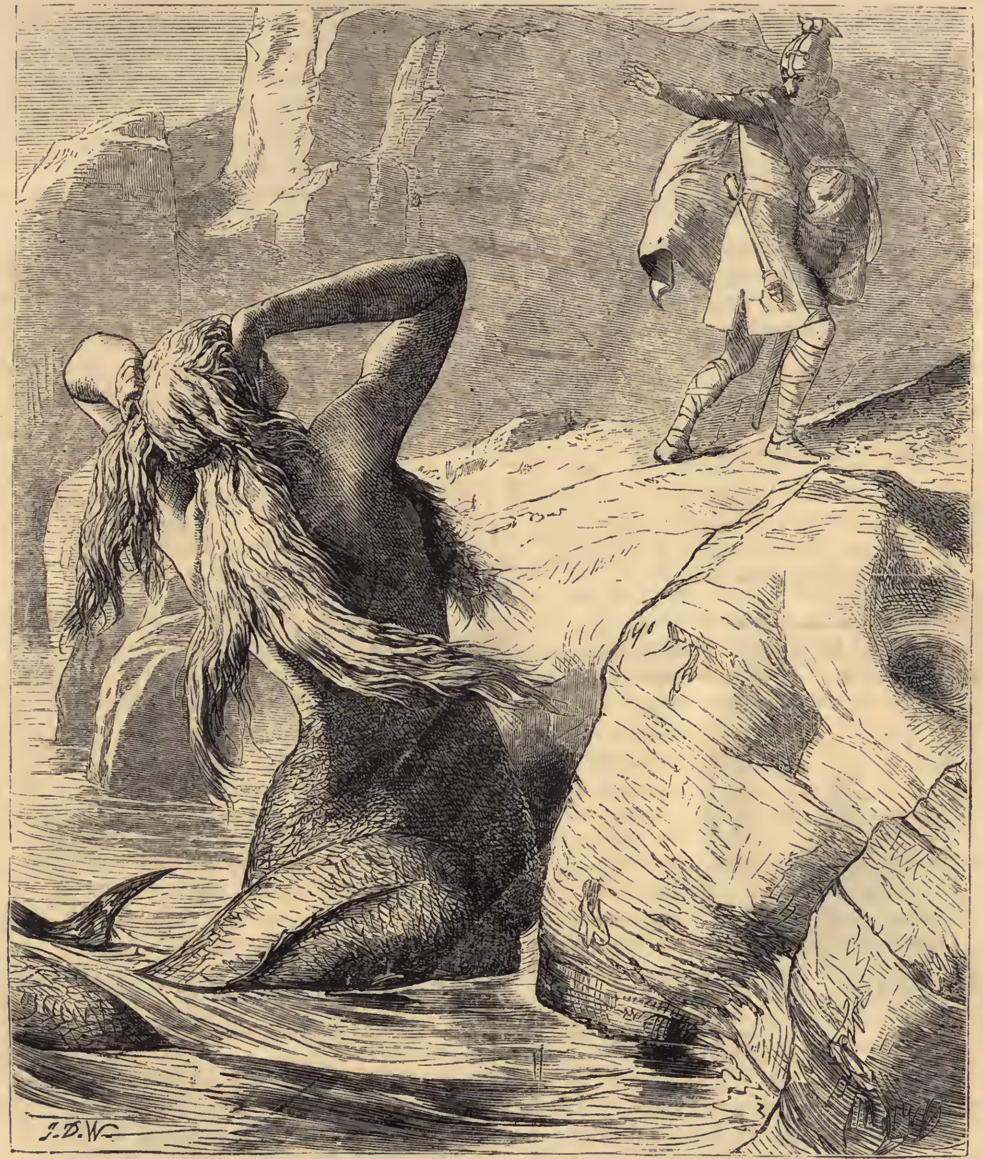
"E'en now, within the lonely isle,
Her eyes are dim with tears for me;
And canst thou think that syren smile
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?"

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
Unfolds in length her scaly train;
She tossed in proud disdain her head,
And lashed with webbèd fin the main.

"Dwell here alone!" the mermaid cried,
"And view far off the sea-nymphs play;
The prison wall, the azure tide,
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

"Whene'er, like ocean's scaly brood,
I cleave with rapid fin the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood,
Conceal thee in this coral cave.

"I feel my former soul return:
It kindles at thy cold disdain;
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main?"



(*Drawn by* J. D. Watson.)

She fled; around the crystal cave
  The rolling waves resume their road;
On the broad portal idly rave,
  But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
  As in the lonely cave he lay;
And many a sun rolled through the sky,
  And poured its beams on Colonsay.

But still the ring of ruby red
  Retained its vivid crimson hue,
And each despairing accent fled,
  To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
  The mermaid to his cavern came,
No more misshapen from the zone,
  But like a maid of mortal frame.

"Oh, give to me that ruby ring
  That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing
  The song thou lov'st of Colonsay."

"This ruby ring of crimson grain
  Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main
  Again to visit Colonsay."

"Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move
To tear thy limbs amid the sea."

"Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see,
And when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee."

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train;
With gluey fangs her hands were clad;
She lashed with webbèd fin the main.

He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,
As with broad fins she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! She deems at last
To lure him with her silver tongue;
And, as the shelving rocks she passed,
She raised her voice and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

Oh! sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea;
So sadly mourns the wreathèd shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever, as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day,
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

[WASHINGTON IRVING. *See Page* 1.]

DURING my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark, oaken panelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her; for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society, and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart—I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. I was seated there one still, sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. While I was meditating, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in his surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased: "George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped as if in prayer, but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

The service being ended, preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection—directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavouring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation: "Nay, now—nay, now; don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

I could see no more; my heart swelled into my throat; my eyes filled with tears. I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her.

On my way homeward I met with the woman who had acted as comforter. She was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

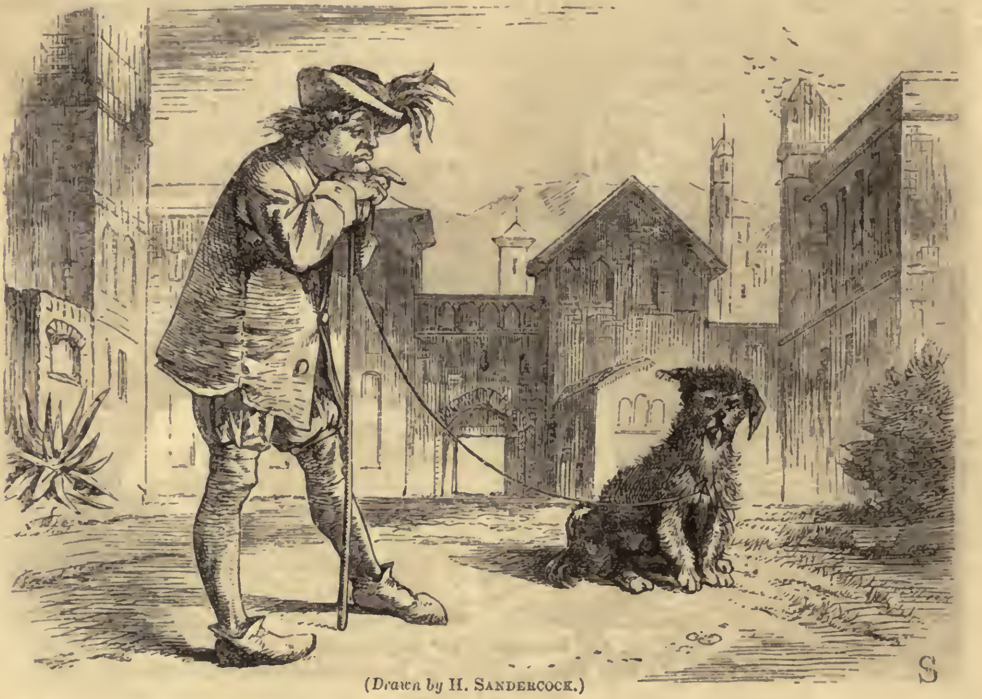
The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and a blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age. "Oh, sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a comely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents. It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church, for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her good man's, and, poor soul! she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sank into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect, as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage, in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door which faced the garden suddenly open. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye. "Oh, my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son—your poor boy George?" It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad, who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had at length dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again. He could not endure his mother from his sight. If she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him, when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

The next Sunday I was at the village church, when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty—a black ribbon or so, a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow, at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.



(*Drawn by* H. Sandercock.)

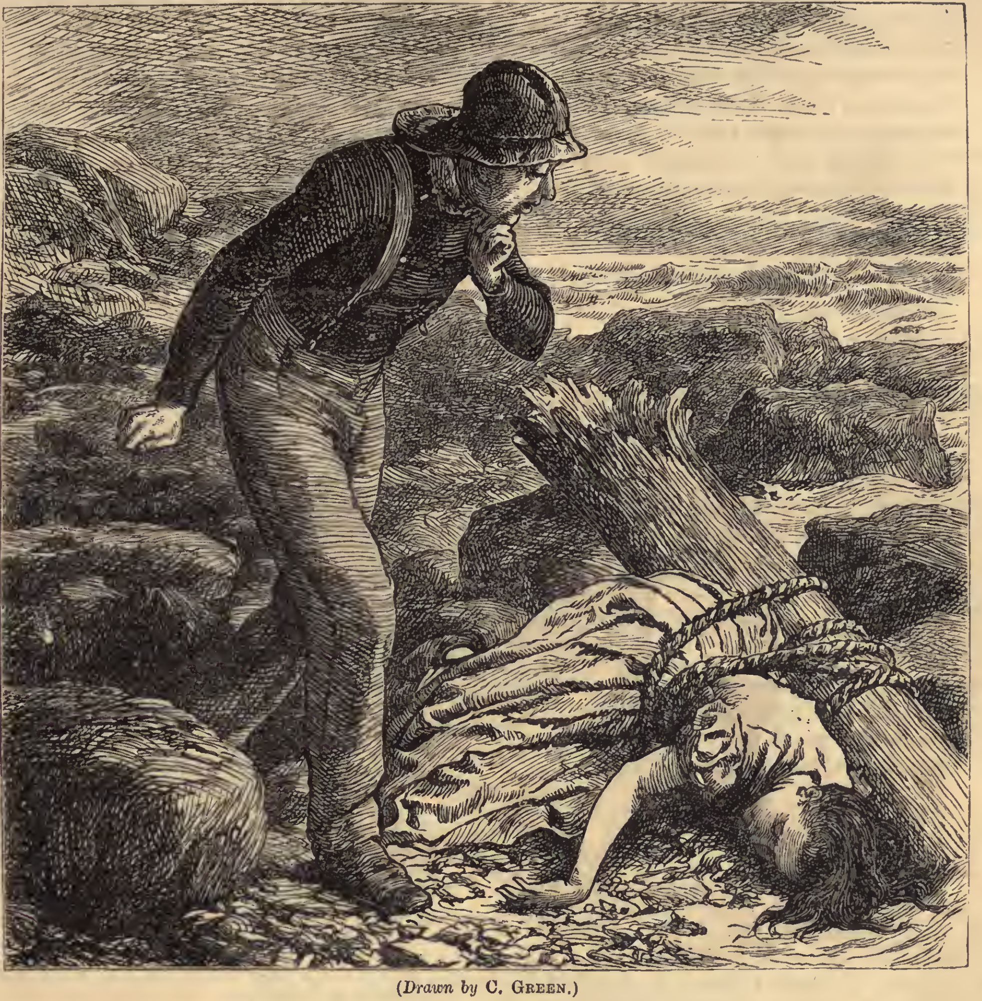
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

[William Shakespeare. *See Page* 33.]

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter Launce, *leading a dog.*

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, to be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog. A Jew would have wept to have seen our parting. Why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so, neither;—yes, it is so, it is so,—it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—oh, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; "Father, your blessing!" now, should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother—oh, that she could speak now!—like a wood woman! Well, I kiss her;—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word: but see how I lay the dust with my tears.



(*Drawn by* C. Green.)

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. *See Page* 14.]

It was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main:
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so,
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"Oh, father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast;"
And he steered for the open sea.

"Oh, father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

"Oh, father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed, through the gleaming snow,
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept,
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land:
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared.

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.

THE PURLOINED LETTER.

[Edgar Allan Poe. *See Page* 8.]

At Paris, just after dark one gusty evening, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meerschaum, with my friend, C. Auguste Dupin, in his little back library. For one hour, at least, we had maintained a profound silence, when the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, Monsieur G——, the Prefect of the Parisian police, who said that he had called to ask the opinion of my friend about some official business which had occasioned a great deal of trouble.

"And what is the difficulty now?" I asked.

"The fact is, the business is very simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it, because it is so 'odd.'"

"Simple and odd?" said Dupin.

"Why, yes; and not exactly that, either. The fact is, we have all been puzzled, because the affair is so simple, and yet baffles us."

"Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault," said my friend.

"What nonsense you do talk!" replied the prefect, laughing heartily.

"Perhaps the mystery is a little too plain."

"Oh! who ever heard of such an idea?"

"A little too self-evident."

"Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!" roared our visitor, profoundly amused. "Oh, Dupin, you will be the death of me yet."

"And what, after all, is the matter on hand?"

"Why, I will tell you," replied the prefect. I have received personal information, from a very high quarter, that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this is beyond a doubt: he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession."

"How is this known?" asked Dupin.

"It is clearly inferred," replied the prefect, "from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing out of the robber's possession; that is to say, from his employing it as he must design in the end to employ it."

"Be a little more explicit," I said.

"Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable."

The prefect was fond of the cant of diplomacy.

"Still I do not quite understand," said Dupin.

"No! Well, the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honour of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendancy over the illustrious personage whose honour and peace are so jeopardised."

"But this ascendancy," I interposed, "would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare——"

"The thief," said G——, "is the minister D——, who dares all things, those unbecoming as well as those becoming a man. The method of the theft was not less ingenious than bold. The document in question—a letter, to be frank—had been received by the personage robbed, while alone in the royal boudoir. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage, from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. After a hurried and vain endeavour to thrust it into a drawer, she was forced to place it, open as it was, upon a table. The address, however, was uppermost, and the contents thus unexposed, the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the minister D——. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognises the handwriting of the address, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some business transactions, hurried through in his ordinary manner, he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses for some fifteen minutes upon the public affairs. At length, in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but, of course, dared not call attention to the act in the presence of the third personage, who stood at her elbow. The minister decamped, leaving his own letter, one of no importance, upon the table."

"Here, then," said Dupin to me, "you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendancy complete—the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber."

"Yes," replied the prefect; "and the power thus attained has, for some months past, been wielded, for political purposes, to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced every day of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. But this cannot be done openly."

"It is clear," said I, "as you observe, that the letter is still in possession of the minister, since it is this possession, and not any employment of the letter, which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs."

"True," said G——; "and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister's hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things, I have been warned of the danger of giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "you are quite au fait in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before."

"Oh, yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from the master's apartment, and being chiefly Neapolitans, they are readily made drunk. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months, a night has not passed during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the D—— Hotel. My honour is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself."

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that although the letter may be in possession of the minister, as it doubtless is, he may have concealed it elsewhere than on his own premises?"

"This is barely possible," said Dupin. "The present peculiar condition of affairs at court, and especially of those intrigues in which D—— is known to be involved, would render the instant availability of the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—a point of nearly equal importance with its possession."

"True," I observed; "the paper is clearly, then, upon the premises. As for its being on the person of D——, we may consider that out of the question."

"Entirely," said the prefect. "He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched, under my own inspection."

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search."

"Why, the fact is we took our time, and we searched everywhere. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined first the furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that to a properly-trained police agent such a thing as a secret drawer is impossible. Any man is a dolt who permits a 'secret' drawer to escape him in a search of this kind. The thing is so plain. There is a certain amount of bulk—of space—to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops. Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bedposts are employed in the same way."

"But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?" I asked.

"By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in our case we were obliged to proceed without noise."

"But a letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting-needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rung of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of recent disturbance, we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet-dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disturbance in the glueing, any unusual gaping in the joints, would have sufficed to ensure detection."

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and probed the beds, the bed-clothes, curtains, and carpets?"

"That, of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided the entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinised each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses adjoining, with the microscope, as before."

"You include the grounds about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick: they gave us little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks, and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among D——'s papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly; we opened every package and parcel. We not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police-officers. We also measured the thickness of every book-cover with the most accurate admeasurement, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed longitudinally with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet, and examined the boards with the microscope."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is not upon the premises, as you suppose."

"I fear you are right there," said the prefect. "And now, Dupin, what would you advise?"

"To make a thorough research of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," replied G——. "Yet I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is at the hotel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh, yes!" And here the prefect, producing a memorandum book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external, appearance of the missing document. Soon after finishing the perusal of this description he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the good gentleman before.

In about a month afterwards he paid us another visit, and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a pipe and a chair, and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said—

"Well, but, G——, what of the purloined letter? I presume that you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the minister?"

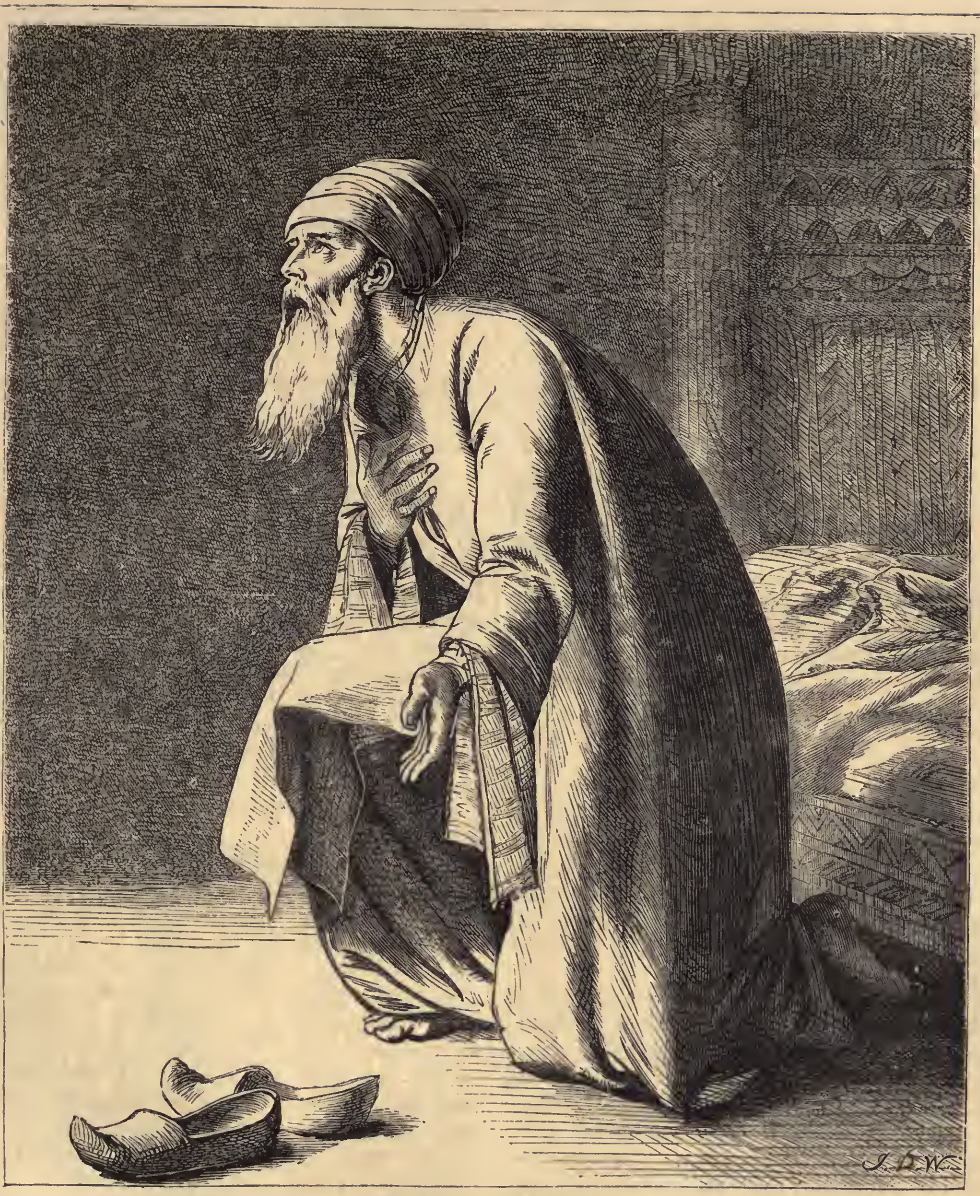
"Confound him, say I!—yes. I made the re-examination, however, as Dupin suggested; but it was all labour lost, as I knew it would be."

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal—a very liberal reward. I don't like to say how much, precisely; but one thing I will say, that I would give my individual check for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, that it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done."

"Well, yes," said Dupin, drawlingly, between the whiffs of his meerschaum, "I really—think, G——, you have not exerted yourself—to the utmost in this matter. You might employ counsel in the matter, eh?"

"But," said the prefect, a little discomposed,



(*Drawn by* J. D. WATSON.)

"I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."—*Page* 71.

"I am perfectly willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would really give fifty thousand francs to any one who would aid me in the matter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer and producing a cheque-book, "you may as well fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen, and after several pauses and vacant stares, finally filled up and signed a cheque for fifty thousand francs, and handed it across the table to Dupin. The latter examined it carefully, and deposited it in his pocket-book; then, unlocking an escritoire, took thence a letter and gave it to the prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room, and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the cheque.

When he had gone my friend entered into some explanations.

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge, which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when G—— detailed to us his mode of searching the premises at the Hotel D——, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation, so far as his labours extended. But the more I reflected upon the daring, dashing, and discriminating ingenuity of D——; upon the fact that the document must always have been at hand, if he intended to use it to good purpose; and upon the decisive evidence obtained by the prefect, that it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary's ordinary search, the more satisfied I became that, to conceal this letter, the minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all. Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles, and called, one fine morning, quite by accident, at the ministerial hotel. I found D—— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling as usual, and pretending to be in the last extremity of ennui. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive, but that is only when nobody sees him.

"To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I curiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only on the conversation of my host.

"I paid especial attention to a large writing-table upon which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some miscellaneous letters and other papers, with one or two musical instruments, and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite particular suspicion.

"At length my eyes, in going the circuit of the room, fell upon a trumpery filagree card-rack of pasteboard, that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting-cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two across the middle—as if a design, in the first instance, to tear it entirely up as worthless, had been altered or stayed in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D—— cipher very conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive female hand, to D——, the minister himself. It was thrust carelessly and even, as it seemed, contemptuously, into one of the uttermost divisions of the rack.

"No sooner had I glanced at this letter, than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was—to all appearance—radically different from the one of which the prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D—— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S—— family. Here the address to the minister was diminutive and feminine; there the superscription to a certain royal personage was markedly bold and decisive; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But, then, the radicalness of these differences, which was excessive—the dirt; the soiled condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the true methodical habits of D——, and so suggestive of a design to delude the beholder into an idea of the worthlessness of the document; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor, and thus exactly in accordance with the conclusions to which I had previously arrived;—these things, I say, were strongly corroborative of suspicion in one who came with the intention to suspect.

"I protracted my visit as long as possible; and while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack, and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever doubt I might have entertained. In scrutinising the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more chafed than seemed necessary. They presented the broken appearance seen when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reverse direction in the same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and re-sealed. I bade the minister good morning, and took my departure at once, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

"The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed quite eagerly the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately beneath the window of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D—— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a fac-simile (so far as regards externals), which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings, imitating the D—— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

"The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behaviour of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D—— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay."

"But," I asked, "would it not have been better, at the first visit, to have seized the letter openly, and departed?"

"D——," replied Dupin, "is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left the ministerial presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more."

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

[Leigh Hunt, born at Southgate, Middlesex, October 19, 1784. Educated at Christ's Hospital. Imprisoned for two years for a satire on the Prince Regent. Died August 29, 1859.]

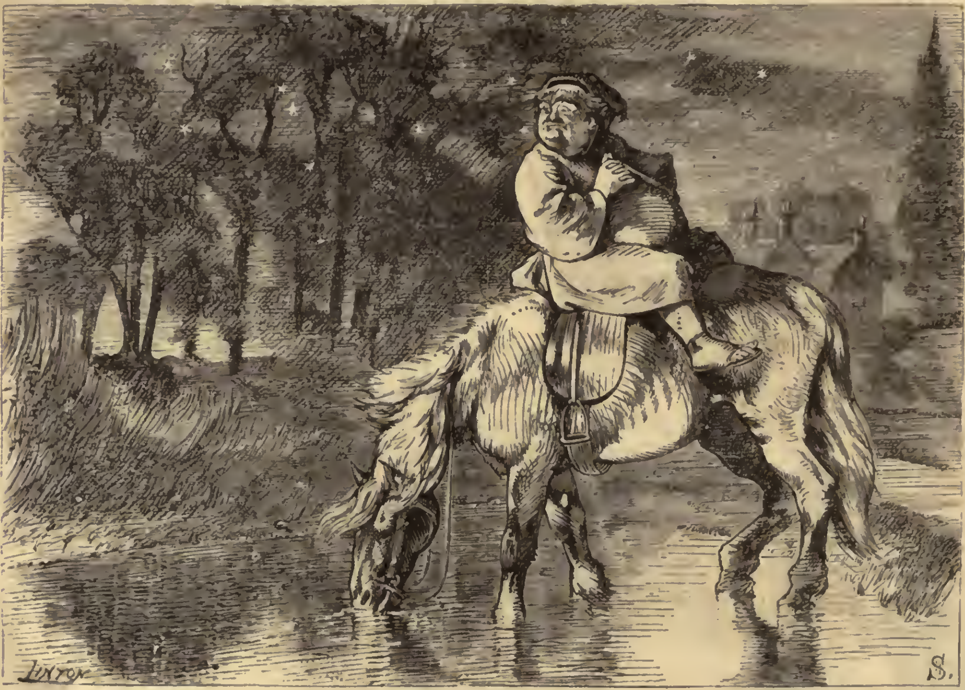
Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said—
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

THE IDIOT.

[From *Blackwood's Magazine*. Author unknown.]

A POOR widow, in a small town in the north of England, kept a booth or stall of apples and sweetmeats. She had an idiot child, so utterly helpless and dependent, that he did not appear to be ever alive to anger or self-defence. He sat all day at her feet, and seemed to be possessed of no other sentiment of the human kind than confidence in his mother's love, and a dread of the schoolboys, by whom he was often annoyed. His whole occupation, as he sat on the ground, was in swinging backwards and forwards, singing "pal-lal" in a low pathetic voice, only interrupted at intervals on the appearance of any of his tormentors, when he clung to his mother in alarm. From morning till evening he sung his plaintive and aimless ditty; at night, when his poor mother gathered up her little wares to return home, so deplorable did his defects appear, that, while she carried her table on her head, her stock of little merchandise in her lap, and her stool in one hand, she was obliged to lead him by the other. Ever and anon, as any of the schoolboys appeared in view, the harmless thing clung close to her, and hid his face in her bosom for protection. A human creature so far below the standard of humanity, was nowhere ever seen: he had not even the shallow cunning which is often found among these unfinished beings; and his simplicity could not even be measured by the standard that would apply to the capacity of a lamb. Yet it had a feeling rarely manifested even in the affectionate dog, and a knowledge never shown by any mere animal. He was sensible of his mother's kindness, and how much he owed to her care. At night, when she spread his humble pallet, though he knew not prayer, nor could comprehend the solemnities of worship, he prostrated himself at her feet; and as he kissed them, mumbled a kind of mental orison, as if in fond and holy devotion. In the morning, before she went abroad to resume her station in the market-place, he peeped anxiously out to reconnoitre the street; and as often as he saw any of the schoolboys in the way, he held her firmly back, and sung his sorrowful "pal-lal."

One day the poor woman and her idiot boy were missed from the market-place, and the charity of some of the neighbours induced them to visit her hovel. They found her dead on her sorry couch, and the boy sitting beside her, holding her hand, swinging and singing his pitiful lay more sorrowfully than he had ever done before. He could not speak, but only utter a brutish gabble; sometimes, however, he looked as if he comprehended something of what was said. On this occasion, when the neighbours spoke to him, he looked up with the tear in his eye; and clasping the cold hand more tenderly, sunk the strain of his mournful "pal-lal" into a softer and sadder key. The spectators, deeply affected, raised him from the body; and he surrendered his hold of the earthly hand without resistance, retiring in silence to an obscure corner of the room. One of them, looking towards the others, said to them, "Poor wretch! what shall we do with him?" At that moment he resumed his chant; and, lifting two handfuls of dust from the floor, sprinkled it on his head, and sung with a wild and clear heart-piercing pathos, "Pal-lal, pal-lal."



(*Drawn by* H. SANDERCOCK.)

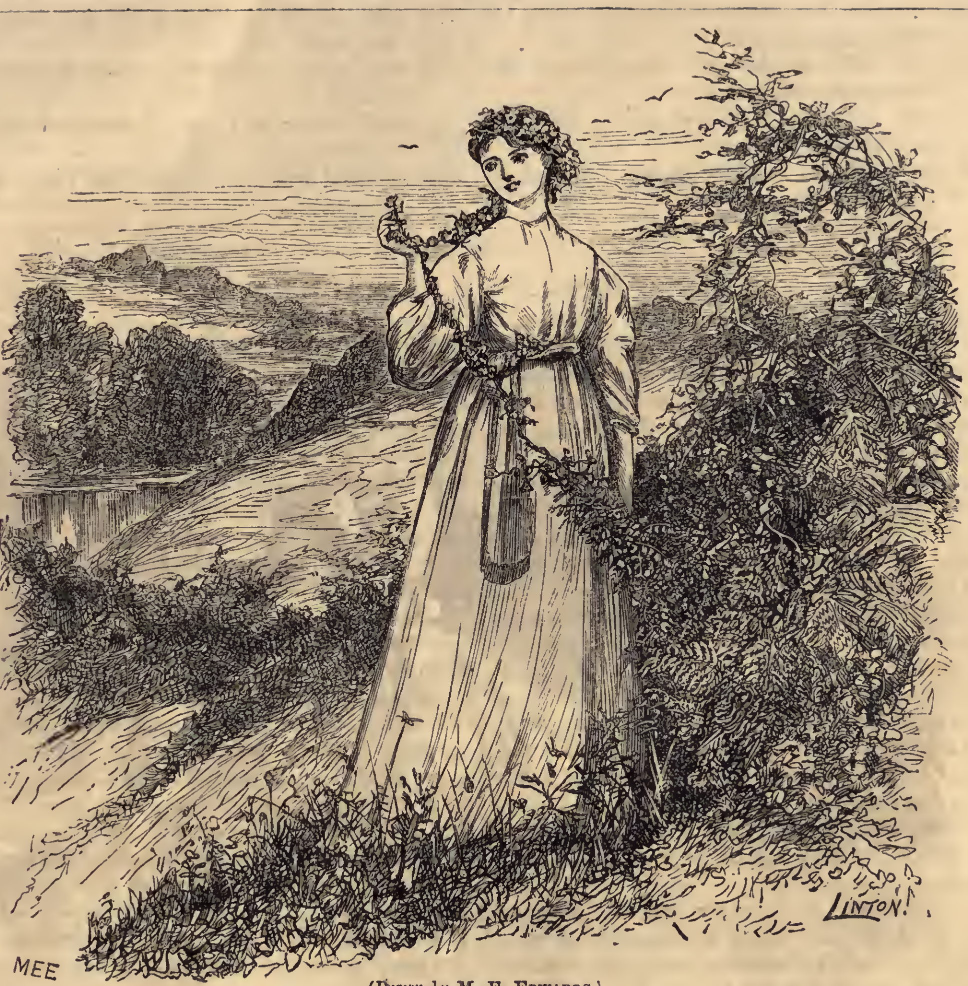
GLUGGITY GLUG.

[From the "Myrtle and the Vine." Author unknown.]

A JOLLY fat friar loved liquor, good store,
And he had drunk stoutly at supper;
He mounted his horse in the night at the door,
And he sat with his face to the crupper:
"Some rogue," quoth the friar, "quite dead to remorse—
"Some thief, whom a halter will throttle—
Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
While I was engaged at the bottle,
Which went gluggity, gluggity, glug, glug, glug!"

The tail of the steed pointed south on the dale,
'Twas the friar's road home straight and true, sir;
But, when spurred, a horse follows his nose, not his tail,
So he scampered due north like the deuce, sir.
"This new mode of docking," the friar then said,
"I perceive doesn't make a horse trot ill;
And 'tis cheap,—for he never can eat off his head,
While I am engaged at the bottle,
Which goes gluggity, gluggity, glug, glug, glug!"

The steed made a stop; in a pond he had got,
He was rather for drinking than grazing;
Quoth the friar, "'Tis strange headless horses should trot;
But to drink with their tails is amazing!"
Turning round to see whence this phenomenon rose,
In the pond fell this son of a pottle;
Quoth he, "The head's found, for I'm under his nose;
I wish I were over a bottle,
Which goes gluggity, gluggity, glug, glug, glug!"



(Drawn by M. E. Edwards.)

A MAYTIME WISH.

[Mr. Edward Capern, originally a postman at Bideford. His charming lyrics obtained for him—not so soon as they should have done—some small recognition in the shape of a Government pension, and he has since been enabled to relinquish the severe daily labour, in which his ardent love of Nature must have been a support and consolation.]

I would the world could see thee as I behold thee, May,
With eyes like sapphires gleaming through the orchards by the way;
With the campion and the crowfoot on thy daisy-jewell'd vest,
And a wreath of apple-blossoms dropping down upon thy breast.

I would all eyes could see thee as I behold thee now,
With the woodruff and the bluebell, and the lily on thy brow;
With thy kirtle richly purpled with the gorse's golden boss,
And the orchis and the violet, the primrose and the moss.

I would all ears could listen to thy merrymaking, May,—
Could listen as I listen to thy happy roundelay;
Then a louder song would greet us from thy orchestra of leaves,
For fewer birds would break their hearts because of little thieves.

A form of life and beauty, I see thee, lovely May,
Breathing balm upon the meadows from each sweetly-scented spray;
From the lilac and the hawthorn, and the furze upon the down,
And the wallflower by the wayside in its dress of cottage brown.

Would you see her as I see her, you must be where I have been,
Where the oak-tree, and the elm-tree, and the beechen tree are seen;
Where the bright and silvery poplars in their leafy beauty shine,
And the bees are quaffing deeply from their chalices of wine.
You must linger, as I linger, in the shadow of each nook;
You must listen, as I listen, to the prattle of the brook;
You must woo her, as I woo her, with a bosom full of love,
And the maid will stand before you like a vision from above.

MRS. BROWN ON THE ARMY.*

[The gentleman who, under the name of Arthur Sketchley, has made Mrs. Brown a "woman of the times," has republished his contributions to *Fun* in a collected form as "The Brown Papers," from which the following article is extracted.]

"Brown," I says, "I'm a-goin' to a review, tho';" I says, "what-ever is the use of all them soldiers, I should like to know, 'cept for the look of the thing, as certainly is imposing, tho' red ain't a colour as suits me." So Brown he says, "You don't know nothing about it, however should you?"

I says, "Don't I? Why," I says, "my dear mother washed two rigiments as was quartered near Hounslow."

"Well, then," says Brown, "why ever do you go to see them?"

I says, "Do you think, Mr. Brown, as I'm goin' to allow a daughter of mine, tho' married, to go to sich a sight alone where a mother is a protection; not as I expects no enjoyment; and as to her a-luggin' that boy all the way, it's madness downright, that it is."

"Why," says Brown, "she lives close by, so it aint nothin' for her; but as to your a-goin', it's foolishness."

"Well," I says, "I never see such a man as you are. When I don't know things, full of your ridicule; and when I wants to see them with my own eyes, always the one to hold back. But," I says, "go I do, thro' having promised Jane as I'd be there early to meet her at the Marble Arch, as the Edgware Road is a long distance."

So I started with Brown, as see me into the Whitechapel Road, where the 'busses runs regular, and ketched the fust, as rattled that dreadful, thro' bein' empty, as seemed to jar my head to death.

Not as I held with that conductor's remarks as hollared to the coachman when he helped in a party in widow's weeds as was certainly lusty, "Go on, Joe, here's more ballast," as is insults to a lady, as she certainly was, tho' she'd that hurried as I thought she never would get her breath again, and was obliged for to take her drops, as was in a little basket, as she said went agin her, tho' a great sufferer aperiently, as told me she was a-goin' to her daughter, as wouldn't be pacified till she got there, "Tho'," she says, "it's as much as my life's worth, thro' having done, as I seldom or never does, put my feet in hot water, with James' powders, as acts on the skin, a medicine as I don't hold with."

So we was talking friendly, thro' her being one as was experienced, and like my own constitution, and known sorrers in having buried her good gentleman, as was in the white-lead line, a thing as is deleterious, and will lurk in the constitution, and brought on fits, thro' which he was took sudden; not as he was one for to regret, for she told as his habits was bad and temper violent, and she says to me, "Forgive and forget, tho," she says, "I shall carry that man's marks to me grave;" and was that pleasant company as I was sorry when she got out in Holborn, thro' her daughter a-livin' in Bloomsbury.

I says, "Conductor," I says, a-hittin' him with my umbrella, "put me down at the Marble Arch, as is somewhere beyond Charing Cross." So he says, "Whatever do you mean by stoppin' the 'bus for that?" and bangs the door that violent as set the horses off, and if they didn't gallop like mad, and frightened the horses in another 'bus, as begun a-gallopin' too. A old gentleman in the 'bus hollared at him, and says, "Let me out, I'm not goin' to endanger my life." "Nor more aint I," says I.

"Come out then," says the conductor. "Where's your money?"

I gives him a shillin', and if he didn't give me eightpence change in coppers, as I dropped in the middle of the road, where he left me a-standin', with cabs and 'busses all about a-shouting to me, as was stoopin' to pick up the money, as I only recovered three-halfpence, tho' I must say as many parties was very polite a-troubling themselves to look for it; not as I thought as kicking about the mud was a good plan, as all scuttled away pretty quick thro' a policeman a-comin' up as led me by the arm on the pavement.

So I says, "Is this the Marble Arch?"

"No," says he, "the Pantheon; but," he says, "it aint much further if you keeps on the shady side."

Bless the man! he's got nice ideas about far, he has, for it was nearly eleven when I got to the Marble Arch, where Jane was a-waitin' with her eldest, as isn't quite three, and the babby.

She says, "Why, mother, how hot you look; you must want a something, musn't she, Mrs. Woolley," as was with her, a woman as I can't a-bear, bein' one as is all fair to your face and knives and lancets behind your back.

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* By kind permission of the Author.

So she says, "Mrs. Brown, do take a something, as is only across the road, as is easy to get at, thro' lampposts put up for to protect you agin them 'busses as comes round you on all sides, let alone other public conveniences, as is bein' drove in ev'ry direction, and carriages by the million."

If it hadn't been as I was that faint, thro' the day bein' that swelterin', I would not a-took nothin', for I know'd that Mrs. Woolley's deceitful ways, as it was one word for me and half a dozen for herself, as know'd her tricks, thro' having watched her narrow when nursin' of Jane, as never held with her ways with that child, and I'm sure could sleep thro' its screams, a-sayin' as it was temper, whereas I found the pin myself, as is a woman as would swear black is white, a-daring to say as it had dropped off of me on to the infant.

I'm sure I was that terrified a-gettin' across that road and back that what I did take didn't seem to do me no good, and throwed me into that heat as I thought I never could have bore myself, tho' I had a musling gown with a barege shawl as was that flimsy as I didn't seem half-clothed, thro' it being what I calls a breezy day with dust in that park a-comin' up in clouds, and the sight of people as there wasn't no seeing thro'.

Well, there was parties as had brought forms to stand on as would throw you over people's heads, tho' I was doubtful myself, for they was that rickety as I should not like to have trusted to; but one young man he was a-tryin' it on, and says to me, "Here you, mum! why, it's strong enough for a elephant," and idjots as was standin' by grinned. So I walks on till we comes to a plank as was supported on barrels, as the party as owned it jumped on for to prove it strong, and his good lady says as they wasn't in that line, but only come out for to see it theirselves, as is a field day well worth the money, as was threepence each, and agreed to hold Sammy up.

Just then come a nice old gentleman as was stout and cheerful, as says he'd try it, and up he gets, and advises me, as was hesitating, when them parties as it belonged to hoisted me up unawares.

Certainly it was a grand sight to see them troops as moved like machines a-jumping up and turning round, as is their manœuvring ways. So the people says, "Here's the Duke." I says, "What Duke? Why," I says, "he's dead." "No," says the old gentleman as was standin' up by me. "Well," I says, "I see his funeral, that's all I know, and remember hearin' of the battle well, as there was a deal o' talking about when I was a very young gal, where his leg was shot off thro' Shaw the Life-guardsman, as was massacreed by the Prussians a-comin' up in the moment of victory." He says a-laughin', "It's the Duke of Cambridge." I says, "Really. I've heard tell of Cambridge very often, but never heerd as it was a Duke." And if he didn't bust out laughing like mad.

Well, the sun was a-beatin' down on my head, and I was lookin' at them soldiers, as must be dreadful in battle. I says, "There aint no fear of their firin' on us unprovoked, I suppose;" for I've heerd tell of such things, and spent balls aint no joke, as has been death to thousands, for I never shall forget our Joe a-ketching me accidental between the shoulders with a ball as he was playin' rounders with, so can easy fancy what lead must be.

Well, Jane she'd got down, so had Mrs. Woolley, thro' the infant bein' fractious, and just then the soldiers let fly all of a sudden simultanous with that banging and smoke in clouds as it give me that sudden start as I throwed back my arms violent with a scream as made every one look round, and I ketches that poor old gentleman as was next me sudden in the pit of his stomach accidental with my elber as made him start back that forcible as upset the plank as we was a-standin' on, and away I went backwards, and should have been killed if the old gentleman, being under me, hadn't broke my fall, as didn't take it in good part, tho' whatever parties could see to laugh at I can't think.

I says, "Don't stand there a-grinnin', but lend me a hand up some on you," as they did at last, tho' the old gentleman was most hurt, not as he fell far, and said it was my weight as had nearly stifled him, as brought on words thro' Mrs. Woolley a-remarkin' as she should think so, as is a reg'lar mask of skin and bones. So I says, "It's luck as it wasn't you as fell on him, for you'd a cut him to bits like a iron hurdle." As I heard her with my own ears call me a "swelterin' porpus." So I says, "Jane," I says, "if that female is a-goin' home with you, I knows myself too well for to put it in her power to insult me under my own daughter's roof." So I says, "I should prefer the omnibus, as will set me down within five minutes." So I says, "Let's part friends." So for all as she could say I would go, thro' her a-sayin' as she could shut her door agin that party as had walked in from Ealing, as I should not have wished, tho' in my opinion a low-lived woman, as I could tell through her conversations in that crowd as made a deal too free for me.

As to them soldiers, it's all rubbish and waste of powder and ball, as will end bad some day thro' them firin' that promiscous at parties as is a-standin' armless, tho' Brown will have it as it was only powder as they fired, tho' I knows better, for I could hear the balls as must have knocked me over, and a mercy it was no wus.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

[JOHN DRYDEN, born at Oldwinckle, Northamptonshire, August, 1631. Educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge. Made Laureate. Died May 1, 1700.]

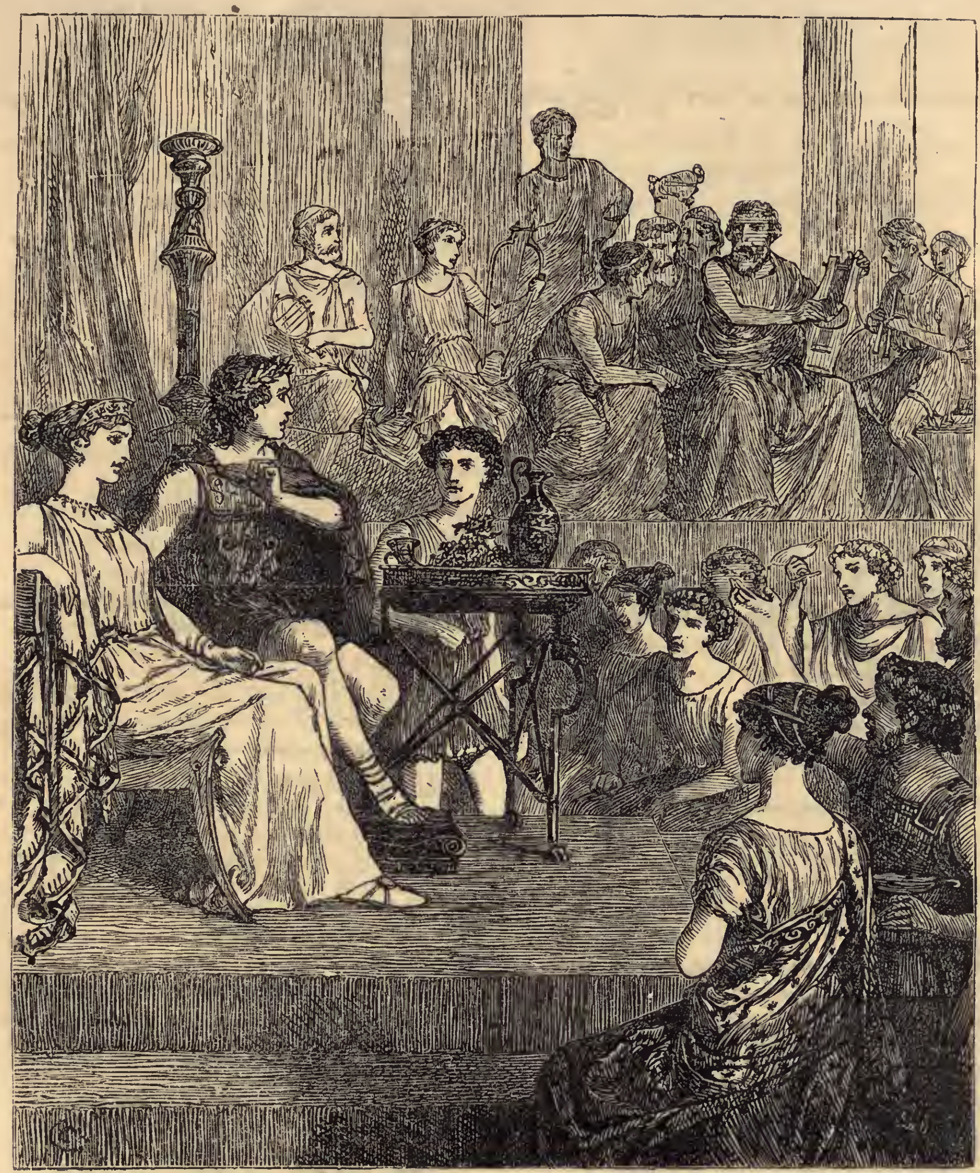
'TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son;
Aloft in awful state
The god-like hero sat
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound;
So should desert in arms be crowned.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
Such is the power of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound:
"A present deity!" they shout around;
"A present deity!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.
Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride:
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood:
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee.
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crowned, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around.



(*Drawn by* C. Green.)

Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries:
   See the furies rise!
   See the snakes that they rear,
   How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
   Behold a ghastly band,
   Each a torch in his hand:
These are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
      And unburied remain,
      Inglorious on the plain:
      Give the vengeance due
      To the valiant crew.
   Behold how they toss their torches on high,
      How they point to the Persian abodes,
      And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
   The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:
         Thais led the way,
         To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy

   Thus, long ago,
      Ere heaving bellows learned to blow

While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame.
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

[Mr. John G. Saxe, an American poet, very popular among his fellow-countrymen.]

AN attorney was taking a turn,
In shabby habiliments drest;
His coat it was shockingly worn,
And the rust had invested his vest;

His breeches had suffered a rent,
His linen and worsted were worse,
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half-a-crown in his purse;

And thus as he wandered along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talked to himself:

"Unfortunate man that I am!
I've never a client but grief;
The case is, I've no case at all,
And in brief, I have never a brief!

"I've waited, and waited in vain,
Expecting an opening to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for the toil of his mind.

"'Tis not that I'm wanting in law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
While I have to plead for a case!

"Oh! how can a modest young man
Ere hope for the smallest progression,
The profession's already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession!"

While thus he was strolling around,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sighed to himself, "It is well!"

To curb his emotion he sat
On the kerb-stone the space of a minute;
Then cried, "Here's an opening at last!"
And in less than a jiffy was in it.

Next morning twelve citizens came
('Twas the coroner bade them attend),
To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end.

"The man was a lawyer, I hear!"
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse;
"A lawyer? alas!" said another,
"He undoubtedly died of remorse."

A third said "He knew the deceased,
An attorney well versed in the laws;
And as to the cause of his death,
'Twas no doubt from the want of a cause!"

The jury decided at length,
After solemnly weighing the matter,
"That the lawyer was drowned because
He could not keep his head above water."

THE CITY AND COUNTRY MOUSE.

[Alexander Pope. *See Page 40.*]

Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Received a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
Yet loved his friend, and had a soul.
Knew what was handsome, and would do it,
On just occasion, "coute qui coute."
He brought him bacon (nothing lean):
Pudding that might have pleased a dean!
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wished it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But showed his breeding and his wit;

He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat.
But, Lord, my friend, this savage scene!
For God's sake, come, and live with men:
Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I:
Then spend your life in joy and sport
(This doctrine, friend, I learned at court)."
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they came, through thick and thin,
To a tall house in Lincoln's Inn:
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their Lordships had sat late).
Behold the place, where, if a poet
Shined in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors,
But let it (in a word) be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sate, tête-à-tête.
Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"Que ça est bon! Ah, goutez ça!"
"That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much, but all's so good.
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all.
"A rat, a rat! clap to the door."
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
"An't please your honour," quoth the peasant.
"This same dessert is not so pleasant.
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty."

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

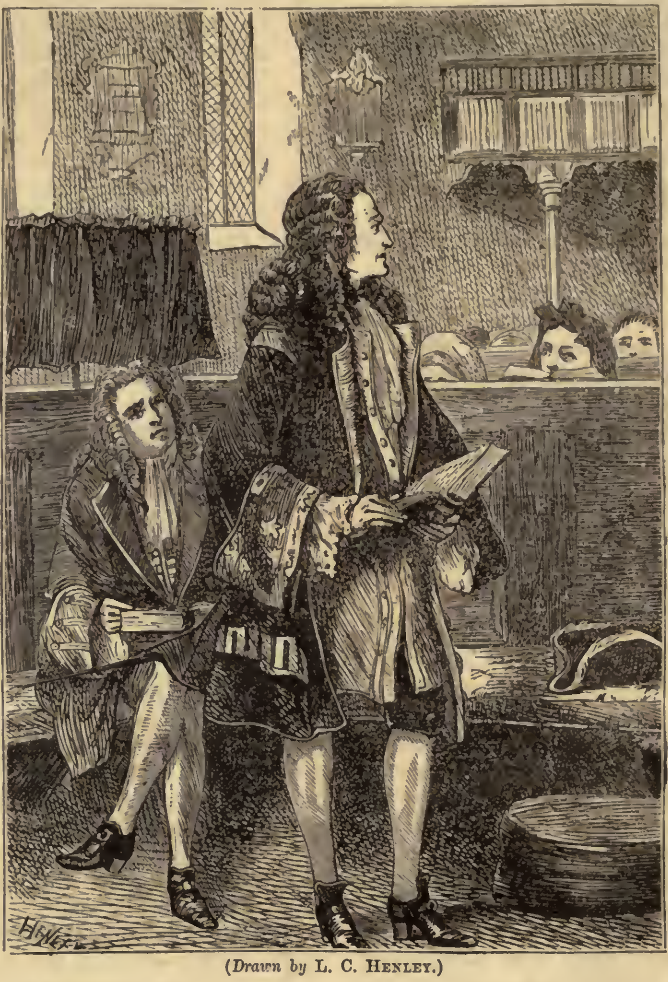
[Joseph Addison, born at Milston, Wilts, 1672. Educated at Oxford. Made Commissioner of Appeals and subsequently Secretary of State. Married the Dowager Countess of Warwick, 1716. Died at Holland House, June 17, 1719.]

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for polishing and civilising of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon different subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed-in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common prayer book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and, indeed, outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being



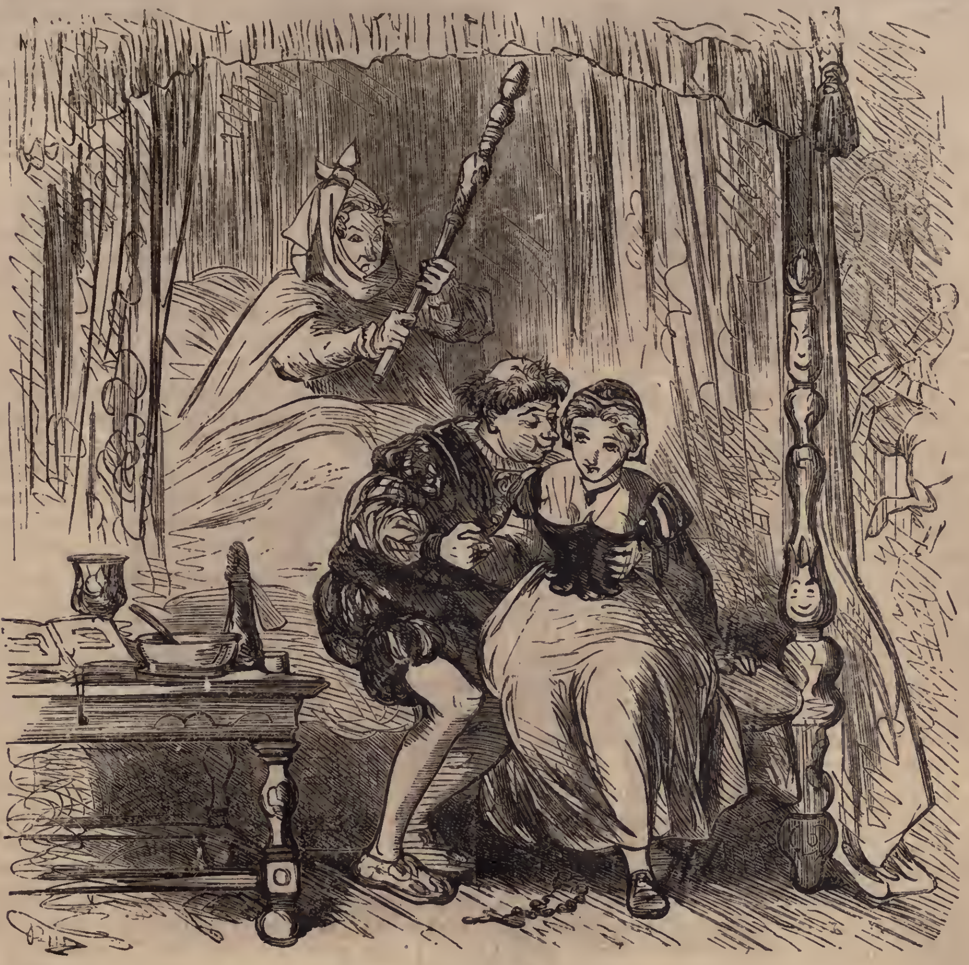
(*Drawn by* L. C. Henley.)

an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all the circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that, the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on every side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church, which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that, upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given to him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that arise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire; and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron.



(*Drawn by* PHIZ.)

THE LADY ROHESIA.*

[The Rev. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM, born 1788. Educated at Oxford, and entered the church. The "Ingoldsby Legends" appearing in *Bentley's Magazine* attracted great attention. Died in the year 1845.]

THE Lady Rohesia lay on her death-bed! So said the doctor, and doctors are generally allowed to be judges in these matters; besides, Dr. Butts was the court physician.

"Is there no hope, doctor?" said Beatrice Grey.

"Is there no hope?" said Everard Ingoldsby.

"Is there no hope?" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri. He was the Lady Rohesia's husband; he spoke the last.

The doctor shook his head. He looked at the disconsolate widower *in posse*, then at the hourglass; its waning sand seemed sadly to shadow forth the sinking pulse of his patient. Dr. Butts was a very learned man. "Ars longa, vita brevis!" said Dr. Butts.

"I am very sorry to hear it," quoth Sir Guy de Montgomeri. Sir Guy was a brave knight, and a tall, but he was no scholar.

"Alas! my poor sister!" sighed Ingoldsby.

"Alas! my poor mistress!" sobbed Beatrice.

Sir Guy neither sighed nor sobbed; his grief was too deep-seated for outward manifestation.

"And how long, doctor——?" The afflicted husband could not finish the sentence.

Dr. Butts withdrew his hand from the wrist of the dying lady. He pointed to the horologe; scarcely a quarter of its sand remained in the upper moiety. Again he shook his head; the eye of the patient waxed dimmer—the rattling in the throat increased.

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* By kind permission of R. Bentley, Esq.

"What's become of Father Francis?" whimpered Beatrice.

"The last consolations of the church," suggested Everard.

A darker shade came over the brow of Sir Guy.

"Where is the confessor?" continued his grieving brother-in-law.

"In the pantry," cried Marion Hacket, pertly, as she tripped down-stairs in search of that venerable ecclesiastic; "in the pantry, I warrant me."

The bower-woman was not wont to be in the wrong; in the pantry was the holy man discovered—at his devotions.

"Pax vobiscum!" said Father Francis, as he entered the chamber of death.

"Vita brevis!" retorted Dr. Butts. He was not a man to be browbeat out of his Latin, and by a paltry Friar Minim, too. Had it been a bishop, indeed, or even a mitred abbot—but a miserable Franciscan!

"Benedicite!" said the friar.

"Ars longa!" returned the leech.

Dr. Butts adjusted the tassels of his falling band, drew his short, sad-coloured cloak closer around him; and, grasping his cross-handled walking-staff, stalked majestically out of the apartment. Father Francis had the field to himself.

The worthy chaplain hastened to administer the last rites of the church. To all appearance he had little time to lose. As he concluded, the dismal toll of the passing-bell sounded from the belfry tower; little Hubert, the bandy-legged sacristan, was pulling with all his might.

The knell seemed to have some effect even upon the Lady Rohesia; she raised her head slightly; inarticulate sounds issued from her lips—inarticulate, that is, to the profane ears of the laity. Those of Father Francis, indeed, were sharper; nothing, as he averred, could be more distinct than the words, "A thousand marks to the Priory of St. Mary Rounceval."

Now, the Lady Rohesia Ingoldsby had brought her husband broad lands and large possessions; much of her ample dowry, too, was at her own disposal, and nuncupative wills had not yet been abolished by Act of Parliament.

"Pious soul!" ejaculated Father Francis. "A thousand marks, she said——"

"If she did, I'll be shot," said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

"A thousand marks," continued the confessor, fixing his cold grey eye upon the knight, as he went on, heedless of the interruption; "a thousand marks, and as many aves and paters shall be duly said, as soon as the money is paid down."

Sir Guy shrank from the monk's gaze; he turned to the window, and muttered to himself something that sounded like, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

The bell continued to toll. Father Francis had quitted the room, taking with him the remains of the holy oil he had been using for extreme unction. Everard Ingoldsby waited on him down-stairs.

"A thousand thanks," said the latter.

"A thousand marks," said the friar.

"A thousand devils!" growled Sir Guy de Montgomeri, from the top of the landing-place.

But his accents fell unheeded. His brother-in-law and the friar were gone; he was left alone with his departing lady and Beatrice Grey.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood pensively at the foot of the bed; his arms were crossed upon his bosom, his chin was sunk upon his breast; his eyes were filled with tears; the dim rays of the fading watchlight gave a darker shade to the furrows on his brow, and a brighter tint to the little bald patch on the top of his head, for Sir Guy was a middle-aged gentleman, tall and portly withal, with a slight bend in his shoulders, but that not much; his complexion was somewhat florid, especially about the nose; but his lady was *in extremis*, and at this particular moment he was paler than usual.

"Bim! bome!" went the bell. The knight groaned audibly. Beatrice Grey wiped her eye with her little square apron of lace de Malines; there was a moment's pause, a moment of intense affliction; she let it fall, all but one corner, which remained between her finger and thumb. She looked at Sir Guy; drew the thumb and forefinger of her other hand slowly along its border, till they reached the opposite extremity. She sobbed aloud. "So kind a lady!" said Beatrice Grey. "So excellent a wife!" responded Sir Guy. "So good!" said the damsel. "So dear!" said the knight. "So pious!" said she. "So humble!" said he. "So good to the poor!" "So capital a manager!" "So punctual at matins!" "Dinner dished to a moment!" "So devout!" said Beatrice. "So fond of me!" said Sir Guy. "And of Father Francis!" "What on earth do you mean by that?" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

The knight and the maiden had rung their antiphonic changes on the fine qualities of the departing lady like the strophe and antistrophe of a Greek play. The cardinal virtues once disposed of, her minor excellences came under review. She would drown a witch, drink lamb's wool at Christmas, beg Dominie Dump's boys a holiday, and dine upon sprats on Good Friday. A low moan from the subject of these eulogies seemed to intimate that the enumeration of her good deeds was not altogether lost on her—that the parting spirit felt and rejoiced in the testimony.

"She was too good for earth," continued Sir Guy.

"Ye—ye—yes!" sobbed Beatrice.

"I did not deserve her," said the knight.

"No—o—o—o!" cried the damsel.

"Not but that I made her an excellent husband, and a kind; but she is going, and—and—where, or when, or how—shall I get such another?"

"Not in broad England—not in the whole wide world!" responded Beatrice Grey—"that is, not just such another." Her voice still faltered, but her accents, on the whole, were more articulate. She dropped the corner of her apron, and had recourse to her handkerchief; in fact, her eyes were getting red,—and so was the tip of her nose.

Sir Guy was silent; he gazed for a few moments steadfastly on the face of his lady. The single word, "Another!" fell from his lips like a distant echo. It is not often that the viewless nymph repeats more than is necessary,

"Bim! bome!" went the bell. Bandy-legged Hubert had been tolling for half an hour. He began to grow tired, and St. Peter fidgety.

"Beatrice Grey," said Sir Guy de Montgomeri, "what's to be done? What's to become of Montgomeri Hall?—and the buttery? and the servants? And what—what's to become of me, Beatrice Grey?" There was pathos in his tones, and a solemn pause succeeded. "I'll turn monk myself," said Sir Guy.

"Monk!" said Beatrice.

"I'll be a Carthusian," repeated the knight, but in a tone less assured. He relapsed into a reverie. Shave his head! He did not so much mind that—he was getting rather bald already; but beans for dinner—and those without butter!—and, then, a horsehair shirt!

The knight seemed undecided. His eye roamed gloomily around the apartment; it paused upon different objects, but as if it saw them not; its sense was shut, and there was no speculation in its glance. It rested at last upon the fair face of the sympathising damsel at his side, beautiful in her grief.

Her tears had ceased; but her eyes were cast down, and mournfully fixed upon her delicate little foot, which was beating the devil's tattoo.

There is no talking to a female when she does not look at you. Sir Guy turned round, he seated himself on the edge of the bed, and, placing his hands beneath the chin of the lady, turned up her face in an angle of fifteen degrees.

"I don't think I shall take the vows, Beatrice; but what's to become of me? Poor, miserable, old—that is, poor, miserable, middle-aged—man that I am! No one to comfort, no one to care for me!"

Beatrice's tears flowed afresh, but she opened not her lips.

"'Pon my life!" continued he, "I don't believe there is a creature now would care a button if I were hanged to-morrow!"

"Oh, don't say so, Sir Guy!" sighed Beatrice; "you know there's—there's Master Everard, and —Father Francis——"

"Pish!" cried Sir Guy, testily.

Another pause ensued: the knight had released her chin, and taken her hand. It was a pretty little hand, with long, taper fingers and filbert-formed nails; and the softness of the palm said little for its owner's industry.

"Sit down, my dear Beatrice," said the knight, thoughtfully; "you must be fatigued with your long watching. Take a seat, my child." Sir Guy did not relinquish her hand, but he sidled along the counterpane, and made room for his companion between himself and the bedpost.

Now this is a very awkward position for two people to be placed in, especially when the right hand of the one holds the right hand of the other. In such an attitude, what the deuce can the gentleman do with his left? Sir Guy closed his till it became an absolute fist, and his knuckles rested on the bed, a little in the rear of his companion.

"Another!" repeated Sir Guy, musing—"if, indeed, I could find such another!" He was talking to his thought, but Beatrice Grey answered him—

"There's Madame Fitzfoozle."

"A frump!" said Sir Guy.

"Or the Lady Bumbarton."

"With her hump!" muttered he.

"There's the Dowager——"

"Stop—stop!" said the knight; "stop one moment." He paused: he was all on the tremble; something seemed rising in his throat, but he gave a great gulp, and swallowed it. "Beatrice," said he, "what think you of"—his voice sank into a seductive softness—"what think you of—Beatrice Grey?"

The murder was out—the knight felt infinitely relieved; the knuckles of his left hand unclosed spontaneously, and the arm he had felt such a difficulty in disposing of found itself, nobody knows how, all at once encircling the jimp waist of the pretty Beatrice. The young lady's reply was expressed in three syllables. They were, "Oh, Sir Guy!" The words might be somewhat indefinite, but there was no mistaking the look. Their eyes met: Sir Guy's left arm contracted itself spasmodically. When the eyes meet—at least, as theirs met—the lips are very apt to follow the example. The knight had taken one long, loving kiss. Nectar and ambrosia! He thought on Dr. Butts and his "repetatur haustus"—a prescription Father Francis had taken infinite pains to translate for him. He was about to repeat it, but the dose was interrupted *in transitu*.

It has been hinted already that there was a little round polished patch on the summit of the knight's pericranium, from which his locks had gradually receded—a sort of oasis, or, rather, a

Mont Blanc in miniature, rising above the highest point of vegetation. It was on this little spot, undefended alike by art and nature, that at this interesting moment a blow descended, such as we must borrow a term from the Sister Island adequately to describe; it was a "whack."

Sir Guy started upon his feet; Beatrice Grey started upon hers, but a single glance to the rear reversed her position; she fell upon her knees and screamed. The knight, too, wheeled about, and beheld a sight which might have turned a bolder man to stone. It was she—the all but defunct Rohesia. There she sat bolt upright! Her eyes no longer glazed with the film of impending dissolution, but scintillating, like flint and steel; while in her hand she grasped the bed-staff, a weapon of mickle might, as her husband's bloody coxcomb could now well testify. Words were yet wanting, for the quinsy, which her rage had broken, still impeded her utterance; but the strength and rapidity of her guttural intonations augured well for her future eloquence.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood for awhile like a man distraught: this resurrection—for such it seemed—had quite overpowered him. "A husband ofttimes makes the best physician," says the proverb: he was a living personification of its truth. Still, it was whispered, he had been content with Dr. Butts; but his lady was restored to bless him for many years. Heavens, what a life he led!

Years rolled on. The improvement of Lady Rohesia's temper did not keep pace with that of her health; and one fine morning Sir Guy de Montgomeri was seen to enter the porte-cochère of Durham House, at that time the town residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. Nothing more was ever heard of him; but a boat-full of adventurers was known to have dropped down with the tide that evening to Deptford Hope, where lay the good ship the *Darling*, commanded by Captain Kemyss, who sailed next morning on the Virginia voyage.

A brass plate, some eighteen inches long, may yet be seen in Denton chancel, let into a broad slab of Bethersden marble: it represents a lady kneeling, in her wimple and hood; her hands are clasped in prayer, and beneath is an inscription in the characters of the age—

> "Praie for ye sowle of ye Lady Royse,
> And for alle Christen sowles."

The date is illegible; but it appears that she survived King Henry VIII., and that the dissolution of monasteries had lost St. Mary Rounceval her thousand marks.

GODIVA.

[Robert Barnabas Brough, born in the City of London, 10th April, 1828. Spent the early years of his life in Liverpool and Manchester. Afterwards came to London, where his genius was speedily acknowledged. His writings, which the public will be glad to hear are about to be published in a collected form, were widely read. Died at Manchester, 26th June, 1860.]

Godiva, not for countless tomes
  Of war's and kingcraft's leaden history,
Would I thy charming legend lose,
Or view it in the bloodless hues
  Of fabled myth or mystery.

Thou tiny pearl of demagogues!
  Thou blue-eyed rebel—blushing traitor!
Thou sans-culotte, with dimpled toes,
Whose red cap is an opening rose—
  Thou trembling agitator!

We must believe in thee. Our ranks
  Of champions loom with faces grimy—
Fierce Tylers, from the anvil torn,
Rough-chested Tells, with palms of horn,
  Foul Cades, from ditches slimy!

Knit brows, fierce eyes, and sunken cheeks
  Fill up the vista stern and shady;
Our one bright speck we cannot spare,
Our regiment's sole vivandière—
  Our little dainty lady!

No, she was true! the story old
  As any crumbling Saxon castle,
Firm at its base: she lived, and moved,
And breathed, and all around her loved—
  Lord, lackey, hound, and vassal.

She loved Earl Leofric, her lord,
  Nor cared with his fierce moods to wrestle,
By protest more than eyelids red.
Would he but pat her golden head,
  'Twould in his rude breast nestle.

She loved the palfrey, o'er the plain
  That galloped to her voice's chirrup;
His surly grooms she thought were kind;
Noble and true she deemed the hind
  Who, cringing, held her stirrup.

The peacocks on the lawn she loved—
  But none the less their homely grey mate.
The kennel yelped as near she drew;
A crippled, ugly cur or two
  Were her especial playmates.

She loved all things beneath the sun.
  Into the toad's bright eyes, unstartled,
She laughing gazed. Within the brake
She'd wonder—"Had she hurt the snake
  That out upon her dartled?"

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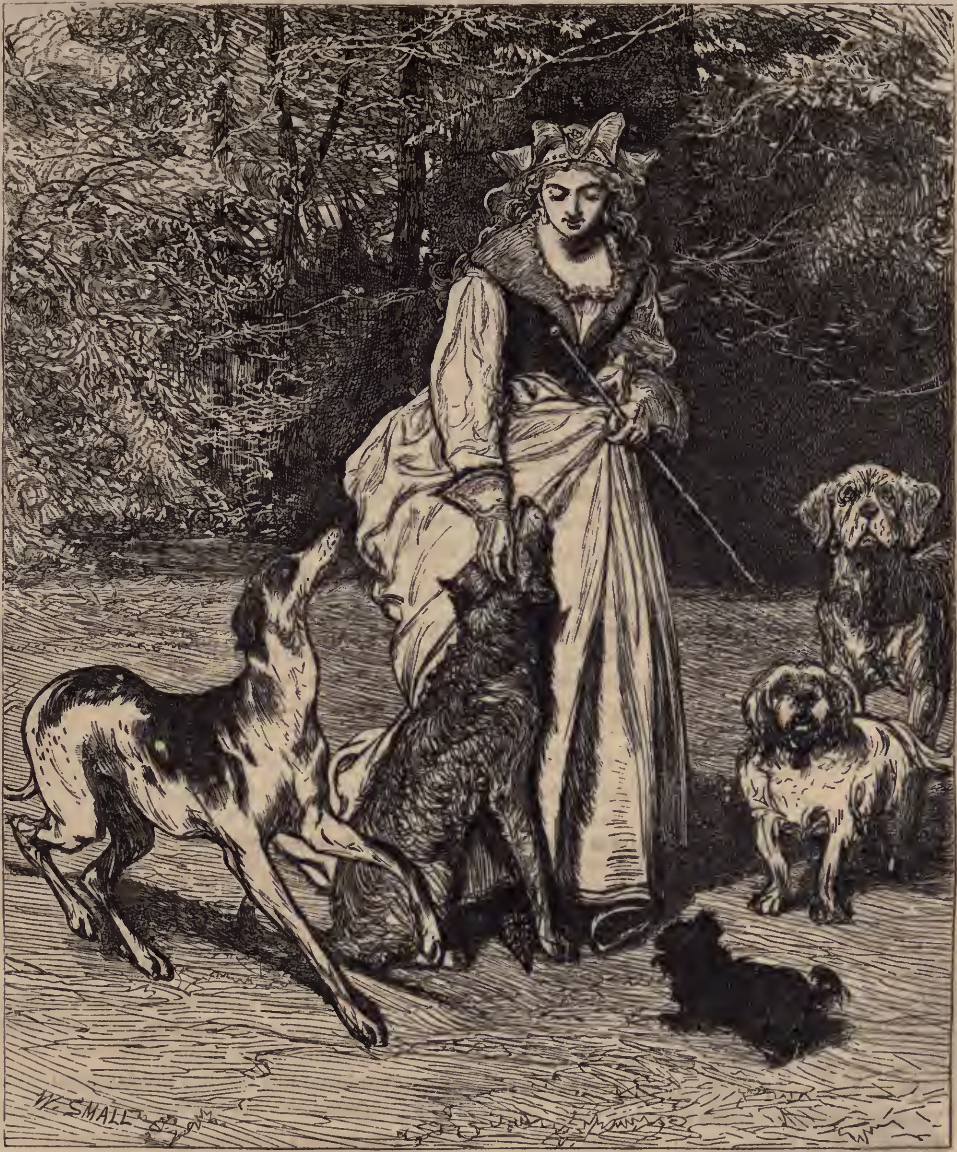
* By kind permission of J. C. Brough, Esq.



(*Drawn by* W. SMALL.)

Into the peasant's tree-built hut,
  With reeking walls and greasy tables,
She loved to run for draughts of milk;
The children mauled her robe of silk,
  And pulled to bits her sables.

They made her sad; she loved them all—
  Each lout a friend, each drab a sister.
Why praise her beauty—goodness—so?
Why, when she left them, bow so low?
  None of them ever kissed her.

Within the town 'twas worse than all;
  Where anvil clanked, and furnace rumbled;
There workmen, starved and trampled, met,
Thought, talked, and planned—a churlish set:
  Embittered—no whit humbled.

They railed at her—their tyrant's bride,
  When, like a mouse, she peeped among them;
They met her frightened smiles with "Go!"
Her bungling proffered love with "No!"
  What had she done to wrong them?

For wronged they were, she felt it sore—
  Else, whence such faces wan and gloomy?
In smoke, and filth, and discontent,
Why thousands, thus in alleys pent;
  And earth so rich and roomy?

She could not tell. But she would give
  Her soul, the people's wrongs to lighten;
Or if she might not, in their smoke,
Would they but let her, with them choke,
  Nor off with rude words frighten.

What could she do? Dark rumours came
  That 'twas the earl, her lord and master,
Caused all their wrong. Alas! the day;
She loved him, too. What means essay
  The double-fold disaster

To turn aside? The moment came;
  The town, new taxed, moaned fierce and sadly;
"How free them from this tax?" said she;
"Ride naked through the town," laughed he.
  "I will," she answered, "gladly."

And gladly to her bower she fled,
  This more than virgin, gaily singing;
And stripped a form, that morn had blushed
All over, by a rude fly brushed,
  Her garden-bath o'erwinging.

And gladly on her palfrey sprung,
  That quick the echoing stones awakèd.
"They will be freed," she sang, "and he
  Shall know no harm." Rose-red went she,
  That she was proud, not naked.

She galloped through the glaring street—
  'Tis true as written gospel holy.
'Tis also true, thank God! that all—
The meanest mean, the smallest small—
  The vilest of the lowly,

Kept within doors . . . save one alone,
  And here, I own, my faith gets weaker.
'Tis said, a rascal from behind
A shutter peeped, and God struck blind
  The soulless, prying sneaker.

I would not have a miracle
  Bring doubt upon my darling story;
God does not thus avenge the true,
But leaves their wrongs to me and you,
  To right them in their glory.

Punished the miscreant was, no doubt,
  Indignantly with pump and gutter;
But he who, of enslaved mankind
The martyr pure could mock, was blind
  Ere he undid the shutter!

THE DUCKING-STOOL.

[An extract from one of the "Local Legends," by Mr. Dix, a surgeon of Bristol, who published them originally in the *Bristol Times*.]

HEN what is the matter with young Mr. Blake?
  As he walks through the streets
  Every friend that he meets
He accosts with a sigh, and a sorrowful shake
Of the hand, and his heart throbs as if it would break.
"Once on a time," as the story-books say,
Young Mr. Blake was as blithe and as gay,
    And as full of his lark,
    As any young spark
You'd meet in your walk through a long summer's day.
What is the matter? (The truth I must tell,
Though the sex, that's the females, fall on me pell-mell.)
Young Mr. Blake had a house full of strife,
And the cause of the rows was the tongue of his wife!
Barbara Blake was both pretty and young;
She had only one fault, but it lay in her tongue!
Her eyes they were blue, and her curls were of gold;
A stranger would never have thought her a scold.
Her figure was sylph-like, *à la* Taglioni,
But rather inclining to fleshy than bony;
Her air was *la crême*, and her manners "engaging,"
Excepting at times of irruption and raging.
    And then it was strange
    To witness the change
Of the household barometer: quickly 'twould range
From warm unto cold, and from fine unto stormy,
Enough, my most weather-wise friend, to alarm ye.
I've heard all these noises: the creak of a wheel;
That made with a saw and a file of good steel;
The sound which a pencil makes scratching a slate;
The squeak of a hinge on an old five-barred gate;
A bell, when your head aches, most violently ringing;
The scream of Miss * * * *, when her "ma" says she's singing;
A donkey's most musical bray of delight;
Caterwauling of cats on the tiles at midnight;
    But never, in short,
    Were heard sounds of such sort,
As those which young Barbara Blake could produce,
When once, and 'twas often, her tongue was let loose;
    And her wrath she would nurse,

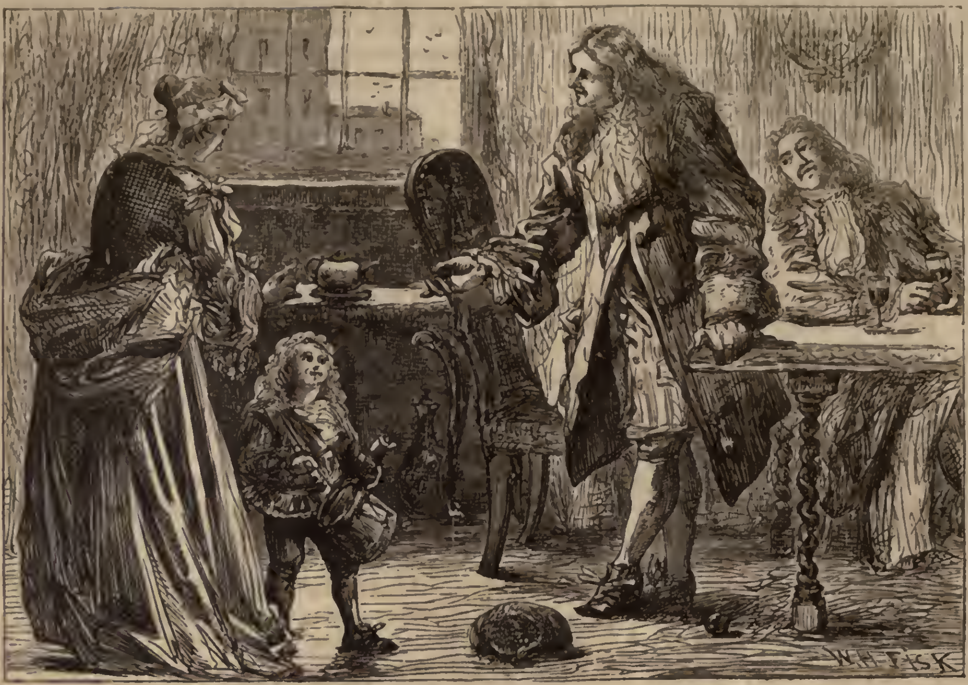
And pour out the curse
Upon him whom she'd taken for "better or worse;"
Whilst strangers would think
Mrs. Blake was the pink
Of politeness, and kindness, and conjugal love,
And as loving and fond as a real turtle dove.
Young Mr. Blake one evening sat,
His feet on the fender, beating rat-tat;
Each hand in his pocket, up to the wrist;
On his visage a serio-comical twist.
We shall presently find
He had made up his mind
No more to be henpecked—no more to submit
To his wife, and do only what *she* thought was fit.
The thorn in his side was beginning to rankle;
He repented that he
Had espoused Mrs. B.
For her nice little foot, and her neatly-turned ankle.
But what was done could not be undone; in despair
He determined to try the effect of "The Chair."
In "seventeen hundred and eighteen"
Mountjoy was Bristol's mayor;
Then, on the Weir, might have been seen
The city ducking-chair.
Above the waters of the Frome
The awful apparatus
Frowned like a monitor of gloom,
Just by the castle gatehouse:
A high pole, and a transverse beam,
Which turned ten times a minute
Upon its pivot, o'er the stream,
Turned with its chair! Hark! there's a scream!
Poor Barbara Blake is in it!
Her husband in the crowd below
Is crying out, "Ay! there you go;
I wish you'd had it months ago;
Now, mistress, I'm your master!
Just give her time, my boys, to 'blow;'"
They do; her breath is almost spent,
Her frame with cold is shivering,
And now, to Blake's astonishment,
With voice all meek and quivering,
She promises, that if unhung
She'll ever after "hold her tongue,"
From that month when the year is young,
E'en until dim December.
So to "the house" was she returned—
It was a quiet house, I've learned,
E'er since they chaired the member
(In a parenthesis I truly
Agree with Paul, that 'twas unruly).
And 'tis declared that Mr. B.
Ne'er made one slight objection
To her return, or sent a pe-
Tition showing forth that he
Disputed the election;
And ever after Mistress Blake
Sailed only in her husband's wake.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

[Sir R. Steele. *See Page* 21.]

An old friend, who was formerly my schoolfellow, came to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am, as it were, at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot, indeed, express the pleasure it is to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither; the boys and girls strive who shall come first when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me, runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl that we all thought must have forgot me, for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance. With many reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time during a cheerful and elegant meal.

After dinner, his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand: "Well, my good friend," says he, "I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the playhouse, to find out who she was for me?" I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But to turn the discourse, said I, "She is not indeed quite that creature she was when she returned me the letter I carried from you; and told me, she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her who had never offended me, but would be so much the gentleman's friend as to dissuade him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in. You may remember, I thought her in earnest, and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her for you. You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen." "Fifteen!" replied my good friend: "Ah! you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite, a pleasure there is in being really beloved! It is impossible that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas, as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my fever.



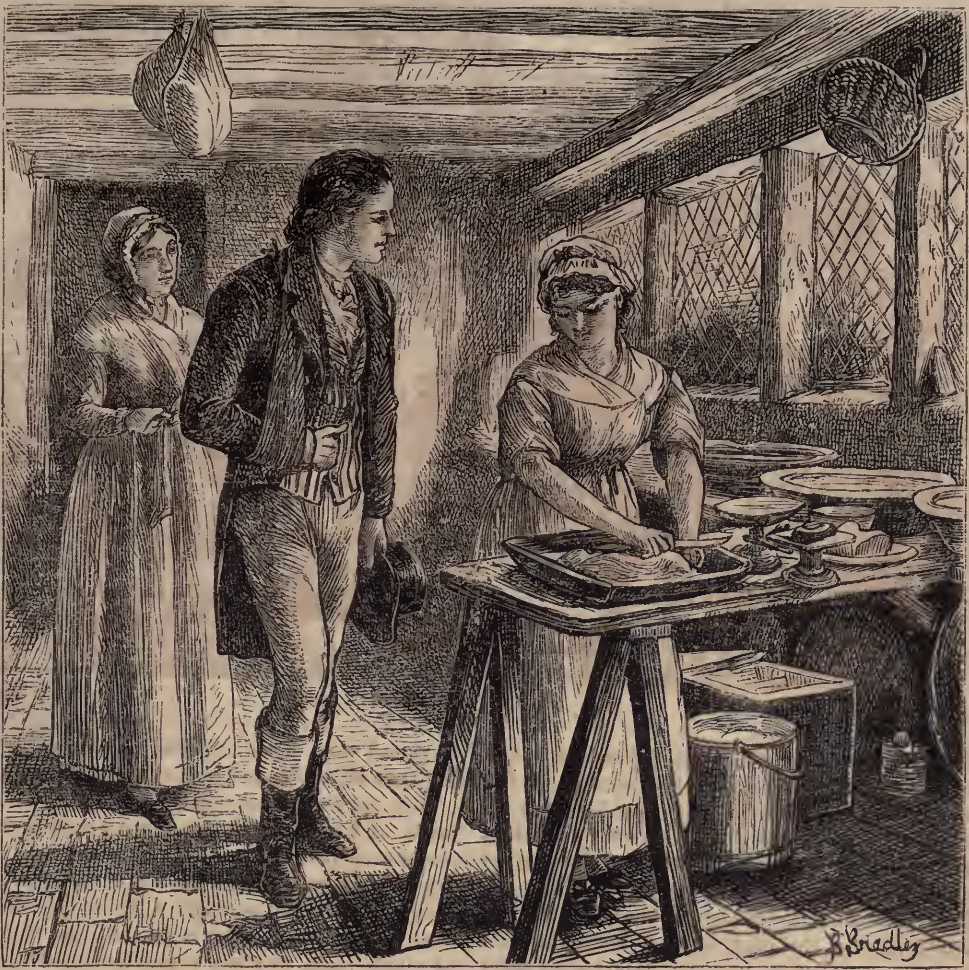
(*Drawn by* W. H. FISK.)

This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried her off last winter. I tell you sincerely, I have so many obligations to her, that I cannot with any sort of moderation think of her present state of health. Ever since her sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy before, turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do, should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories of the battles, and asking my girl questions about the disposal of her baby, and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy."

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance, told us she had been searching her closet for something very good, to treat such an old friend as I was. Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance, and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady observing something in our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband received her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of, and applying herself to me, said, with a smile, "Mr. Bickerstaff, don't believe a word of what he tells you, I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since coming to town."

On a sudden, we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room; but I would not part with him so. I found upon conversation with him, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on t'other side of eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in Æsop's fables. But he frankly declared to me his mind, that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true; for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives and adventures of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age.

I sat with them till it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and I must confess that it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off, I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I returned to my family—that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.



(*Drawn by* B. BRADLEY.)

THE HALL FARM.

[The lady, who writes under the name of GEORGE ELIOT, first attracted notice by "Scenes of Clerical Life," in *Blackwood*. Since then she has written several novels, all marked with the unmistakable stamp of genius.]

EVERYTHING was looking at its brightest at this moment, for the sun shone right on the pewter dishes, and from their reflecting surfaces pleasant jets of light were thrown on mellow oak and bright brass; and on a still pleasanter object than these; for some of the rays fell on Dinah's finely-moulded cheek, and lit up her pale red hair to auburn, as she bent over the heavy household linen which she was mending for her aunt. No scene could have been more peaceful, if Mrs. Poyser, who was ironing a few things that still remained from the Monday's wash, had not been making a frequent clinking with her iron, and moving to and fro whenever she wanted it to cool; carrying the keen glance of her blue-grey eye from the kitchen to the dairy, where Hetty was making up the butter, and from the dairy to the back kitchen, where Nancy was taking the pies out of the oven. Do not suppose, however, that Mrs. Poyser was elderly or shrewish in her appearance; she was a good-looking woman, not more than eight-and-thirty, of fair complexion and sandy hair, well-shapen, light-footed: the most conspicuous article in her attire was an ample checkered linen apron, which almost covered her skirt; and nothing could be plainer or less noticeable than her cap and gown, for there was no weakness of which she was less tolerant than feminine vanity, and the preference of ornament to utility. The family likeness between her and her niece Dinah Morris, with the contrast between her keenness and Dinah's seraphic gentleness of expression, might have served a painter as an excellent suggestion for a Martha and Mary. Their eyes were just of the same colour, but a striking test of the difference in their operation was seen in the demeanour of Trip, the black-and-tan terrier, whenever that much-suspected dog unwarily exposed himself to the freezing Arctic ray of Mrs. Poyser's glance. Her tongue was not less keen than her eye, and, whenever a damsel came within earshot, seemed to take up an unfinished lecture, as a barrel-organ takes up a tune, precisely at the point where it had left off.

"Munny, my iron's twite told; pease put it down to warm."

The small chirruping voice that uttered this request came from a little sunny-haired girl between three and four, who, seated on a high chair at the end of the ironing-table, was arduously clutching the handle of a miniature iron with her tiny fat fist, and ironing rags with an assiduity that required her to put her little red tongue out as far as anatomy would allow.

"Cold, is it, my darling? Bless your sweet face!" said Mrs. Poyser, who was remarkable for the facility with which she could relapse from her official objurgatory tone to one of fondness or of friendly converse. "Never mind! Mother's done her ironing now. She's going to put the ironing things away."

"Munny, I tould 'ike to do into de barn to Tommy, to see de whittawd."

"No, no, no; Totty 'ud get her feet wet," said Mrs. Poyser, carrying away her iron. "Run into the dairy, and see cousin Hetty make the butter."

"I tould 'ike a bit o' pum-take," rejoined Totty, who seemed to be provided with several relays of requests; at the same time taking the opportunity of her momentary leisure, to put her fingers into a bowl of starch, and drag it down, so as to empty the contents with tolerable completeness on to the ironing-sheet.

"Did ever anybody see the like?" screamed Mrs. Poyser, running towards the table when her eye had fallen on the blue stream. "The child's allays i' mischief if your back's turned a minute. What shall I do to you, you naughty, naughty gell?"

Totty, however, had descended from her chair with great swiftness, and was already in retreat towards the dairy with a sort of waddling run, and an amount of fat on the nape of her neck, which made her look like the metamorphosis of a white sucking-pig.

The starch having been wiped up by Molly's help, and the ironing apparatus put by, Mrs. Poyser took up her knitting, which always lay ready at hand, and was the work she liked best, because she could carry it on automatically as she walked to and fro.

The causeway outside the kitchen door was dry enough now for Mrs. Poyser to stand there quite pleasantly and see what was going on in the yard, the grey worsted stocking making a steady progress in her hands all the while. But she had not been standing there more than five minutes before she came in again, and said to Dinah, in rather a flurried, awe-stricken tone—

"If there isn't Captain Donnithorne and Mr. Irwine a-coming into the yard! I'll lay my life they're come to speak about your preaching on the Green, Dinah; it's you must answer 'em, for I'm dumb. I've said enough a'ready about your bringing such disgrace upo' your uncle's family. I wouldn't ha' minded if you'd been Mr. Poyser's own niece—folks must put up wi' their own kin, as they put up wi' their own noses—it's their own flesh and blood. But to think of a niece o' mine being cause o' my husband's being turned out of his farm, and me brought him no fortin but my savins——"

"Nay, dear aunt Rachel," said Dinah, gently, "you've no cause for such fears. I've strong assurance that no evil will happen to you and my uncle and the children from anything I've done. I didn't preach without direction."

"Direction! I know very well what you mean by direction," said Mrs. Poyser, knitting in a rapid and agitated manner. "When there's a bigger maggot than usial in your head you call it 'direction;' and then nothing can stir you—you look like the statty o' the outside o' Treddles'on church, a-starin' and a-smilin' whether it's fair weather or foul. I hanna common patience with you!"

By this time the two gentlemen had reached the palings, and had got down from their horses; it was plain they meant to come in. Mrs. Poyser advanced to the door to meet them, curtseying low, and trembling between anger with Dinah and anxiety to conduct herself with perfect propriety on the occasion. For in those days the keenest of bucolic minds felt a whispering awe at the sight of the gentry, such as, of old, men felt when they stood on tip-toe to watch the gods passing by in tall human shape.

"Well, Mrs. Poyser, how are you after this stormy morning?" said Mr. Irwine, with his stately cordiality. "Our feet are quite dry; we shall not soil your beautiful floor."

"Oh, sir, don't mention it," said Mrs. Poyser. "Will you and the captain please to walk into the parlour?"

"No, indeed, thank you, Mrs. Poyser," said the captain, looking eagerly round the kitchen, as if his eye were seeking something it could not find. "I delight in your kitchen. I think it is the most charming room I know. I should like every farmer's wife to come and look at it for a pattern."

"Oh, you're pleased to say so, sir. Pray take a seat," said Mrs. Poyser, relieved a little by this compliment and the captain's evident good humour, but still glancing anxiously at Mr. Irwine, who, she saw, was looking at Dinah and advancing towards her.

"Poyser is not at home, is he?" said Captain Donnithorne, seating himself where he could see along the short passage to the open dairy door.

"No, sir, he isn't; he's gone to Rosseter to see Mr. West, the factor, about the wool. But there's father i' the barn, sir, if he'd be of any use."

"No, thank you; I'll just look at the whelps, and leave a message about them with your shepherd. I must come another day and see your husband; I want to have a consultation with him about horses. Do you know when he's likely to be at liberty?"

"Why, sir, you can hardly miss him, except it's o' Treddles'on market-day—that's of a Friday, you know. For if he's anywhere on the farm we can send for him in a minute. If we'd got rid o' the Scantlands we should have no outlying fields; and I should be glad of it, for if ever anything happens he's sure to be gone to the Scantlands. Things allays happen so contrairy, if they've a chance; and it's an unnat'ral thing to have one bit o' your farm in one county, and all the rest in another."

"Ah, the Scantlands would go much better with Choyce's farm, especially as he wants dairy-land, and you've got plenty. I think yours is the prettiest farm on the estate, though; and as for the kitchen," he added, smiling, "I don't believe there's one in the kingdom to beat it. By-the-by, I've never seen your dairy: I must see your dairy, Mrs. Poyser."

"Indeed, sir, it's not fit for you to go in, for Hetty's in the middle o' making the butter, for the churning was thrown late, and I'm quite ashamed." This Mrs. Poyser said blushing, and believing that the captain was really interested in her milk-pans, and would adjust his opinion of her to the appearance of her dairy.

"Oh, I've no doubt it's in capital order. Take me in," said the captain, himself leading the way, while Mrs. Poyser followed.

The dairy was certainly worth looking at: it was a scene to sicken for with a sort of calenture in hot and dusty streets—such coolness, such purity, such fresh fragrance of new-pressed cheese, of firm butter, of wooden vessels perpetually bathed in pure water; such soft colouring of red earthenware and creamy surfaces, brown wood and polished tin, grey limestone and rich orange-red rust on the iron weights and hooks and hinges. But one gets only a confused notion of these details when they surround a distractingly pretty girl of seventeen, standing on little pattens and rounding her dimpled arm to lift a pound of butter out of the scale.

Hetty blushed a deep rose-colour when Captain Donnithorne entered the dairy and spoke to her; but it was not at all a distressed blush, for it was inwreathed with smiles and dimples, and with sparkles from under long curled dark eye-lashes; and while her aunt was discoursing to him about the limited amount of milk that was to be spared for butter and cheese so long as the calves were not all weaned, and a large quantity but inferior quality of milk yielded by the short-horn, which had been bought on experiment, together with other matters which must be interesting to a young gentleman who would one day be a landlord, Hetty tossed and patted her pound of butter with quite a self-possessed, coquettish air, slily conscious that no turn of her head was lost.

"I hope you will be ready for a great holiday on the 30th of July, Mrs. Poyser," said Captain Donnithorne, when he had sufficiently admired the dairy, and given several improvised opinions on Swede turnips and short-horns. "You know what is to happen then, and I shall expect you to be one of the guests who come earliest and leave latest. Will you promise me your hand for two dances, Miss Hetty? If I don't get your promise now, I know I shall hardly have a chance, for all the smart young farmers will take care to secure you."

Hetty smiled and blushed, but before she could answer, Mrs. Poyser interposed, scandalised at the mere suggestion that the young squire could be excluded by any meaner partners.

"Indeed, sir, you are very kind to take that notice of her. And I'm sure, whenever you're pleased to dance with her, she'll be proud and thankful, if she stood still all the rest o' th' evening."

"Oh, no, no, that would be too cruel to all the other young fellows who can dance. But you will promise me two dances, won't you?" the captain continued, determined to make Hetty look at him and speak to him.

Hetty dropped the prettiest little curtsey, and stole a half-shy, half-coquettish glance at him as she said—

"Yes, thank you, sir."

"And you must bring all your children, you know, Mrs. Poyser; your little Totty, as well as the boys. I want all the youngest children on the estate to be there—all those who will be fine young men and women when I'm a bald old fellow."

"Oh, dear sir, that 'ull be a long time first," said Mrs. Poyser, quite overcome at the young squire's speaking so lightly of himself, and thinking how her husband would be interested in hearing her recount this remarkable specimen of high-born humour. The captain was thought to be "very full of his jokes," and was a great favourite throughout the estate on account of his free manners. Every tenant was quite sure things would be different when the reins got into his hands—there was to be a millennial abundance of new gates, allowances of lime, and returns of ten per cent.

"But where is Totty to-day?" he said. "I want to see her."

"Where *is* the little un, Hetty?" said Mrs. Poyser. "She came in here not long ago."

"I don't know. She went into the brewhouse to Nancy, I think."

The proud mother, unable to resist the temptation to show her Totty, passed at once into the back kitchen in search of her, not, however, without misgivings lest something should have happened to render her person and attire unfit for presentation.

"And do you carry the butter to market when you've made it?" said the captain to Hetty, meanwhile.

"Oh, no, sir; not when it's so heavy: I'm not strong enough to carry it. Alick takes it on horseback."

"No, I'm sure your pretty arms were never meant for such heavy weights. But you go out a walk sometimes these pleasant evenings, don't you? Why don't you have a walk in the Chase sometimes, now it's so green and pleasant? I hardly ever see you anywhere except at home and at church."

"Aunt doesn't like me to go a-walking only when I'm going somewhere," said Hetty. "But I go through the Chase sometimes."

"And don't you ever go to see Mrs. Best, the housekeeper? I think I saw you once in the housekeeper's room."

"It isn't Mrs. Best, it's Mrs. Pomfret, the lady's maid, as I go to see. She's teaching me tent-stitch and the lace mending. I'm going to tea with her to-morrow afternoon."

The reason why there had been space for this tête-à-tête can only be known by looking into the back kitchen, where Totty had been discovered rubbing a stray blue-bag against her nose, and in the same moment allowing some liberal indigo drops to fall on her afternoon pinafore. But now she appeared holding her mother's hand—the end of her round nose rather shiny from a recent and hurried application of soap and water.

"Here she is!" said the captain, lifting her up and setting her on the low stone shelf. "Here's Totty! By-the-by, what's her other name? She wasn't christened Totty."

"Oh, sir, we call her sadly out of her name. Charlotte's her christened name. It's a name i' Mr. Poyser's family: his grandmother was named Charlotte. But we began with calling her Lotty, and now it's got to Totty. To be sure it's more like a name for a dog than a Christian child."

"Totty's a capital name. Why, she looks like a Totty. Has she got a pocket on?" said the captain, feeling in his own waistcoat pockets.

Totty immediately with great gravity lifted up her frock, and showed a tiny pink pocket, at present in a state of collapse.

"It dot notin in it," she said, as she looked down at it very earnestly.

"No! what a pity! such a pretty pocket. Well, I think I've got some things in mine that will make a pretty jingle in it. Yes! I declare I've got five little round silver things, and hear what a pretty noise they make in Totty's pink pocket." Here he shook the pocket with the five sixpences in it, and Totty showed her teeth, and wrinkled her nose in great glee; but, divining that there was nothing more to be got by staying, she jumped off the shelf and ran away to jingle her pocket in the hearing of Nancy, while her mother called after her, "Oh, for shame, you naughty gell! not to thank the captain for what he's given you. I'm sure, sir, it's very kind of you; but she's spoiled shameful; her father won't have her said nay in anything, and there's no managing her. It's being the youngest, and th' only gell."

"Oh, she's a funny little fatty; I wouldn't have her different But I must be going now, for I suppose the rector is waiting for me."

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

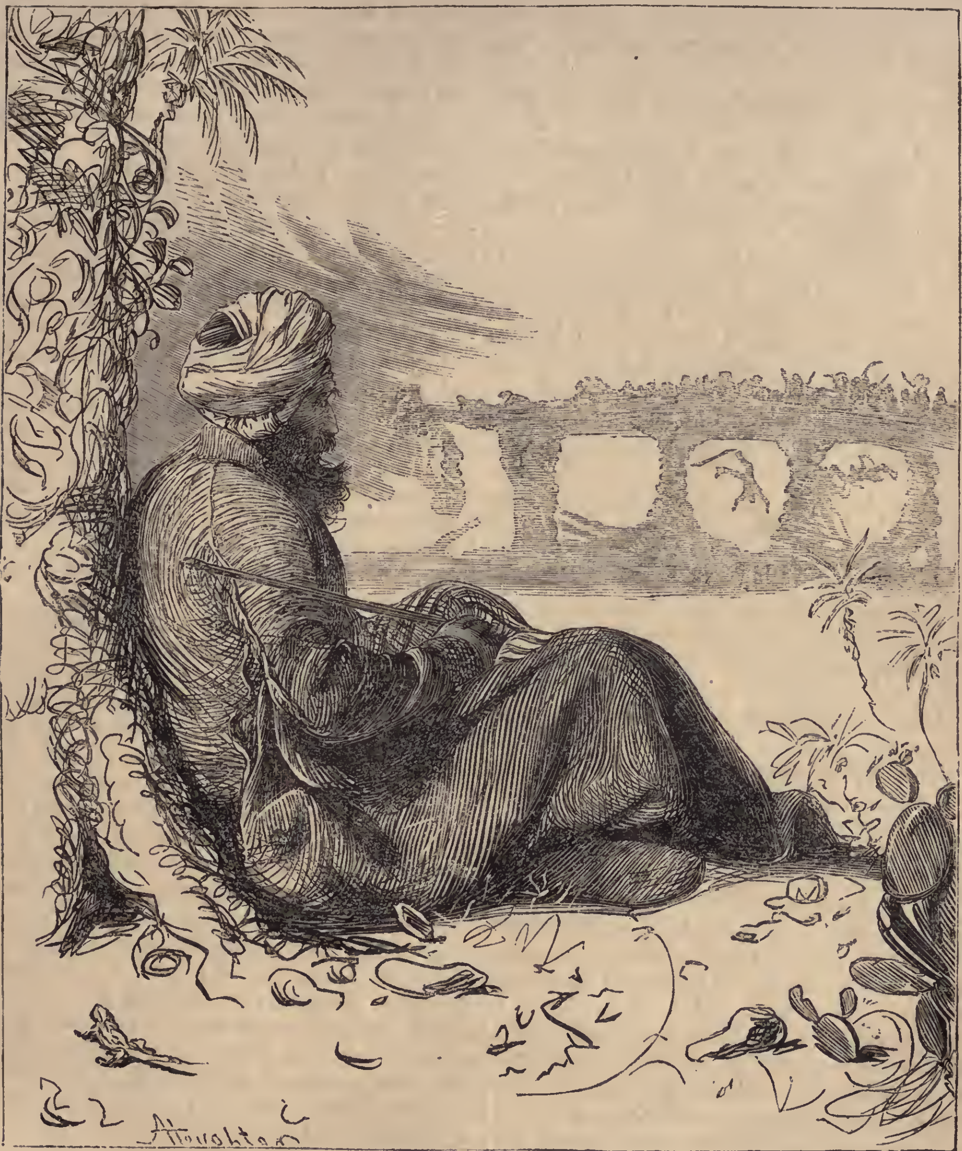
[THOMAS MOORE, born at Dublin, 28th May, 1780. Educated at Trinity College. Spent the latter part of his life in England, near Devizes. Died 1852.]

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking;
Ah, little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love—for his country he died:
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh, make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow.



(*Drawn by* A. B. Houghton.)

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

[Joseph Addison. *See Page* 79.]

When I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:

"On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by these transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.'

"'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.'

"'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.'

"'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?'

"'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.'

"'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.'

"'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life; consider it attentively.'

"Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

"'But tell me farther,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.'

"'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.'

"As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards heaven in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with phials, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trapdoors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.'

"Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.'

"'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas!' said I 'man was made in vain; how is he given away to misery and mortality, tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!'

"The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.'

"I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats: but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

"'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands; which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain who has such an eternity reserved for him.'

"I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.'

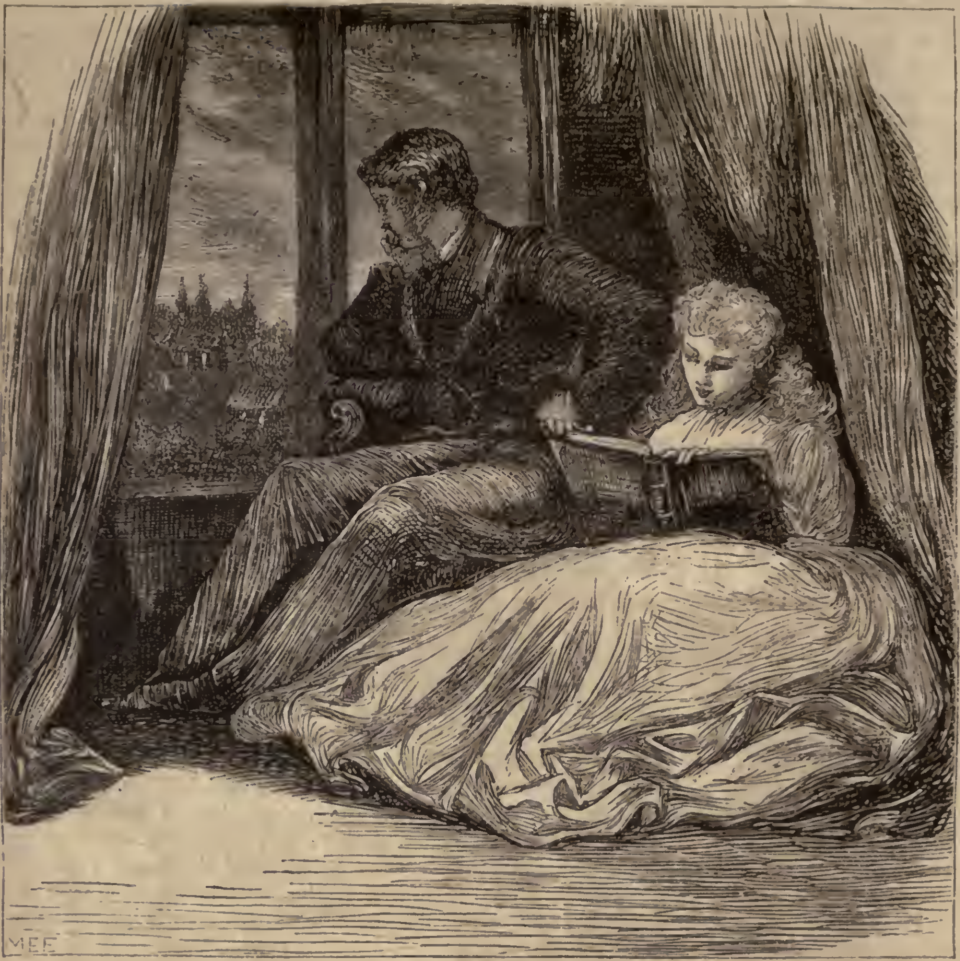
"The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

I AM A FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY.

[JOHN O'KEEFE, born in Dublin in 1746. Was originally intended for an artist, but became an actor, and wrote largely for the stage. Died at Southampton, February 4, 1833.]

I AM a friar of orders grey,
And down in the valleys I take my way;
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip—
Good store of venison fills my scrip!
My long bead-roll I merrily chant:
Where'er I walk no money I want;
And why I'm so plump, the reason I tell—
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

After supper, of heaven I dream—
But that is fat pullet and clouted cream.
Myself by denial I mortify
With a dainty bit of a warden-pie;
I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin:
With old sack wine I'm lined within;
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper-bell is my bowl—ding dong!
What baron or squire,
Or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?



(*Drawn by* M. E. Edwards.)

THE DAY IS DONE.

[H. W. Longfellow *See Page* 14.]

The day is done, and the darkness
   Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
   From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
   Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
   That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing,
   That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only,
   As the mist resembles rain.

Come, read to me some poem—
   Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
   And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
   Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
   Through the corridors of Time;

For, like strains of martial music,
   Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
   And to-night I long for rest.

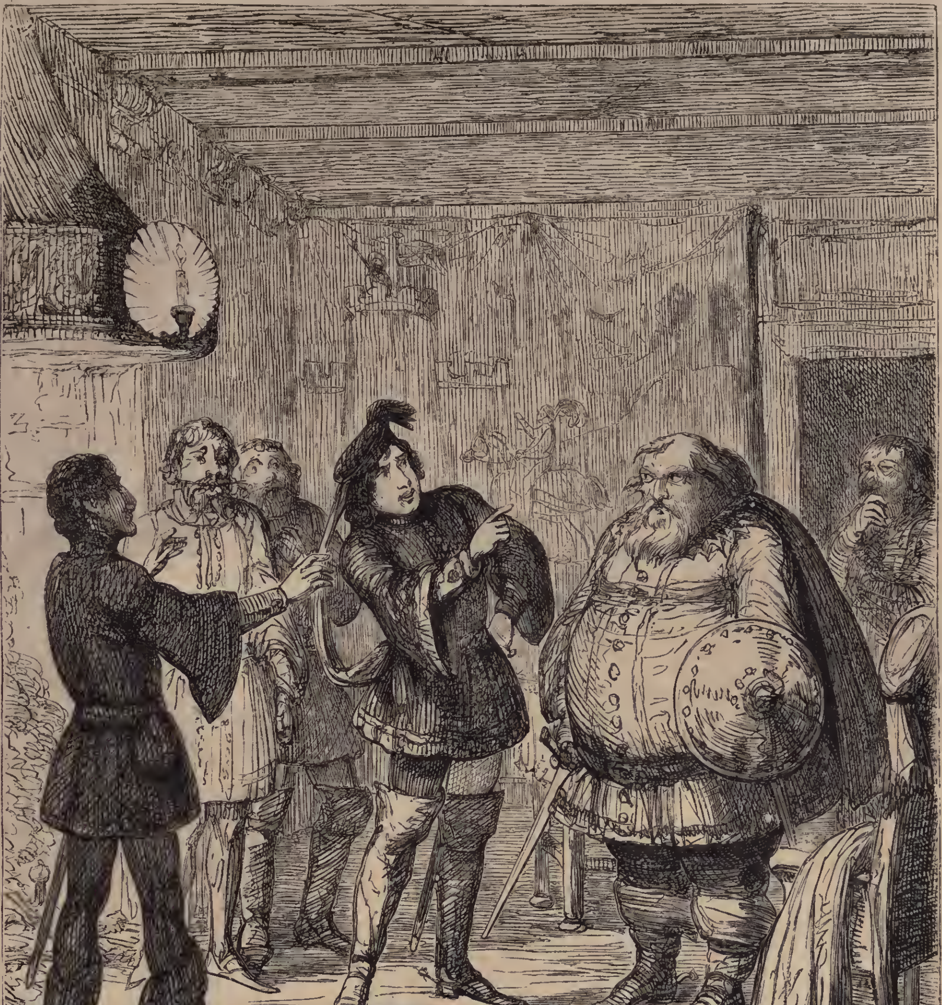
Read from some humbler poet,
   Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
   Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour,
   And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
   Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
   The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
   That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
   The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
   The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
   And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
   And as silently steal away.



(*Drawn by* G. Cruikshank.)

FALSTAFF'S COWARDICE AND BOASTING.

[William Shakespeare, *See Page* 33.]

To Prince Henry and Poins, enter Falstaff,
Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too!—marry, and amen. Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*

P. Henry. How now, wool-sack?—what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward?—answer me to that; and Poins there?

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!—give me them that will face me.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter?—here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack?—where is it?

Fal. Where is it?—taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a hand-saw—*ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man. All would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, sirs. How was it?

Gadshill. We four set upon some dozen——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no; they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Henry. What! fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me——

P. Henry. What! four?—thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven?—why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. Oh, monstrous!—eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them,—gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou obscene, greasy tallow-keech——

Fal. What! art thou mad?—art thou mad?—is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What! upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion!—if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I——

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin!

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house; and, Falstaff, you carried your hulk away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.

A TALE OF DRURY LANE.

[From "Rejected Addresses," by JAMES and HORACE SMITH. *See Page* 30.]

As chaos which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flashed upon her eyes:
So London's sons in night-cap woke,
In bed-gown woke her dames,
For shouts were heard mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
"The playhouse is in flames!"
And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tale its lustre lends
To every window-pane:
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport
A bright ensanguined stain;
Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell:
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The Ticket Porters' house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne;
And daisy white and hoary thorn,
In borrowed lustre seemed to sham
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
As from a lofty altar rise;
It seemed that nations did conspire,
To offer to the god of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice!
The summoned firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all.
Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his ponderous hobnailed shoes;
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next in crimson dyed
His nether bulk embraced;
Then jacket thick of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thundered through the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced. * *

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo, "Heads below!"
Nor notice give at all:
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For, lo! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Concealed them from the astonished crowd.
At length the mist awhile was cleared,
When, lo! amid the wreck upreared,
Gradual a moving head appeared,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
"A Muggins to the rescue, ho!"
And poured the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For rallying but to fall again,
He tottered, sunk, and died!
Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire—
His fireman's soul was all on fire—
His brother-chief to save;
But, ah! his reckless generous ire
Served but to share his grave!

'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite;
He sunk to rise no more.

Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
"Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps;
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps;
Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
What are they feared on? fools—'od rot 'em!"—
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

BOADICEA.

[William Cowper. *See Page 39.*]

When the British warrior queen,
  Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
  Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage, beneath the spreading oak,
  Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
  Full of rage and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
  Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
  All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word—
  In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
  Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
  Tramples on a thousand States;
Soon her pride will kiss the ground—
  Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
  Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
  Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
  From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
  Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew,
  Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
  None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
  Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
  Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
  Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
  Dying, hurled them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
  Heaven awards the vengeance due.
Empire is on us bestowed,
  Shame and ruin wait for you."

THE BOAT RACE

[Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P. for Lambeth. Born near Newbury, in the Vale of the White Horse. Educated at Rugby and Oriel College, Oxford. Called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn.]

The St. Ambrose boat was almost the last, so there were no punts in the way, or other obstructions; and they swung steadily down past the University barge, the top of which was already covered with spectators. Every man in the boat felt as if the eyes of Europe were on him, and pulled in his very best form. Small groups of gownsmen were scattered along the bank in Christchurch meadow, chiefly dons, who were really interested in the races, but, at that time of day, seldom liked to display enthusiasm enough to cross the water and go down to the starting-place. These sombre groups were lighted up here and there by the dresses of a few ladies, who were walking up and down, and watching the boats. At the mouth of the Cherwell were moored two punts, in which reclined at their ease some dozen young gentlemen, smoking; several of these were friends of Drysdale, and hailed him as the boat passed them.

"What a fool I am to be here!" he grumbled, in an under tone, casting an envious glance at the punts in their comfortable berth, up under the banks, and out of the wind. "I say, Brown, don't you wish we were well past this on the way up?"

"Silence in the bows!" shouted Miller.

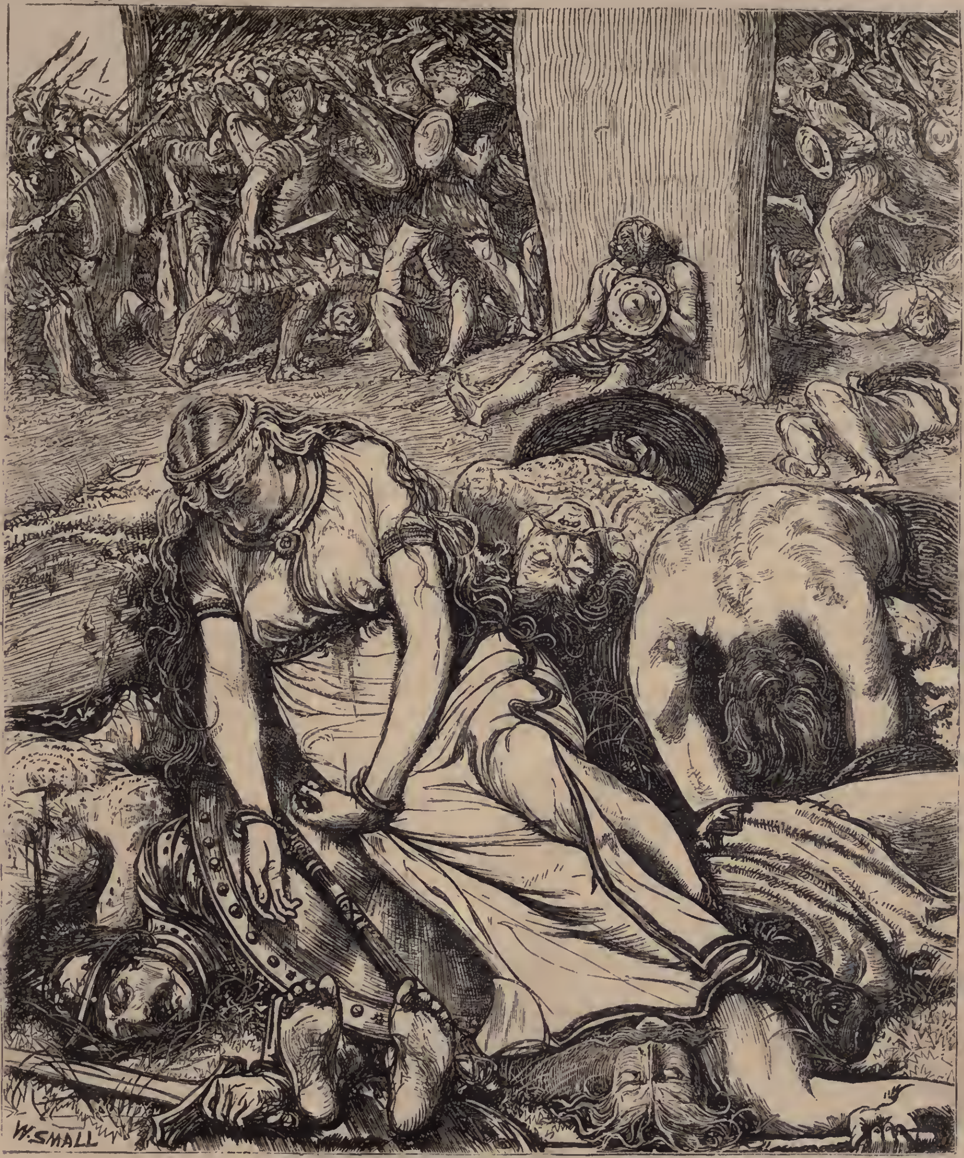
Tom got more comfortable at every stroke, and by the time they reached the Gut began to hope that he should not have a fit, or lose all his strength just at the start, or cut a crab, or come to some other unutterable grief, the fear of which had been haunting him all day.

"Here they are at last!—come along now—keep up with them," said Hardy to Grey, as the boat neared the Gut; and the two trotted along downwards, Hardy watching the crew, and Grey watching him.

"Hardy, how eager you look!"

"I'd give twenty pounds to be going to pull in the race."

Grey shambled on in silence by the side of his big friend, and wished he could understand what it was that moved him so.



(*Drawn by* W. SMALL.)

BOADICEA.

As the boat shot into the Gut from under the cover of the Oxfordshire bank, the wind caught the bows.

"Feather high, now!" shouted Miller; and then added in a low voice to the captain, "It will be ticklish work, starting in this wind."

"Just as bad for all the other boats," answered the captain.

"Well said, old philosopher!" said Miller. "It's a comfort to steer you; you never make a fellow nervous. I wonder if you ever feel nervous yourself, now?"

"Can't say," said the captain. "Here's our post; we may as well turn."

"Easy, bow side—now, two and four, pull her round—back water, seven and five!" shouted the coxswain; and the boat's head swung round, and two or three strokes took her into the bank.

Hark!—the first gun. The report sent Tom's heart into his mouth again. Several of the boats pushed off at once into the stream; and the crowds of men on the bank began to be agitated, as it were, by the shadow of the coming excitement. The St. Ambrose crew fingered their oars, put a last dash of grease on their rowlocks, and settled their feet against the stretchers.

"Shall we push her off?" asked bow.

"No, I can give you another minute," said Miller, who was sitting, watch in hand, in the stern; "only be smart when I give the word."

The captain turned on his seat, and looked up the boat. His face was quiet, but full of confidence, which seemed to pass from him into the crew. Tom felt calmer and stronger, as he met his eye. "Now mind, boys, don't quicken," he said, cheerily; "four short strokes, to get way on her, and then steady. Here, pass up the lemon."

And he took a sliced lemon out of his pocket, put a small piece into his mouth, and then handed it to Blake, who followed his example, and passed it on. Each man took a piece; and just as bow had secured the end, Miller called out—

"Now, jackets off, and get her head out steadily."

The jackets were thrown on shore, and gathered up by the boatmen in attendance. The crew poised their oars, No. 2 pushing out her head, and the captain doing the same for the stern. Miller took the starting-rope in his hand.

"How the wind catches her stern," he said; "here, pay out the rope, one of you. No, not you—some fellow with a strong hand. Yes, you'll do," he went on, as Hardy stepped down the bank and took hold of the rope; "let me have it foot by foot as I want it. Not too quick; make the most of it—that'll do. Two and three, just dip your oars in to give her way."

The rope paid out steadily, and the boat settled to her place. But now the wind rose again, and the stern drifted towards the bank.

"You must back her a bit, Miller, and keep her a little further out, or our oars on stroke side will catch the bank."

"So I see; curse the wind! Back her, one stroke, all. Back her, I say!" shouted Miller.

It is no easy matter to get a crew to back her an inch just now, particularly as there are in her two men who have never rowed a race before, except in the torpids, and one who has never rowed a race in his life.

However, back she comes; the starting-rope slackens in Miller's left hand, and the stroke, unshipping his oar, pushes the stern gently out again.

There goes the second gun! one short minute more, and we are off. Short minute, indeed! you wouldn't say so if you were in the boat, with your heart in your mouth, and trembling all over like a man with the palsy. Those sixty seconds before the starting-gun in your first race—why, they are a little lifetime.

"By Jove, we are drifting in again!" said Miller, in horror. The captain looked grim, but said nothing; it was too late now for him to be unshipping again.

"Here, catch hold of the long boat-hook, and fend her off."

Hardy, to whom this was addressed, seized the boat-hook, and, standing with one foot in the water, pressed the end of the boat-hook against the gunwale, at the full stretch of his arm, and so, by main force, kept the stern out. There was just room for stroke oars to dip, and that was all. The starting-rope was as taut as a harp-string; will Miller's left hand hold out?

It is an awful moment. But the coxswain, though almost dragged backwards off his seat, is equal to the occasion. He holds his watch in his right hand with the tiller-rope.

"Eight seconds more only. Look out for the flash. Remember, all eyes in the boat."

There it comes, at last—the flash of the starting-gun. Long before the sound of the report can roll up the river, the whole pent-up life and energy which has been held in leash, as it were, for the last six minutes, is let loose, and breaks away with a bound and a dash which he who has felt it will remember for his life, but the like of which will he ever feel again? The starting-ropes drop from the coxswains' hands; the oars flash into the water, and gleam on the feather; the spray flies from them, and the boats leap forward.

The crowds on the banks scatter, and rush along, each keeping as close as may be to his own boat. Some of the men on the towing-path, some on the very edge of, often in, the water—some slightly in advance, as if they could help to drag their boat forward—some behind, where they can see the pulling better—but all at full speed, in wild excitement, and shouting at the top of their voices to those on whom the honour of the college is laid.

"Well pulled, all!" "Pick her up there, five!" "You're gaining, every stroke!" "Time in the bows!" "Bravo, St. Ambrose!"

On they rushed by the side of the boats, jostling one another, stumbling, struggling, and panting along. For a quarter of a mile along the bank the glorious maddening hurlyburly extends, and rolls up the side of the stream.

For the first ten strokes Tom was in too great a fear of making a mistake to feel, or hear, or see. His whole soul was glued to the back of the man before him, his one thought to keep time, and get his strength into the stroke. But as the crew settled down into the well-known long sweep, what we may call consciousness returned; and while every muscle in his body was straining, and his chest heaved, and his heart leapt, every nerve seemed to be gathering new life, and his senses to wake into unwonted acuteness. He caught the scent of the wild thyme in the air, and found room in his brain to wonder how it could have got there, as he had never seen the plant near the river, or smelt it before. Though his eye never wandered from the back of Diogenes, he seemed to see all things at once. The boat behind, which seemed to be gaining—it was all he could do to prevent himself from quickening on the stroke as he fancied that—the eager face of Miller, with his compressed lips, and eyes fixed so earnestly ahead that Tom could almost feel the glance passing over his right shoulder; the flying banks and the shouting crowd; see them with his bodily eyes he could not, but he knew nevertheless that Grey had been upset and nearly rolled down the bank into the water in the first hundred yards; that Jack was bounding and scrambling and barking along by the very edge of the stream; above all, he was just as well aware as if he had been looking at it, of a stalwart form in cap and gown, bounding along, brandishing the long boat-hook, and always keeping just opposite the boat; and amid all the Babel of voices, and the dash and pulse of the stroke, and the labouring of his own breathing, he heard Hardy's voice coming to him again and again, and clear as if there had been no other sound in the air, "Steady, two! steady! well pulled! steady, steady." The voice seemed to give him strength and keep him to his work. And what work it was! he had had many a hard pull in the last six weeks, but "never aught like this."

But it can't last for ever; men's muscles are not steel, or their lungs bulls' hide, and hearts can't go on pumping a hundred miles an hour long without bursting. The St. Ambrose boat is well away from the boat behind, there is a great gap between the accompanying crowds; and now, as they near the Gut, she hangs for a moment or two in hand, though the roar from the bank grows louder and louder, and Tom is already aware that the St. Ambrose crowd is melting into the one ahead of them.

"We must be close to Exeter!" The thought flashes into him, and it would seem into the rest of the crew at the same moment. For, all at once, the strain seems taken off their arms again; there is no more drag; she springs to the stroke as she did at the start; and Miller's face, which had darkened for a few seconds, lightens up again.

Miller's face and attitude are a study. Coiled up into the smallest possible space, his chin almost resting on his knees, his hands close to his sides, firmly but lightly feeling the rudder, as a good horseman handles the mouth of a free-going hunter—if a coxswain could make a bump by his own exertions, surely he will do it. No sudden jerks of the St. Ambrose rudder will you see, watch as you will from the bank; the boat never hangs through fault of his, but easily and gracefully rounds every point. "You're gaining! you're gaining!" he now and then mutters to the captain, who responds with a wink, keeping his breath for other matters. Isn't he grand, the captain, as he comes forward like lightning, stroke after stroke, his back flat, his teeth set, his whole frame working from the hips with the regularity of a machine? As the space still narrows, the eyes of the fiery little coxswain flash with excitement, but he is far too good a judge to hurry the final effort before the victory is safe in his grasp.

The two crowds are mingled now, and no mistake; and the shouts come all in a heap over the water. "Now, St. Ambrose, six strokes more." "Now, Exeter, you're gaining; pick her up." "Mind the Gut, Exeter." "Bravo, St. Ambrose!" The water rushes by, still eddying from the strokes of the boat ahead. Tom fancies now he can hear their oars and the workings of their rudder, and the voice of their coxswain. In another moment both boats are in the Gut, and a perfect storm of shouts reaches them from the crowd, as it rushes madly off to the left to the foot-bridge, amidst which, "Oh, well steered, well steered, St. Ambrose!" is the prevailing cry. Then Miller, motionless as a statue till now, lifts his right hand and whirls the tassel round his head: "Give it her now, boys; six strokes and we're into them." Old Jervis lays down that great broad back, and lashes his oar through the water with the might of a giant; the crew catch him up in another stroke, the tight new boat answers to the spurt, and Tom feels a little shock behind him, and then a grating sound, as Miller shouts, "Unship oars, bow and three," and the nose of the St. Ambrose boat glides quietly up the side of the Exeter, till it touches their stroke oar.

"Take care where you're coming to." It is the coxswain of the bumped boat who speaks.

Tom, looking round, finds himself within a foot or two of him; and being utterly unable to contain his joy, and yet unwilling to exhibit it before the eyes of a gallant rival, turns away towards the shore, and begins telegraphing to Hardy.

"Now then, what are you at there in the bows? Cast her off quick. Come, look alive! Push across at once out of the way of the other boats."

"I congratulate you, Jervis," says the Exeter stroke, as the St. Ambrose boat shoots past him. "Do it again next race, and I shan't care."

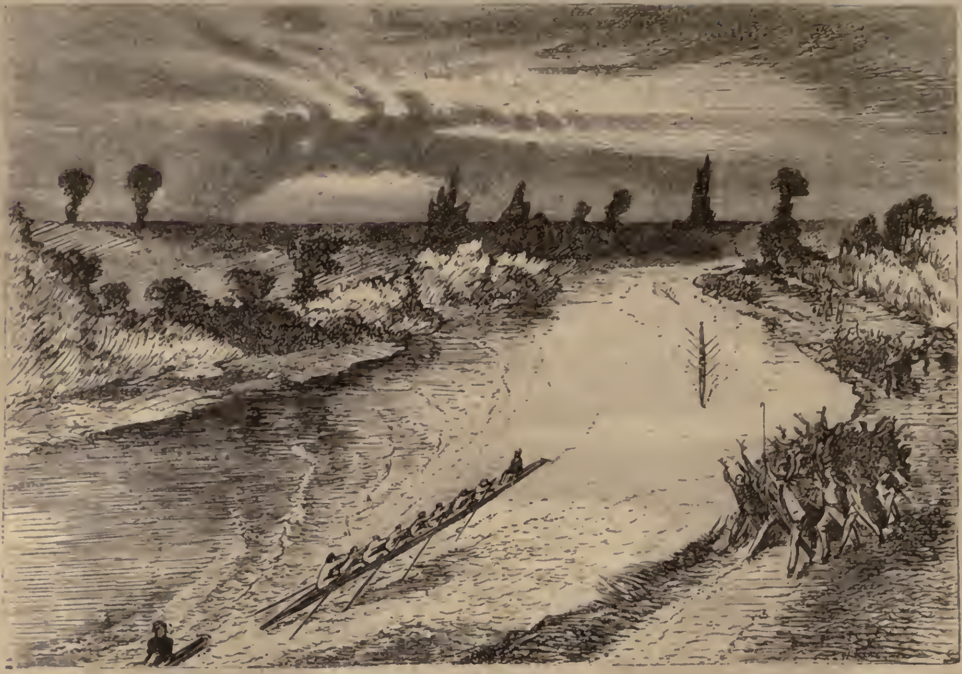
"We were within three lengths of Brasenose when we bumped," says the all-observant Miller, in a low voice.

"All right," answers the captain; "Brasenose isn't so strong as usual. We shan't have much trouble there, but a tough job up above, I take it."

"Brasenose was better steered than Exeter."

"They muffed it in the Gut, eh?" said the captain. "I thought so by the shouts."

"Yes, we were pressing them a little down below, and their coxswain kept looking over his shoulder. He was in the Gut before he knew it,



(*Drawn by* H. SANDERCOCK.)

and had to pull his left hand hard, or they would have fouled the Oxfordshire corner. That stopped their way, and in we went."

"Bravo! and how well we started too."

"Yes, thanks to that Hardy. It was touch and go though; I couldn't have held the rope two seconds more."

"How did our fellows work? She dragged a good deal below the Gut."

Miller looked somewhat serious, but even he cannot be finding fault just now. For the first step is gained, the first victory won; and as Homer sometimes nods, so Miller relaxes the sternness of his rule. The crew, as soon as they have found their voices again, laugh and talk and answer the congratulations of their friends, as the boat slips along close to the towing-path on the Berks side, "easy all," almost keeping pace nevertheless with the lower boats, which are racing up under the willows on the Oxfordshire side. Jack, after one or two feints, makes a frantic bound into the water, and is hauled dripping into the boat by Drysdale, unchid by Miller, but to the intense disgust of Diogenes, whose pantaloons and principles are alike outraged by the proceeding. He—the Cato of the oar—scorns to relax the strictness of his code, even after victory won. Neither word nor look does he cast to the exulting St. Ambrosians on the bank; a twinkle in his eye, and a subdued chuckle or two, alone betray that, though an oarsman, he is mortal. Already he revolves in his mind the project of an early walk under a few pea-coats, not being quite satisfied (conscientious old boy!) that he tried his stretcher enough in that final spurt, and thinking that there must be an extra pound of flesh on him somewhere or other which did the mischief.

"I say, Brown," said Drysdale, "how do you feel?"

"All right," said Tom; "I never felt jollier in my life."

"By Jove, though, it was an awful grind! didn't you wish yourself well out of it below the Gut?"

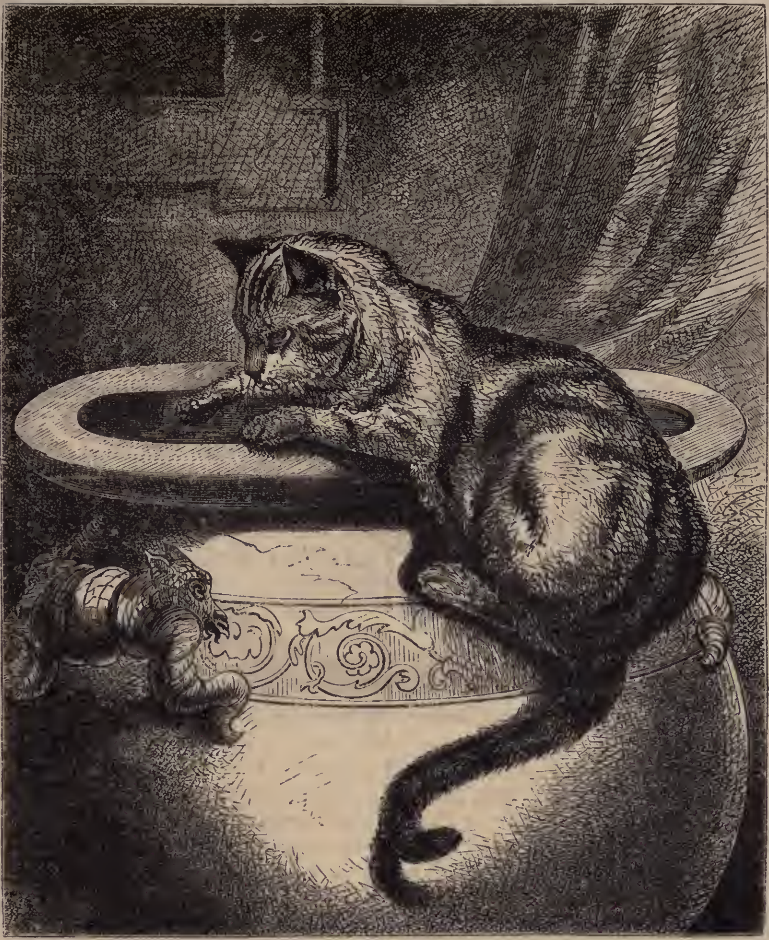
"No, nor you either."

"Didn't I? I was awfully baked, my throat is like a lime-kiln yet. What did you think about?"

"Well, about keeping time, I think," said Tom, laughing; "but I can't remember much."

"I only kept on by thinking how I hated those devils in the Exeter boat, and how done up they must be, and hoping their number two felt like having a fit."

At this moment they came opposite the Cherwell. The leading boat was just passing the winning-post, off University barge, and the band struck up the "Conquering Hero," with a crash. And while a mighty sound of shouts, murmurs, and music went up into the evening sky, Miller shook the tiller-ropes again, the captain shouted, "Now then, pick up here!" and the St. Ambrose boat shot up between the swarming banks at racing pace to her landing-place, the lion of the evening.



ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT.

[WILLIAM COWPER. *See Page* 39.]

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide,
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Through richest purple, to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw;
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretched in vain to reach the prize;
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat 's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent,
Again she stretched, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between
(Malignant fate sat by and smiled):
The slippery verge her feet beguiled;
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mewed to every watery god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No dolphin came, no Naiad stirred,
Nor cruel Tom or Susan heard:
A fav'rite has no friend.

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution told:
Not all that tempts your wondering eyes,
And heedless hearts is lawful prize;
Nor all that glistens, gold.

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM.

[Edgar Allan Poe. *See Page* 8.]

We had now been about ten minutes upon the top of Helseggen, to which we had ascended from the interior of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the chopping character of the ocean beneath us, was rapidly changing into a current, which set to the eastward.

Suddenly this whirling movement assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice—half shriek, half roar—such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to heaven.

"You have had a good look at the whirl now," said the old man; "and if you will creep round this crag, so as to get in its lee, and deaden the roar of the water, I will tell you a story that will convince you I ought to know something of the Moskoe-strom."

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded:—

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a schooner-rigged smack, of about seventy tons burthen, with which we were in the habit of fishing among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. In all violent eddies at sea, there is good fishing at proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden coastmen, we three were the only ones who made a regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell you.

"It is now within a few days of three years since what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the 10th day of July, 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget, for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and, indeed, until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the south-west, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

"The three of us—my two brothers and myself—had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock p.m., and had soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plentiful that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven by my watch when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Strom at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest seaman in Norway never experienced anything like it. We had let our sails go by the run before it clearly took us; but, at the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawn off—the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

"Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck, with only a small hatch near the bow; and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Strom, by way of precaution against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance we should have foundered at once, for we lay entirely buried for some moments. How my elder brother escaped destruction I cannot say. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself flat on deck, with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this—which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done—for I was too much flurried to think.

"For some moments we were completely deluged, as I say, and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer, I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get better of the stupor that had come over me, and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard; but the next moment all this joy was changed to horror, for he put his mouth close to my ear and screamed out the word, 'Moskoe-strom!'

"No one ever will know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what he meant by that one word well enough—I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Strom, and nothing could save us.

"By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or, perhaps, we did not feel it so much as we scudded before it; but, at all events, the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens; around, in every direction, it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst out, all at once, a circular rift of clear sky, as clear as I ever saw, and of a deep bright blue; and through it there blazed forth the full moon, with a lustre that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness; but, O God! what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my brother; but, in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased, that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one of his fingers, as if to say, 'Listen!'

"At first I could not make out what he meant, but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at the face by the moonlight, and then burst into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Strom was in full fury.

"When a boat is well built, properly and not deeply laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going high, seem always to slip from beneath her, which appears very strange to a landsman, and this is what is called riding, in sea phrase. Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter, and bore us with it as it rose—up—up—as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. And then down we came with a sweep, a slide, and a plunge, that made me feel quite dizzy, as if I were falling from some lofty mountain top in a dream.

"It could not have been more than two minutes afterwards, when we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half-turn to larboard, and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment we must plunge in the abyss, down which we could only see indistinctly, on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a wish to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity, and I have often thought since that the revolutions of the boat around the pool might have rendered me a little light-headed.

"How often we made the circuit of the belt it is impossible to say. We careered round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating getting gradually more and more into the middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small empty water-cask, which had been securely lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had not been swept overboard, when the gale first took us. As we approached the brink of the pit, he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his terror, he endeavoured to force my hands, as it was not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act, although I knew he was a madman when he did it—a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all: so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no difficulty in doing, for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel, only swaying to and fro with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and thought all was over.

"As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them, while I expected instant destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death-struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed. I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased, and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage, and looked once again upon the scene.

"Never shall I forget the sensation of awe, horror, and admiration with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior of a funnel vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and with perfectly smooth sides that might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun round, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shot forth as the rays of the full moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which I have already described, streamed in a flood of golden glory along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost recesses of the abyss.

"At first I was too much confused to observe anything accurately. The general burst of terrific grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively downward. In this direction I was able to obtain an unobstructed view, from the manner in which the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool. She was quite upon an even keel—that is to say, her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the water; but this latter sloped at an angle of more than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be lying upon our beam ends. I could not help observing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more difficulty in maintaining my hold than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

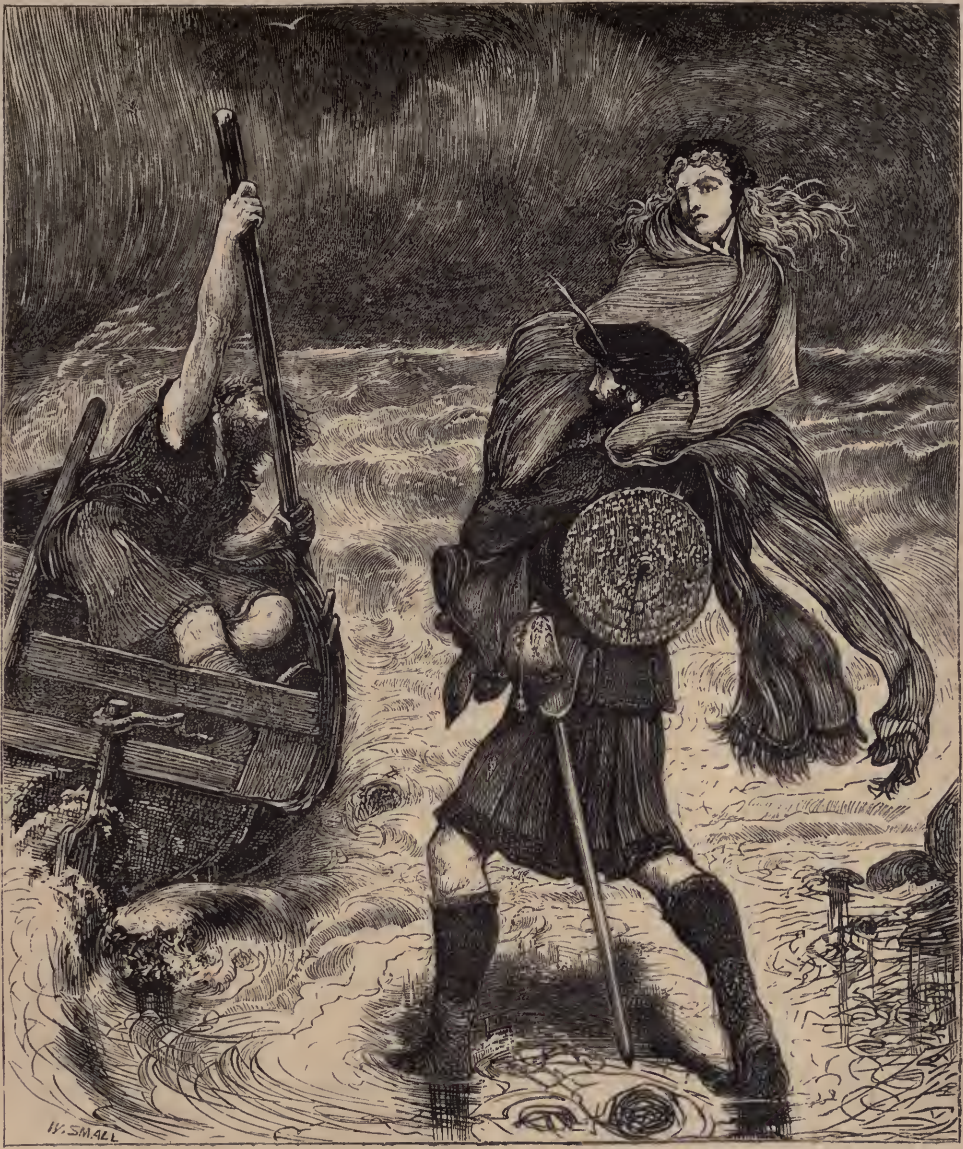
"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us a great distance down the slope; but our farther progress was by no means proportionate. Round and round we swept, not with any uniform movement, but in dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward at each revolution was slow, but very perceptible.

"I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken the place of my original terror. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I must have been delirious; for I even sought amusement in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents toward the foam below. 'This fir-tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears;' and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant-ship overtook it, and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all, this fact—the fact of my invariable miscalculation—set me upon a train of reflection that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting hope. This hope arose partly from memory, and partly from present observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed, and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-strom. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary way—so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters; but then I distinctly recollected that there were some of them which were not disfigured at all. Now, I could not account for this difference, except by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been completely absorbed—that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, for some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the turn of the flood came, or of the ebb, as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early, or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations:—The first was, that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent; the second, that, between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical, and the other of any other shape, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that, between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district. From him I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.'

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account, and this was, that at every revolution we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel; while many of those things which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high above us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water-cask upon



(Drawn by W. Small.)

"So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."
Lord Ullin's Daughter, page 110.

which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended my design; but, whether this was the case or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

"The result was precisely what I hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tell you this tale—as you see that I *did* escape—and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate all that I have further to say—I will bring my story quickly to a conclusion. It might have been an hour, or thereabouts, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and for ever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached had sank very little further than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became every moment less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew gradually less and less violent. By degrees, the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where the pool of the Moskoe-strom had been. It was the hour of the slack; but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Strom, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up exhausted from fatigue, and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions; but they knew me no more than they would have known a traveller from the spirit-land. My hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as white as you see it now."

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

[Thomas Campbell, born at Glasgow, July 27, 1777. Educated at the University there. Died at Boulogne, June, 1844.]

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy island wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

"And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men—
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh! haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her;
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing;
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter—oh! my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

FRIDAY AND THE BEAR.

[DANIEL DEFOE, born in Cripplegate, 1661. After having been in trade many years, he became an author, at first of political works, but afterwards of fiction. Died in April, 1731.]

BUT never was a fight managed so hardily, and in such a surprising manner, as that between Friday and the bear, which gave us all, though at first we were surprised and afraid for him, the greatest diversion imaginable.

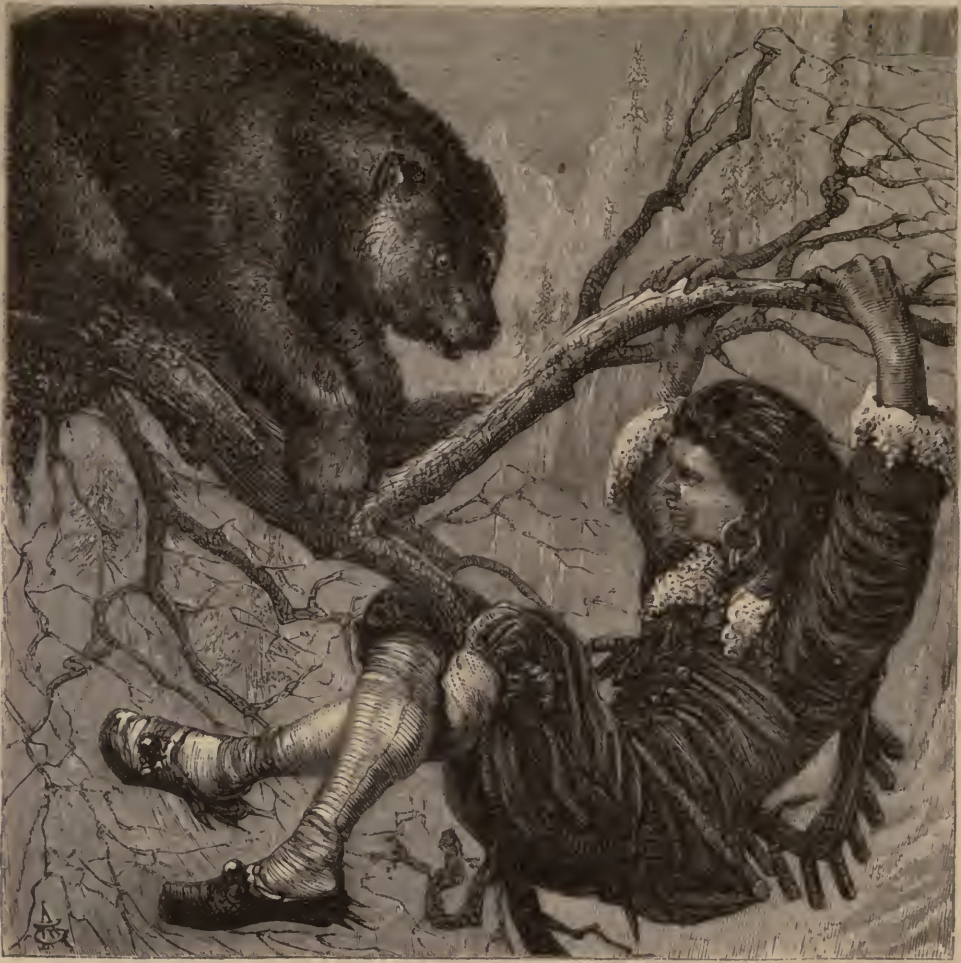
My man Friday had delivered our guide, and when we came up to him, he was helping him off from his horse, for the man was both hurt and frightened, and indeed the last more than the first, when on a sudden we espied the bear come out of the wood, and a vast, monstrous one it was, the biggest by far that ever I saw. We were all a little surprised when we saw him; but when Friday saw him, it was easy to see joy and courage in the fellow's countenance. "Oh, oh, oh!" says Friday, three times, pointing to him; "oh, master! you give me te leave, me shakee te hand with him; me makee you good laugh."

I was surprised to see the fellow so pleased. "You fool!" said I, "he will eat you up."—"Eatee me up! eatee me up!" says Friday, twice over again; "me eatee him up; me makee you good laugh; you all stay here, me show you good laugh." So down he sits, and gets his boots off in a moment, and puts on a pair of pumps (as we call the flat shoes they wear, and which he had in his pocket), gives my other servant his horse and with his gun away he flew, swift like the wind.

The bear was walking softly on, and offered to meddle with nobody, till Friday coming pretty near, calls to him, as if the bear could understand him, "Hark ye, hark ye," says Friday, "me speakee with you." We followed at a distance, for now being come down to the Gascony side of the mountains, we were entered a vast, great forest, where the country was plain and pretty open, though it had many trees in it scattered here and there. Friday, who had, as we say, the heels of the bear, came up with him quickly, and took up a great stone, and threw it at him, and hit him just on the head, but did him no more harm than if he had thrown it against a wall; but it answered Friday's end, for the rogue was so void of fear that he did it purely to make the bear follow him, and show us some laugh, as he called it. As soon as the bear felt the stone, and saw him, he turns about, and comes after him, taking very long strides, and shuffling on at a strange rate, so as would have put a horse to a middling gallop. Away runs Friday, and takes his course as if he ran towards us for help; so we all resolved to fire at once upon the bear, and deliver my man; though I was angry at him heartily for bringing the bear back upon us, when he was going about his own business another way; and especially I was angry that he had turned the bear upon us, and then run away; and I called out, "You dog!" said I, "is this your making us laugh? Come away, and take your horse, that we may shoot the creature." He heard me, and cried out, "No shoot, no shoot; stand still, you get much laugh;" and as the nimble creature ran two feet for the beast's one, he turned on a sudden on one side of us, and seeing a great oak-tree fit for his purpose, he beckoned us to follow; and doubling his pace, he got nimbly up the tree, laying his gun down upon the ground, at about five or six yards from the bottom of the tree. The bear soon came to the tree, and we followed at a distance. The first thing he did, he stopped at the gun, smelled at it, but let it lie, and up he scrambles into the tree, climbing like a cat, though so monstrous heavy. I was amazed at the folly, as I thought it, of my man, and could not for my life see anything to laugh at yet, till, seeing the bear get up the tree, we all rode near to him.

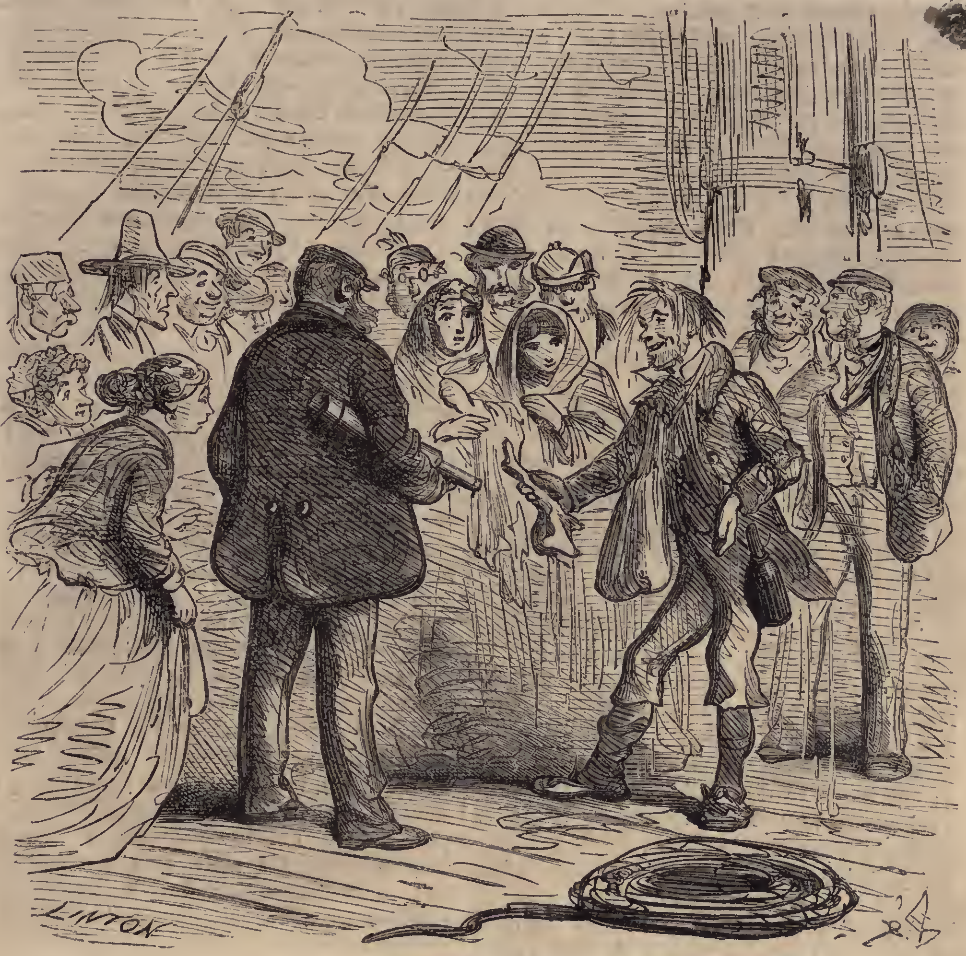
When we came to the tree, there was Friday got out to the small end of a large limb of the tree, and the bear got about half way to him. As soon as the bear got out to that part where the limb of the tree was weaker—"Ha!" says he to us, "now you see me teachee the bear dance;" so he began jumping and shaking the bough, at which the bear began to totter, but stood still, and began to look behind him, to see how he should get back; then, indeed, we did laugh heartily. But Friday had not done with him by a great deal; when seeing him stand still, he called out to him again, as if he had supposed the bear could speak English, "What, you no come farther? pray you come farther;" so he left jumping and shaking the bough; and the bear, just as if he had understood what he said, did come a little farther; then he began jumping again, and the bear stopped again. We thought now was a good time to knock him on the head, and called to Friday to stand still, and we would shoot the bear; but he cried out earnestly, "Oh, pray! oh, pray! no shoot! me shoot by-and-then;" he would have said by-and-by.

However, to shorten the story, Friday danced so much, and the bear stood so ticklish, that we had laughing enough indeed, but still could not imagine what the fellow would do; for first we thought he depended upon shaking the bear off; and we found the bear was too cunning for that too; for he would go out far enough to be thrown down, but clung fast with his great broad claws and feet, so that we could not imagine what would be the end of it, and what the jest would be at last.



(*Drawn by* A. THOMPSON.)

But Friday put us out of doubt quickly: for seeing the bear cling fast to the bough, and that he would not be persuaded to come any farther, "Well, well," says Friday, "you no come farther, me go; you no come to me, me come to you;" and upon this he went out to the smaller end of the bough where it would bend with his weight, and gently let himself down by it, sliding down the bough till he came near enough to jump down on his feet, and away he ran to his gun, took it up, and stood still. "Well," said I to him, "Friday, what will you do now? why don't you shoot him?"—"No shoot," says Friday, "no yet; me shoot now, me no kill; me stay, give you one more laugh:" and, indeed, so he did, as you will see presently; for when the bear saw his enemy gone, he came back from the bough where he stood, but did it very cautiously, looking behind him every step, and coming backward till he got into the body of the tree; then, with the same hinder end foremost, he came down the tree, grasping it with his claws, and moving one foot at a time, very leisurely. At this juncture, and just before he could set his hind feet upon the ground, Friday stepped up close to him, clapped the muzzle of his piece into his ear, and shot him dead as a stone. Then the rogue turned about to see if we did not laugh; and when he saw we were pleased by our looks, he began to laugh very loud. "So we kill bear in my country," says Friday. "So you kill them?" says I; "why, you have no guns."—"No," says he, "no gun, but shoot great much long arrow." This was a good diversion to us; but we were still in a wild place, and our guide very much hurt, and what to do we hardly knew; the howling of wolves ran much in my head; and, indeed, except the noise I once heard on the shore of Africa, of which I have said something already, I never heard anything that filled me with so much horror.



(*Drawn by* Phiz.)

DARBY DOYLE'S VOYAGE TO QUEBEC.

[Anonymous. From a collection of Irish stories reprinted from a Dublin periodical.]

One fine morning in May, I tuck the road from Inchegelagh, an' got up to the Cove safe an' sound. There I saw lots of ships with big broad boords fastened to ropes, every one ov them saying, "The first vessel for Quebec." Siz I to myself, "These are about to run for a wager; this one siz she'll be first, and that one siz she'll be first." At any rate, I pitched on one that was finely painted, and looked long and slender like a corragh on the Shannon. When I wint on boord to ax the fare, who should come up out ov a hole but Ned Flinn, an ould townsman ov my own. "Och, is it yoorself that's there, Ned?" siz I; "are you goin' to Amerrykey?"

"Why, an' to be shure," siz he; "I'm mate ov the ship."

"Meat! that's yer sort, Ned," says I; "then we'll only want bread. Hadn't I betther go and pay my way?"

"You're time enough," says Ned, "I'll tell you when we're ready—leave the rest to me, Darby."

"Och, tip us your fist," siz I; "you were always the broth ov a boy; for the sake of ould times, Ned, we must have a dhrop." So, my jewel, Ned brought me to where there was right good stuff. Many's the squeeze Ned gave my fist, telling me to leave it all to him, an' how comfortable he'd make me on the voyage. Day afther day we spint together, waitin' for the wind, till I found my pockets begin to grow very light. At last, says he to me, one day afther dinner—

"Darby, the ship will be ready for sae on the morrow—you'd betther go on boord, an' pay your way."

"Is it jokin' you are, Ned?" siz I; "shure you tould me to leave it all to you."

"Ah, Darby," siz he, "you're for takin' a rise out o' me; shure enough ye were the lad that was never without a joke—the very priest himself couldn't get over ye. But, Darby, there's no joke like the thrue one. I'll stick to my promise; but, Darby, you must pay your way."

"Oh, Ned," siz I, "is this the way your goin' to threat me afther all? I'm a rooin'd man; all I could scrape together I spint on you. If you don't do something for me, I'm lost. Is there no place where you could hide me from the captain?"

"Not a place," siz Ned.

"An' where, Ned, is the place I saw you comin' up out ov?"

"Och, Darby, that was the hould, where the cargo's stow'd."

"An' is there no other place?" siz I.

"Oh, yes," siz he, "where we keep the wather casks."

"An' Ned," siz I, "does any one live down there?"

"Not a mother's sowl," siz he.

"An' Ned," siz I, "can't you cram me down there, and give me a lock ov straw an' a bit?"

"Why, Darby," siz he, an' he look'd mighty pittyful, "I must thry. But mind, Darby, you'll have to hide all day in an empty barrel, an' when it comes to my watch, I'll bring you down some prog; but if you're discover'd, it's all over wid me, an' you'll be put on a dissilute island to starve."

"Oh, Ned," siz I, "leave it all to me—never fear Darby—I'll mind my eye."

When night cum on, I got down into the dark cellar, among the barrels; poor Ned fixed a place in a corner for me to sleep, an' every night he brought me down hard black cakes an' salt meat. There I lay snug for a whole month. At last, one night, siz he to me—

"Now, Darby, what's to be done? We're within three days sail ov Quebec; the ship will be over-haul'd, an' all the passengers' names call'd over; if you are found, you'll be sould as a slave for your passage money."

"An' is that all that frets you, my jewel?" siz I; "can't you leave it all to me? Why, I'll tell ye, Ned: get me an empty meal bag, a bottle, an' a bare ham-bone, an' that's all I'll ax."

So Ned look'd very quare at me; but he got them for me anyhow.

"Well, Ned," siz I, "you know I'm a great shwimmer; your watch will be early in the mornin'; I'll jist slip down into the sae; do you cry out, 'There's a man in the wather,' as loud as you can, an' leave all the rest to me."

Well, to be sure, down into the sae I dropt without as much as a splash. Ned roar'd out with the hoarseness of a brayin' ass—"A man in the sea—a man in the sea." Every man, woman, an' child came running up out of the holes, the captain among the rest, who put a long red barrel like a gun to his eye—an' so, thinkin' he was intint on shootin' me, down I dived. When I got my head over the wather agen, what shou'd I see but a boat rowin' to me as fast as a throut afther a pinkeen. When it came up close enough to be heard, I roared out, "Bad scran to yees, for a set ov spalpeen rascals, did ye hear me at last?" The boat now run 'pon the top ov me; down I dived again like a duck afther a frog, but the minnit my skull camo over the wather, I was gript by the scruff ov the neck, and dhrag'd into the boat. To be sure, I didn't kick up a row. "Let go my hair, ye blue devils," I roared, 'it's well ye have me in your marcy in this dissilute place, or be the powers I'd make you feel the strinth ov my bones. What hard look I had to follow ye's at all, at all; which ov ye is the masther?" As I said this, every mother's son began to stare at me, with my bag round my neck, an' my bottle by my side, an' the bare bone in my fist. "There he is," siz they, pointing to a little yellow man in a corner of the boat. "May bad weather rise blisthers on your rapin-hook shins," siz I, "you yellow-looking monkey; but it's amost time for you to think of lettin' me into your ship—I'm here plowin' and plungin' this month afther ye; shure I didn't care a thrawneen, was it not that you have my best Sunday clothes in your ship, and my name in your books. For three straws, as I don't know how to write, I'd leave my mark, an' that on your skull;" so saying, I made a lick at him with the ham-bone, but I was near tumblin' into the sae agen.

"An' pray what is your name, my lad?" siz the captain.

"What's my name! What 'id you give to know?" siz I, "ye unmanerly spalpeen—it might be what's your name, Darby Doyle, out ov your mouth—ay, Darby Doyle, that was never afeard or ashamed to own it at home or abroad!"

"An', Mr. Darby Doyle," siz he, "do you mean to persuade us that you swum from Cork to this afther us?"

"That's more of your ignorance," siz I; "ay, an' if ye sted three days longer, and not take me up, I'd be in Quebec before ye, only my purvisions were out, and the few rags of bank-notes I had all melted into paste in my pocket, for I hadn't time to get them changed. But stay, wait till I get my foot on shore, there's never a corroner in Cork iv you don't pay for leaving me to the marcy of the waves."

All this time the blue chaps were pushing the boat with sticks through the wather, till at last we came close to the ship. Every one on board saw me at the Cove, but didn't see me on the voyage; to be sure, every one's mouth was wide open, crying out "Darby Doyle." "The sorra stop your throats," siz I; "it's now ye can call me loud enough; ye wouldn't shout that way when ye saw me rowling like a tub in a mill-race the other day fornenst your faces." The captain does no more but runs to the book, and calls out the names that paid, and them that wasn't paid—to be shure I was one ov them that didn't pay. If the captain looked at me before with wondherment, he now looked with astonishment. Nothing was tawk'd ov for the other three days but Darby Doyle's great shwim from the Cove to Quebeck.

At last we got to Amerrykey. I was now in a quare way; the captain wouldn't let me go till a friend of his would see me. By this time, my jewel, not only his friends came, but swarms upon swarms, staring at poor Darby. At last I called Ned. Siz I—

"What's the meanin' ov the boords acrass the stick the people walk on, and the big white boord up there?"

"Why, come over and read," siz Ned.

But, my jewel, I didn't know whether I was stannin' on my head or on my heels when I saw in great big black letters—

THE GREATEST WONDHER IN THE WORLD!!!
TO BE SEEN HERE,
A Man that beats out Nicholas the Diver!
He has swum from Cork to Amerrykey!!!
Proved on oath by ten of the Crew and twenty Passengers.
Admittance, Half a Dollar.

"Arrah, Ned, jewel," siz I, "does this mane your humble sarvint?"

"Sorra one else," siz he. So I makes no more ado, than with a hop, skip, and jump, gets over to the captain, who was now talkin' to a yallow fellow that was afther starin' me out ov countenance.

"Pardon my rudeness, your honour," siz I, mighty polite, and making a bow—at the same time Ned was at my heels—so rising my foot to give the genteel scrape, sure I scraped all the skin off his shins.

"To the ould boy with your brogues," siz he.

"You'd betther not curse the wearer," siz I, "or——"

"Oh, Darby," siz the captain, "don't be unginteel, and so many ladies and gintlemen lookin' at ye."

"The never an other mother's sowl shall lay their peepers on me till I see sweet Inchegelagh agen," siz I; "you are doin' it well. How much money have ye gathered for my shwimmin'?"

"Be quiet, Darby," siz the captain; and he looked very much frickened; "I have plenty, and I'll have more for ye iv ye do what I want ye to do."

"And what is it, avick?" siz I.

"Why, Darby," siz he, "I'm after houldin' a wager last night with this gintleman, for all the worth ov my ship, that you'll shwim against any shwimmer in the world; and, Darby, if you don't do that I'm a gone man."

"Augh, give us your fist," siz I; "did you ever hear ov the sons ov the sod desavin' any man in the European world yet—barrin' themselves?"

"Well, Darby," siz he, "I'll give you a hundred dollars; but, Darby, you must be to your word, and you shall have another hundred."

So saying, he brought me down into the cellar; but, my jewel, I didn't think for the life ov me to see such a wondherful place; nothin' but goold every way I turned, and Darby's own sweet face in twenty places. I was amost ashamed to ax the gintleman for the dollars. But siz I to myself agen, "The gintleman has too much money; I suppose he does be throwin' it into the sae, for I often heard the sae was richer than the land, so I may as well take it, anyhow."

"Now, Darby," siz he, "here's the dollars for ye." But, my jewel, it was only a bit ov paper he was handin' me.

"Arrah, none of yer thricks upon thravellers," siz I; "I had betther nor that, and many more of them, melted in the sae; give me what won't wash out of my pocket."

"Why, Darby," siz he, "this is an ordher on a marchant for the amount."

"Pho, pho!" siz I, "I'd sooner take your word nor his oath;" looking round mighty respectful at the goold walls.

"Well, well," Darby," siz he, "you must have the real thing;" so, sure enough, he reckoned me out a hundred dollars in goold. I never saw the like since the stockin' fell out of the chimly on my aunt, and cut her forred.

Afther a bit, who comes down but Ned.

"Captain," siz he, "the deck is crowded; I had to block up the gangway to prevint any more from coming in to see Darby. Bring him up, or as sure as a gun the ship 'ill be sunk."

"Come up, Darby," siz the captain, smilin' wonderful pleasant at myself. When I got up, sure enough, I couldn't help starin'; such crowds ov fine ladies and yallow gintlemen never was seen before in any ship.

At last the day came that I was to stand the tug. I saw the captain lookin' very often at me. At last—

"Darby," siz he, "are you any way cow'd? The fellow you have to shwim agenst can shwim down watherfalls an' cathharacts."

"Can he, avick?" siz I; "but can he shwim up agenst them? An' who shou'd come up while I was tawkin' to the captain but the chap I was to shwim with, and heard all I sed. Och! his eyes grew as big as two oysther shells. Then the captain called me aside.

"Darby," siz he, "do you put on this green jacket an' white throusers, that the people may betther extinguish you from the other chap."

"With all hearts, avick," siz I, "green for ever—Darby's own favourite colour the world over; but where am I goin' to, captain."

"To the shwimmin' place, to be shure," siz he.

"Here's at you, my hearty," siz I, "and the de'il take the hindmost." I was then inthroduced in due form to the shwimmer. I looked at him from head to foot. He was so tall that he could eat bread and butther over my head—with a face as yellow as a kite's foot."

"Where are we goin' to shwim to?" siz I, though, if all was known, I felt myself rightly nonplushed at the same time. But never a word he answered.

"Are you bothered, neighbour?" siz I to him again, mighty stiff.

"I reckon I'm not," siz he, as chuff as a bear.

"Well, then," siz I, "why didn't you answer your betthers? What id ye think iv we swum to Keep Cleer or the Keep ov Good Hope?"

"I reckon neither," siz he, agen, eyein' me as iv I was goin' to pick his pockets.

So off we set through the crowds ov ladies and gintlemen. Such cheerin' an' wavin' ov hats never was seen even at Dan's enthry into Dublin; an' then the row of purty girls laughin'. To be shure, no one cou'd be lookin' to the ground, an' not be lookin' at them, till at last I was thript up by a big lump ov iron stuck fast in the ground, with a big ring to it. "Whoo! Darby," siz I, makin' a hop an' a crack o' my fingers, "you're not down yet." I turned round to look at what thript me.

"What d'ye call that?" siz I to the captain, who was at my elbow.

"Why, Darby," says he, "that's half an anchor."

"Have ye any use for it?" siz I.

"Not in the laste," siz he; "it's only to fasten boats to."

"Maybee, you'd give it to a body," siz I.

"An' welkim, Darby," siz he, "it's yours."

"Good luck to your honour, sir," siz I, "it's my poor father that will pray for you. When I left home, the crathur hadn't as much as an anvil but what was sthreeled away by the agint—bad look to him. This will be jist the thing that'll match him; he can tie the horse to the ring, while he forges on the other part. Now, will ye obleege me by gettin' a couple ov chaps to lay it on my shouldher when I get into the wather, and I won't have to be comin' back for it afther I shake hands with this fellow." Bedad, the chap turned from yellow to white when he heard me say this; an' siz he to the gintleman that was walkin' by his side—

"I reckon I'm not fit for the shwimmin' to-day—I don't feel myself."

"An' murdher in Irish, if you're yer brother, can't you send him for yourself, an' I'll wait here till he comes. Here man, take a dhrop of this before ye go. Here's to your betther health, an' your brother's into the bargain." So I took off my glass, and handed him another; but the never a dhrop ov it he'd take.

"No force, avick," siz I, "maybee you think there's poison in it"—an' takin' another glass myself—"well, here's good look to us once more. An' when will ye be able for the shwim, avick?" siz I, mighty complisant.

"I reckon in another week," siz he.

So we shook hands and parted. The poor fellow went home—took the fever—then began to rave—"Shwim up catharacts!—shwim to the Keep of Good Hope!—shwim to Keep Clear!—shwim with an anchor on his back! Oh! oh! oh! that'll never do for me."

I now thought it best to be on the move; so I gathered up my winners, and here I sit under my own hickory threes, as indepindent as any Yankee.

REBECCA AND IVANHOE.

[Sir Walter Scott, born at Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. Educated at High School and College. Best known as author of the "Waverley Novels." After a life of much vicissitude he expired at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832.]

Following with wonderful promptitude the directions of Ivanhoe, and availing herself of the protection of the large ancient shield, which she placed against the lower part of the window, Rebecca, with tolerable security to herself, could witness part of what was passing without the castle, and report to Ivanhoe the preparations which the assailants were making for the storm.

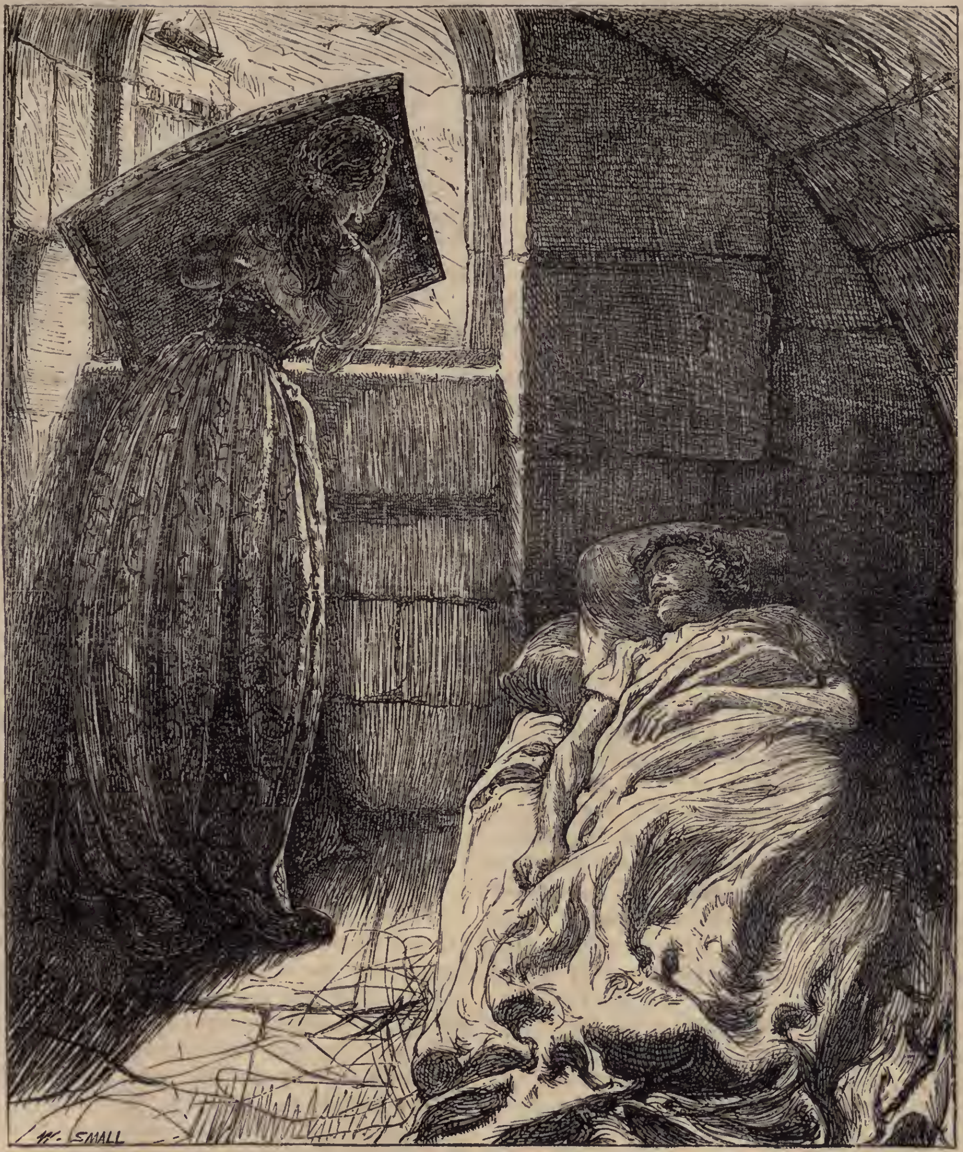
"The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed! Seest thou who they be that act as leaders?"

"A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."



(*Drawn by* W. SMALL.)

"What device does he bear on his shield?" inquired Ivanhoe.

"Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield."

"A fetterlock and shacklebolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?"

"Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."

"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.

"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They appear even now preparing to advance."

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath—look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca. "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbacan. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back! Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. It is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand. Look again; there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—his sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters, like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar; their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca, "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads; and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren?"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield?—who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—the besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers."

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, rising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

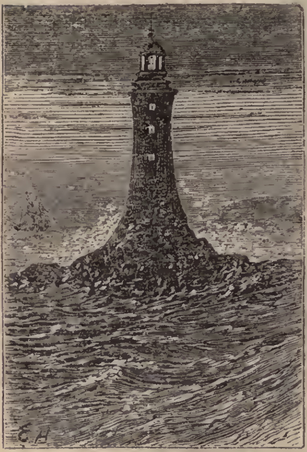
"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat! Oh, men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca; "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. *See Page* 14.]



The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light,
With strange, unearthly splendour in its glare.

Not one alone; from each projecting cape,
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher, it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;
And, when returning from adventures wild,
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, through all the silent night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame—
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain;
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings, and winds, and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within,
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye stately ships!
And with your floating bridge the ocean span;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man."

THE MUSIC GRINDERS.

[O. W. Holmes. *See Page* 30.]

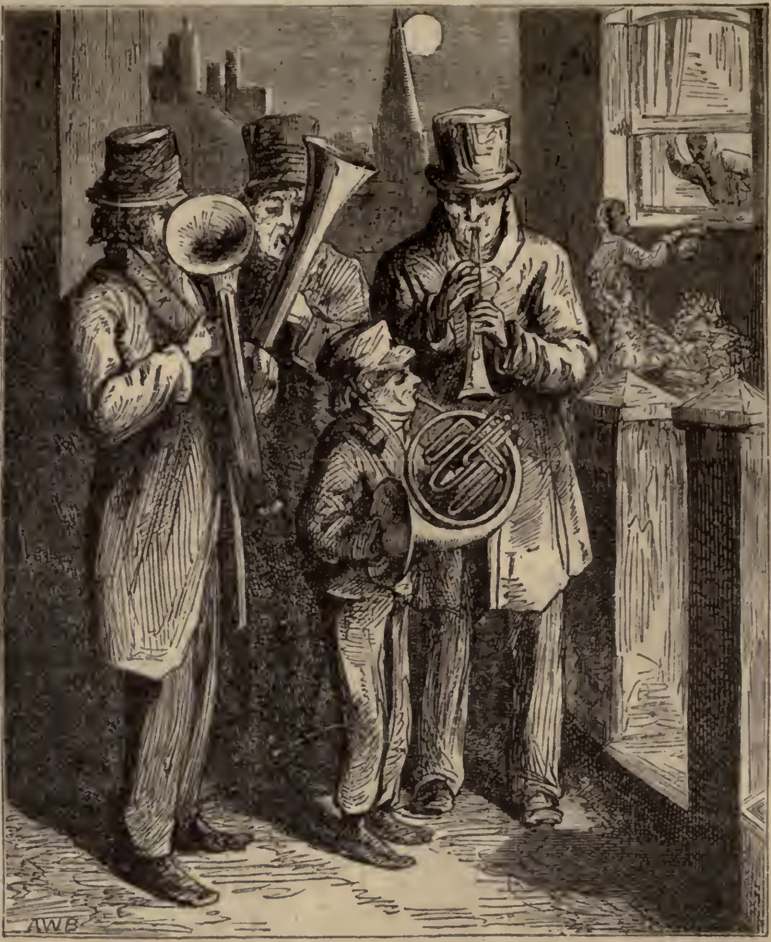
There are three ways in which men take
One's money from his purse,
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
And counting up your gains;
A fellow jumps out from a bush,
And takes your horse's reins,
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot;
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine—
Some filthy creature begs;
You'll hear about the cannon ball
That carried off his pegs,
And say it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor little lovely innocents,
All clamorous for bread-
And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.



(*Drawn by* A. W. Boyes.)

You're sitting on your window-seat
  Beneath a cloudless moon:
You hear a sound, that seems to wear
  The semblance of a tune;
As if a broken fife should strive
  To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
  Of music seems to come;
There's something like a human voice,
  And something like a drum:
You sit in speechless agony,
  Until your ear is numb.

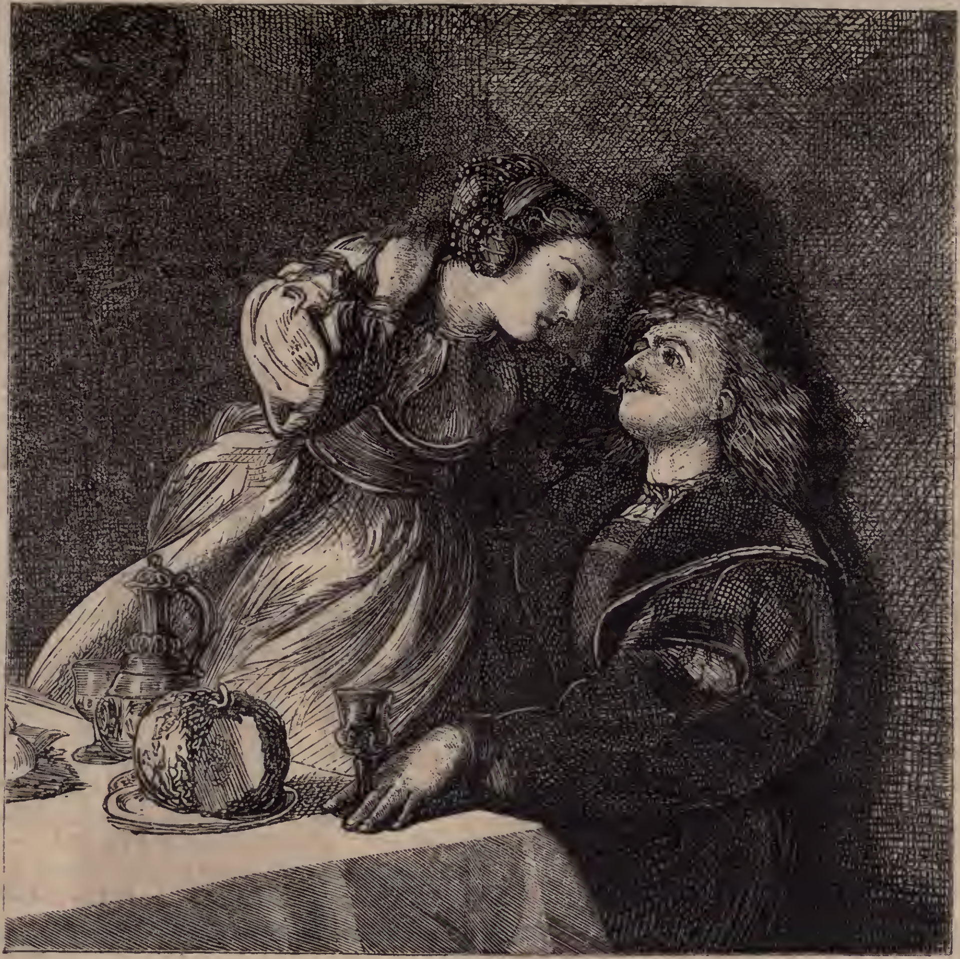
Poor "Home, sweet home," should seem to be
  A very dismal place:
Your "Auld acquaintance," all at once,
  Is altered in the face;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
  Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

But hark! the air again is still,
  The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes,
  To heal the blows of sound;
It cannot be— it is— it is—
  A hat is going round!

No! Pay the dentist when he leaves
  A fracture in your jaw;
And pay the owner of the bear
  That stunned you with his paw·
And buy the lobster that has had
  Your knuckles in his claw:

But if you are a portly man,
  Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
  To turn them out of town;
Then close your sentence in a rage,
  And shut the window down.

And if you are a slender man,
  Not big enough for that,
Or if you cannot make a speech,
  . Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
  A button in the hat.



TO CELIA.

[Ben Jonson, born 1574, made Poet Laureate in 1619. Chiefly known as a dramatist. Died 1637.]

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!

JOHN STRONG'S BOX.

[Anonymous. Originally published in *Hood's Magazine*, the Editor of which was unable to discover the author.]

Though the night was cold, though the church clock had added another sixth hour to the eternity of the dead, and another unit for record on each mouldering stone, the sexton still stood with the key in the churchyard gate, and kept his eye upon the collar of the clerk's superfine black coat.

"Lastly," said the clerk, "let the Swiggles' pew be nicely cleaned by Sunday, for they are uncommon nice people; and give an excellent cup of tea, and exceedingly well-buttered toast."

The clerk, as he said this, looked down at the sleeve of his coat, and had stepped two paces forward, when a fat little woman, gay in a light-coloured bonnet, touched the coat of orthodoxy.

"Pray, sir, can you tell me at what number in the next street Mr. Swiggle, the chandler, lives?"

The clerk coughed as he would have done before lecturing an unruly parish-boy, and then looked down at the inquirer.

"Do you know the Swiggleses? do you take tea in the bosom of that brotherly family?"

The fat little woman had a weak voice, so she faintly said, "No."

"I'm going there to tea. I can show you the way. Come on."

The little woman obeyed, but she had not stepped twelve little steps to the clerk's six cloisteral strides, before he stopped abruptly and looked stern, as if, like St. Peter, he was about to bind and fasten.

"What are you?"

"I'm Martha Dipple, sir. Zechariah, sir—that's my husband—is in the same trade as the Swiggles—the tallow and mould line, sir."

The Swiggles' shop was not a shining light in the neighbourhood, for the proprietor burnt dips instead of gas; nevertheless, beyond the shop, all looked thriving and comfortable; and by the brightness of the great brass candlestick on the staircase, or in the carpet-rods, the clerk might have trimmed his chin. Up this staircase the clerk and the little woman went; the way led by a hot-faced, tiny servant maid, just decked with two red roses fresh from the kitchen fire, for the sixteenth round had been buttered and toasted.

The clerk, making a profound bow, entered the Swiggles' tea parlour; nearly the third cup was forth, and on its way.

Enough of crumbs fell from portly laps beneath the table at his entrance to have fed all the ravens from sea to sea. Mrs. Swiggles put a little something genuine into her anticipated fourth cup by mistake; and Miss Numble, the poor relation, in her fright, helped herself to the plum-cake.

The clerk sat down; the sixteen tea-spoons clattered again, cake and toast were between the ceiling and the floor, nipped in thirty-two thumbs and fingers, when the fat little woman, just sipping the hot cup of tea set before her, wiped her forehead, for she was nervous in company, and said—

"I'm come to hear about John Strong's character; for I, and my Selina, and Dipple my husband, say as how he must be respectable."

"Strong is an industrious, good, worthy man," replied Swiggle, putting another lump of sugar in his tea.

"John is orderly, clean and pious," remarked Mrs. Swiggle.

"Follows the parson in all his responses," said the clerk.

"Don't drink only half-and-half," chimed in the landlord of the "Sun," two doors off.

"And is very civil when he answers the door," whispered Miss Numble.

"But he has"—— said Swiggle.

"Yes, he has," interrupted Mrs. Swiggle.

"A sweetheart?" laughed the merry landlord.

"A fortune?" inquired the poor relation.

"John has got a box," roared Swiggle, putting a little of the genuine into his own tea.

"'Tis certainly a money-box," thought Miss Numble.

"It may be a deed box, fire-proof," remarked a lawyer's clerk.

"Or the register of an improper marriage, or the evidence of a fello-de-see," mumbled the clerk.

"Is it large?" asked one.

"Is it round?" said another.

"Is it dark or light?" inquired a third.

"I might judge by its outward signs, its inward portion," again shouted the clerk, swallowing a prawn as large as his spectacles.

"No, no!" said Swiggle; "John is a worthy, honest servant, and his secret shall be kept so in my house. This is his only oddity, and no man has a right to question it. A box may be kept locked without holding a sin within it."

The clerk shook his head; but, being in the middle of a slice of seed cake, he thought of the vicar, and said nothing.

The little fat woman fastened up her topmost curl, and tied her hat strings, whilst she remarked, "That as John was to be one of the Dipples in eating and drinking, and sitting by the fire, every one would not do, for Selina was marriageable, and Zechariah, when out of his line, did not keep his eye in the chimney-corner." By which Mrs. Dipple meant, that Zechariah had a hobby on which he mounted very often, and rode abroad.

"Take John, and take a treasure," said the good-natured Swiggle, whilst the faint-voiced little woman courtesied to all; constitutionally beginning with the church first. "I'm only sorry we're going to part; money, Mrs. Dipple, is the sole cause, for John wants more wages, and I shall have, come Lady-day, an eighth little Swiggle to bring up in the way it should go."

Mrs. Dipple was satisfied; as she stepped down the staircase, she looked into the rotundity of the brass candlestick, and resolved that John Strong and his box should find a home in Rotherhithe.

Swiggle, opening the door of his office—in size a tea-tray—in contents, ledgers and wax candles—introduced the new mistress to the new servant. John was a north-countryman of burly stature, light hair, large features, and gifted with the virtue of silence. A virtue of an expectant kind, for thought is bred by silence, and truth dwells with contemplation. He said "yes" and "no," took up his pen again, and the little woman, as she touched the handle of the door, concluded the negotiation by saying, "Tuesday next."

That day was an eventful one, in the second floor bedroom and comfortable kitchen of Zechariah Dipple's home. It was a day of doubt and anticipative mystery, a day when "Box" was the word.

"Here it will perhaps stand," said the fat little woman, as she dusted the chest of drawers in John's bedroom, and turned round to Selina, who was daintily tacking up the fresh, crisp window blinds; "or here, or perhaps under the bed, or, if it's not very large, beside his pillow, perhaps. Dr. Badger thought, when he was here this morning, that it might stand on the drawers themselves."

"Mother," remonstrated Selina, stepping back to see if her work was neatly done, and who, in spite of her high-bred name, was the most humble and unsuspicious-hearted little creature in the world; "don't be curious; if he be honest and faithful to my father, let him have as many boxes as a voyager that has to sail round the world. What matters it to us?"

The little woman shook her head: it was clear from this that the Doctor was an important personage.

A bleak March wind blew southward from the sea, and the oozy waves of the Thames rolled hoarsely against the chandler's little wharf, when a gentle hand touched the old man's arm. The little red spark in the bowl of the pipe had flickered up and died, so he dismounted, and took his child's hand, when she whispered the word "Supper." Across the old wharf they went together, gently, carefully, for the night was dark, and strange anchors, tubs, and piles of timber were strewn about. He pushed the back-door open: there was the kitchen, with its jolly rosy light, its fire, its cheerful supper. There, too, was the Doctor; there, too, was the little woman, evidently with her ear open, for Dr. Badger had just dropped the word "anatomy" from his tongue.

The supper was commenced, but it was a curious one; not in the viands, for they were excellent; but for the attendant interlude, like a little by-play to a coming farce.

"Any more turnover, Doctor? Excuse me, sir, there he is."

"Now you'll know," remarked the Doctor, dropping his knife and fork.

"Know what?" asked Zechariah, testily; "eat your pudding, woman, and hold your tongue. Wasn't I telling you how the wind whistled and——"

"There he is, and there's the box," interrupted the fat little woman, jumping up, neither hearing the continuation of her husband's story, nor Selina's remonstrative "mother." Her curiosity was at the last extremity; she jumped up, took the candle, and hastened to the front door. There, sure enough, was John, and the box firm and fast in his right hand. The little woman's eyes fell upon it: she walked as in a dream. Her wonder grew apace from the front door to the kitchen; by the kitchen table it was at a climax; like the frog in La Fontaine, it could be puffed up no more without explosion. There were other boxes at the door, but they were forgotten; *they* needed not the prefix of a definite article.

John bowed to Selina and the doctor, and shook his honest master by the hand heartily, for a reserved and silent man, and his eye looked bright and glad as it glanced around the happy, smiling hearth. The hand of faith and the hand of honest purpose seemed heartily held forth, as much as if hand could say, Here, master, this shall honestly serve you; here, servant, this is yours in faith and belief. Old Zechariah, in despite of the doctor's desire to keep it to himself, took up a bottle of enticing Jamaica, filled a little gold-eyed glass, and held it to his own lips whilst he said, veritably smacking his lips at its prodigious flavour, "John, my man, here's a welcome to you." And John, in his turn, filled another little gold-eyed glass, and answered, "Thank ye."

"Let me take your box," said the little woman, moving her glassy eyes.

"'Tis heavy with——" remarked the doctor. "He—m! Books!—Do you study, eh! What?—divinity—mechanics—geometry——"

"Men—a little," answered John, drily, as he took the candlestick, looked at the doctor, and asked the way to his chamber. John's heavy tramp was heard upon the staircase, his foot across the chamber floor, then all was still.

"Oh! dear," exclaimed the little woman, breaking the silence; "there it is—there—it's going down by the drawers—there—there—he's opening it—and——"

"Hush, mother," whispered Selina.

"A secret crime," outspoke the doctor, "and——"

"Charity, charity, faith in God and man," interrupted Zechariah, lighting his pipe, and, it might be, thinking of those men who sailed to the unknown seas with faith in God alone, and His stars to mark their path. "Charity in *my* house, Dr. Badger; charity for John Strong."

Badger buttoned up his coat, and bowed himself from the kitchen, with a stiff "Good night."

"My dear," said Zechariah, when the street-door was closed, "never let that Badger come here again."

"Why, Zechariah, his pills have cured you.

"Then let him take them, and cure his own spleen first before he comes here again. A little charity, Mrs. Dipple, or why do we hear godly sermons?"

John Strong's foot was heard upon the stairs, so the little woman made no answer to the old man's kindly remonstrance, but when the supper was over crept up-stairs, in a very Eveish manner;

to peep and to wonder at the poor humble oaken box.

Weeks went by. John Strong proved himself a peerless servant, trusty, honest, faithful. More ships outward bound stayed at the little wharf; more golden coin fell into the little parlour till; more good was everywhere.

Yet the little meek-voiced woman, in her secret heart, was ill at ease; the mystery was unsolved, and she had not Badger to consult. When she made John's bed, she shook the box; when she dusted his room, she turned it upside down; when the day was clear, she peeped within the four little gimlet-holes of the top, and saw nothing but darkness. The box was with Mrs. Dipple at home and abroad.

Selina, kind, gentle as she was, guessed that the box held the memory of a sorrow. She saw wisely within the heart of a man. She never touched the box, never turned it, never was unjustly curious; yet as she tucked up fresh crisp blinds, or laid a little book upon the table, or a note, or a few flowers, or a plant in the windows, she wondered, but not ignobly. She was only made gentler and kinder by this observed touch of sorrow; she would not add to it—not she.

John never talked of his history, his friends, or whom he knew, or whence he came; and, moreover, you could not ask him questions. One thing more than all, now summer was come, was his going forth every Sunday and holiday at noon with his box, not again returning with it till late in the evening; then the little wondering heart saw that he was always sad.

One August Sunday afternoon some little matter of business took the old man from his home, and as he wanted company, he bid his pretty daughter put on her best bib and tucker, and come away with him to the fields. So she did. Towards evening they reached a little secluded village amid the Surrey hills, with a quaint primitive church, ivy-clad, and topped by a golden spire, on which glittered the last smile of the setting sun.

The old man's business lay with the landlord of the little village inn, so the girl stepped out into the garden, from thence, by a primitive green lane, into the lonely churchyard—a quiet, quaint, hidden place, where even the flowers slept, and the tall grass waved gently. She found a little wayward path amidst the tiny graves; she passed beneath the angel-gloried window, and there before her, in the shadiest spot, with his back towards her, seated on the grass, with his head bent forward and his hands clasped, with the box by his side and the lid open, sat John Strong—veritable, silent, and, to all human ken, unpoetical John Strong.

She looked, she could scarcely believe, yet in looking she felt herself guilty, guilty beyond all self-pardon. Yet, might not some redeeming pardon lie in silence, imitative, virtuous silence? Oh! little heart, why was it so trusty? She crept back again, scarcely breathing, never looking back, on, on, into the green and overshadowed lane, and there she stopped and thought. Why was she pale and silent that night? Zechariah asked why.

At home Mrs. Dipple took tea alone; one cup was all, though four were her quantity; as to the toast, it dried upon the hob, and hissed and frizzled till the butter was no more. Her thoughts were with John's box. She thought and thought till the bells tolled for church; then she dressed, took up her prayer-book, laid it down again, then took forth from the closet a phial, locked up the house, put the key in her pocket, and took her way to Dr. Badger's, forbidden Dr. Badger's.

"Come in," cried Badger.

The meek-voiced little woman entered tremblingly, and produced the little bottle.

"Three pen'orth of laudanum, doctor; I've got——"

"Got the pills over the way at Shuker's, eh?"

"Zechariah would have 'em there since——"

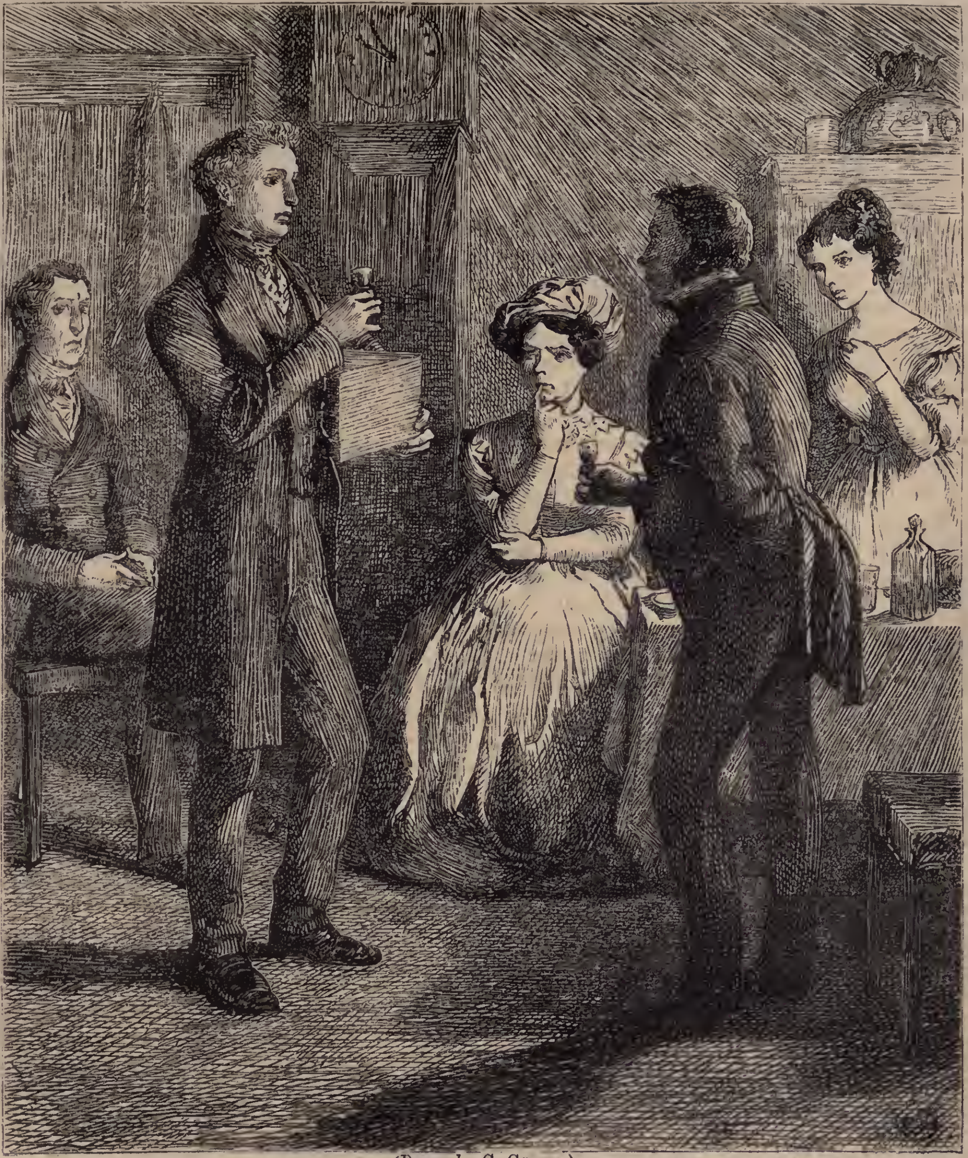
"Yes, yes, I know, Mrs. Dipple, since that fellow with his box——. Oh, yes, I perfectly understand. Let Shuker make the pills and have a family practice, because I saw what was in a vagabond's box; yes, yes, I understand. Get your laudanum elsewhere, ma'am."

The little meek-voiced woman set down her bottle nevertheless. She was not ill-natured, yet she longed to hear Badger's particular opinions respecting John Strong. So she talked so placidly, so enticingly, so tickled Badger's hopes that he should supplant Shuker, that he forthwith left the bitter ingredients alone, drew a little bottle from a three-cornered cupboard, the contents of which proved cordial and medicinal, put his chair close to the little woman, and pounded his aloes and his gentian in another fashion, and with his aspic tongue.

By the time church was over, the little woman went home in a very confidential humour, perfectly convinced Badger was a much abused man, and quite full of anticipative examination of John Strong's box, and a tête-à-tête cup of tea that the doctor promised to take with her on the following Wednesday afternoon, when Zechariah and John were to go down the river, and Selina to see a friend on Tower Hill.

Wednesday came; the doctor was in his best black coat, the souchong was strong, the muffins unexceptionable, the cream thick.

The doctor having finished his six well-sweetened cups of tea, the little woman carefully locked the front and back doors, and led the way to John's room, stopping at every two stairs, under pretext



(*Drawn by* C. GREEN.)

of fetching her breath, but in reality to still a little conscious fluttering about the heart, that increased to a wild, hesitating throb, as she turned the handle of the door. There was the box. No candle was wanted, for the setting sun fell warmly within the little chamber, and the doctor's eyes were like the magnifying telescope. Veritably, like the boy with the apple-pie, the doctor peeped into it, and touched it, and eyed it, and longed for it, and mourned for it, and nodded for it, and questioned it, and rubbed it, and stared at it, and viewed it, and watched it, and would if he could have cut it, and divided it, and fought for it, and got it, and kept it, and finally would have opened it.

"And what does it hold?" asked the little woman, exploding with curiosity, and interrupting the Doctor's turnings, and twistings, and shakings. Badger was on his knees; he turned round, placed his two hands in the form of a trumpet to his mouth, and hissed up into the little woman's face, in a ghastly manner, "*Something alive!*"

The little woman's heart throbbed ten times more, her face was very pale, her voice sunk to a hoarse whisper.

"Alive, alive, alive!" she said, "alive, living without food, and with a very little air—alive! What can it be? Is it a snake? is it a crab? is it a bird?"

"Whew," whistled Badger, rattling the box up and down, "whew—a secret!—he—m."

Matters were at this climax, when a grappling-iron was thrown upon the little wharf, a flapping sail eddied and settled towards the breeze, darkening the window-panes with its momentary shadow, and a lusty voice called out for Zechariah. The little woman had been left to deliver the necessary reply to this expected summons, so she unwillingly, reluctantly, witnessed one more shake and one more rattle, and crept from the room, and bid Badger follow her for fear of accidents. The doctor obeyed, with a wink and a nod. Once more in the kitchen, he sobered himself with three lumps of sugar and a little wine, whilst the good woman stepped down to the wharf. As he thus stood, the boiling kettle steaming on the fire caught his eye; he hesitated a moment, then stepped to the window, stepped back again, took up the kettle, slipped off his shoes, crept to John's room, poured the boiling water through one of the tiny holes in the box, crept down again, filled the kettle from the neighbouring water tap, put it on the fire, took another lump of sugar, and laughed.

He was just anticipating a soothing sip of Zechariah's incomparable Jamaica, when the little woman crossed the wharf, and coming in, whispered that Zechariah was sculling himself up the river, and was in sight of the wharf; then she asked in an agitated under-breath what the secret was; but Badger only smiled, "whew'd" again, put on his hat, and crept forth from the front door, which the little woman held open for him.

Business in the lading of an outbound vessel kept trusty John Strong from home the remainder of that week, till late on the Saturday afternoon. Then there was the business of closing the wharf for the night, and paying off the workmen; and when John did come in, and shook the old man, who was in the chimney-corner smoking his pipe, and Selina by the hand, he went up-stairs.

Little, busy, wondering, dreaming heart, why did it think John Strong so long away up-stairs, and wished him down, and settled the tea-cups twenty times, and had the bread and butter all cut, and the tea all steaming to be poured out; and why did she go to the foot of the stairs, and then come back again irresolutely?

Some errand called the low-voiced little woman to the door; so then Selina, leaving the dreaming old man, went up stairs—only for her thimble or the scissors. Then when she had hesitated more times than she meant to speak words, she stopped before the door, and softly said, "Mr. Strong, the tea is ready." As she said this a heavy sigh, a sob, a convulsive choking by a resisting, self-struggling breast, caught her ear. She tapped at the door—again was the sob; she spoke again, there came no answer. "Mr. Strong—sir, good sir, John, John, what is the matter?" Then the little heart beat so and grew so fearful—so very fearful, lest Mr. Strong, sir, John, should be ill, that all hesitation passed away; she stopped to think no longer, but opened the door and went in, gently, fearfully, and wonderingly. There, too, was a pitiable sight, to one so pitying: the strange, silent, unsubdued, unsentimental man sobbing in anguish like a froward child, sobbing convulsively, weakly, pitiably, as strong men do with anguish at their hearts. She stepped back, then went nearer, then hushed as if she spoke beside a sleeping child, asked John if he were ill, and—and—that she——

The strong man looked up, and saw the angel of pity by his side, as pure from earthly curiosity as the brightest winged spirit that ever housed on earth; so then he pointed to the box, and took her hand, and sobbed again. Then, whilst the little fettered hand trembled, he looked up again, dried his tears, and said but few words, "Pity, oh, indeed a pity, when a little darkling, silent, brooding life, was all earth had left—pity, pity!"

"Oh! sir—oh! John, who has touched upon your secret?"

"I know," said John; "cruelly, wickedly 'tis done. Be silent that I have been a child, and am a child in heart. Mercy, mercy, good, kind girl. Tell no one, and to-morrow—to-morrow afternoon, in God's warm sunlight, the secret shall be yours. You will then judge how pitiably, how wickedly the cruelty has been done."

The little beating, now hoping heart, wept away again; and when she had dried her sympathetic tears, she went down stairs, and John came too, by-and-by, not a weak, sobbing child, but a man, silent and sorrowful, yet with a wandering eye, that whispered how the heart can have a newer spring-time.

The morrow was as bright as the previous Sabbath. More bright in the eyes, and to the senses of one, who to the summer day of sunlight and flowers, watched that hope and secret pride.

Then, after dinner, John said to the old man that he would take his daughter to a little country village, for the summer air; and the old man said with hearty voice he might, and kissing his child, fell from thence into one of his excursive and voyaging reveries.

John manfully brought the box down-stairs; the little woman saw it with wonderment, though she dare not say a word. With this in his right hand, and the little tiny hand upon his left arm, he set forth.

The sun was waning when they reached, through the over-shadowed lane, the silent, quaint old burial-ground, with its aged, drooping ivy.

Alone, they stood together side by side, upon the heaped turf of a narrow grave, upon which wild flowers grew. Down they sat, nor were the drooping flowers more silent or subdued. At last John spoke.

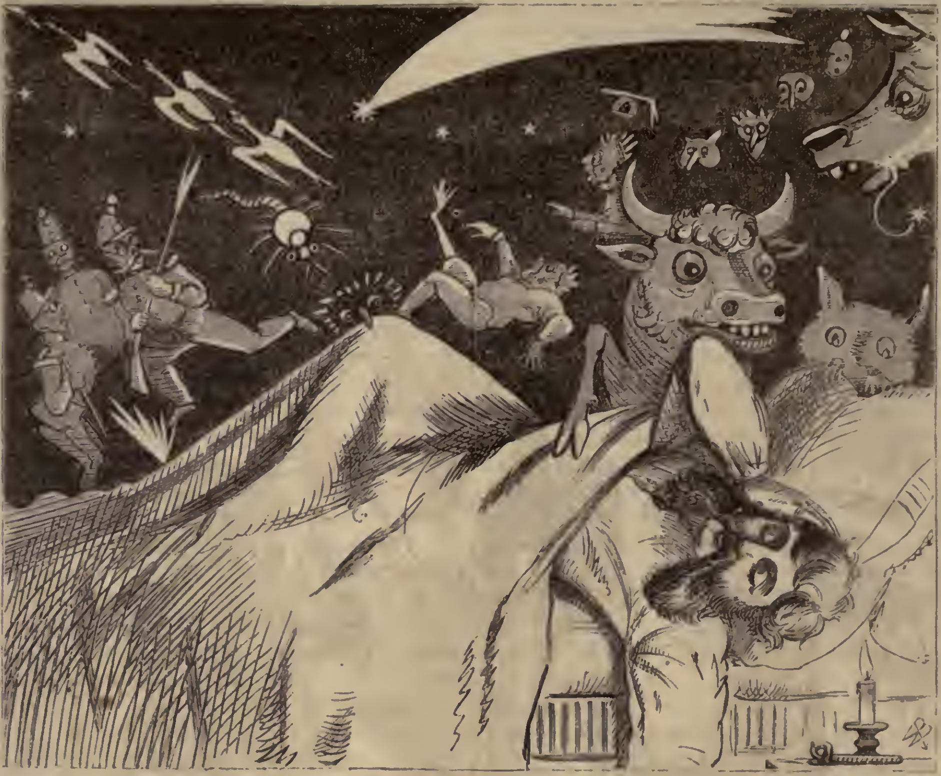
"Here below, beneath this grass, on which the winter's wind and rain falls unpityingly, lies one, who knew no winter of the heart—a poor Italian girl. A shadow never fell upon her spirit—life was one long summer day to her, with flowers, and a sun that never set—that sun was her own heart. Years ago—some fourteen or so—I stood one night in Bethnal Green, homeless, shoeless, foodless, my last penny gone, my home far away amidst the Border hills. A little hand touched mine; a little softened, almost whispering voice, spoke one word 'Bread, bread;' a little tiptoe figure peered up into my face with eyes, that, in the darkened street, looked liked stars in the dull wintry sky. 'Bread, bread,' she said again in broken English, and then setting down this very box, she stepped lightly away, coming back presently, to whisper 'bread' again, and place a loaf within my hand, then, whilst I ate, she drew a little tambourine from beneath her ragged handkerchief, and twirling it round, danced lightly before me. As she danced thus, a heavy foot came along the broken pavement, and a man clutched her arm roughly. 'Dancing for pastime, eh?' he asked. 'Go on.' He pushed her rudely against me. I was about to speak, when she whispered 'hush,' in the same silvery voice, dropped a few pence into my outstretched hand, and followed, like a beaten dog, the coarse, harsh taskmaster, who had a barrel-organ swung across his shoulders. I neither starved, nor was houseless that night. The day after I got work, honest work; want never came again. Months after, I read by accident, that an Italian had been committed to Newgate for a brutal attack upon a poor itinerant dancing girl. My heart told me it was she who had looked pitifully upon me. I sought her. In a cellar in Saffron Hill, crowded with pauperism and misery, debauch and riot, coarse crime and low despair, this girl lay, bedless, but for the cast-off rags of one who groaned cant by day, and rioted in blasphemy by night. I raised her fevered head. I whispered 'Bread, bread,' and when she raised her eyes, they were those that had looked towards God in pity. 'Have you no friends?' I said. She shook her head, but whispered 'Here, here,' and then I placed my hand beside her; there was the little darkling life, brooding, silent, wonderful. She said again, 'Here, here.' Pitiful, oh, pitiful! That night I took her away to a more comfortable home. But she was nearer to heaven than earth—happy, happy, for Earth had reared her with its bitter tears, though she had shed none. She was alone, save for the little darkling life. She lingered months—she wished to die amidst the flowers and fields, to hear the summer wind and thrush's note, to smell the upturned earth and feel the sun. Here she came, and week by week I visited her, till pity and sorrow for Earth's child became love, though the minutes of it were numbered, shorter, shorter, each day upon the sundial. In the summer air she died, in the little cottage garden, with the blue heavens above, and the violets at her feet; and she wished to be buried in a sunny spot. I was alone, alone with the tortoise, that little darkling life, that had been the only thing of comfort to her, and nestled to her, when the world was rough with its giant terrors."

Thus, as he spoke, he looked aside, and *there* another angel of pity wept redeeming tears; they were the first shed in sympathy with him. Nature taught him to take that little hand, and draw it within his own, and then the little head fell droopingly upon his shoulder. It was all pity, pity. Why ask if it were so? There was no necessity to speak, the heart was soluble. John Strong knew full well why the little hand so trembled: he learnt that angels of pity were not extinct upon the earth, and he drew that little hand upwards towards the sun, and towards his lips, and whispered "*mine!*"

A SEA-DIRGE.

[William Shakespeare. *See Page* 33.]

ULL fathom five thy father lies;
  Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
  Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
  Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
                      Ding-dong.
    Hark! now I hear them—
      Ding-dong, bell.
    Hark! now I hear them—
      Ding-dong, bell.



(*Drawn by* W. Brunton.)

THE COMET.

[Oliver Wendell Holmes. *See Page* 30.]

The Comet! he is on his way,
And singing as he flies,
The whizzing planets shrink before
The spectre of the skies;
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,
And satellites turn pale;
Ten million cubic miles of head,
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light,
He flashes and he flames;
He turns not to the left nor right,
He asks them not their names;
One spurn from his demoniac heel,
Away, away they fly,
Where darkness might be bottled up,
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

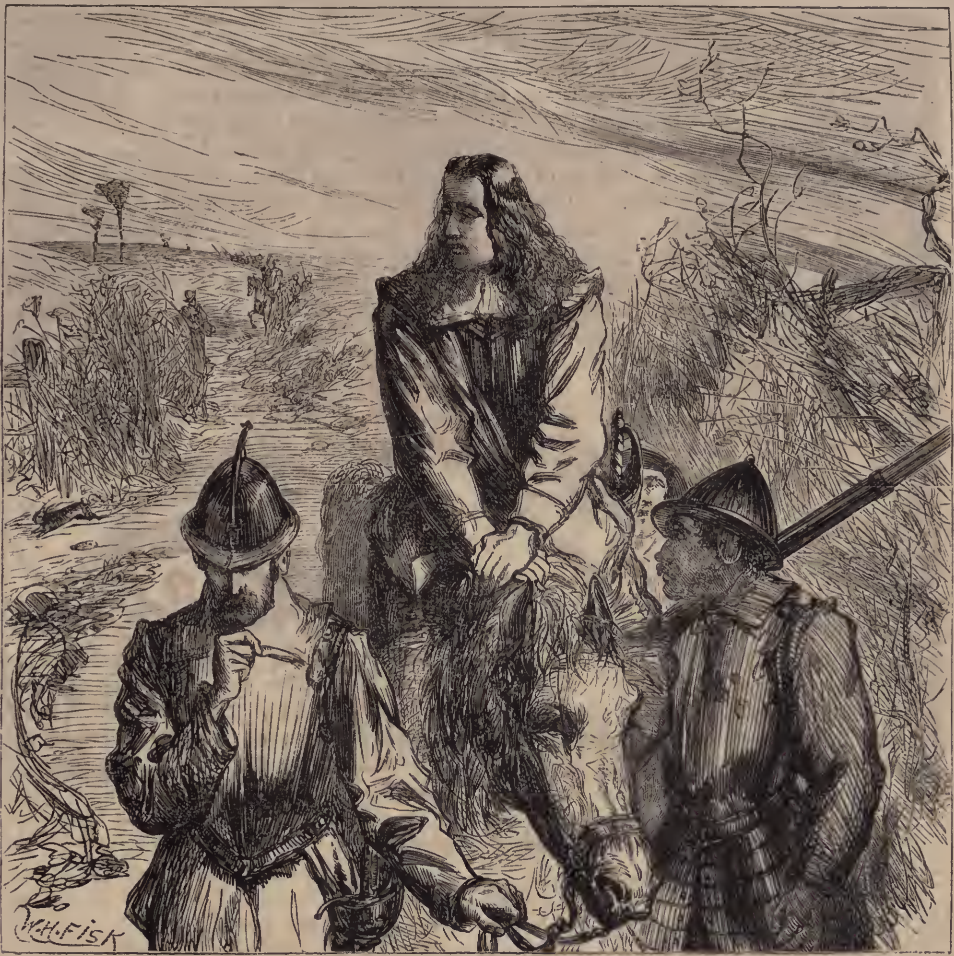
And what would happen to the land,
And how would look the sea,
If in the bearded monster's path
Our earth should chance to be?
Full hot and high the sea would boil,
Full red the forests gleam;
Methought I saw and heard it all
In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube
The comet's course to spy;
I heard a scream,—the gathered rays
Had stewed the tutor's eye;
I saw a fort,—the soldiers all
Were armed with goggles green;
Pop cracked the guns! whizz flew the balls!
Bang went the magazine!

I saw a roasting pullet sit
Upon a baking egg;
I saw a cripple scorch his hand,
Extinguishing his leg;
I saw nine geese upon the wing,
Towards the frozen pole,
And every mother's gosling fell,
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass
Writhe in the blistering rays,
The herbage in his shrinking jaws
Was all a fiery blaze;
I saw huge fishes boiled to rags
Bob through the bubbling brine;
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul—
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! Oh, fearful dream!
Its memory haunts me still,
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,
That wreathed each wooded hill.
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain,
Such midnight visions sweep,
Spare, spare, oh, spare thine evening meal,
And sweet shall be thy sleep!



(*Drawn by* W. H. FISK.)

BATTLE OF CHALGROVE.*

[THOMAS BABINGTON, afterwards Lord, MACAULAY. Born at Rothley Temple, Leicester, October 25th, 1800; died 1859.]

IN the evening of the 17th of June, Rupert darted out of Oxford with his cavalry on a predatory expedition. At three in the morning of the following day, he attacked and dispersed a few Parliamentary soldiers who lay at Postcombe. He then flew to Chinnor, burned the village, killed or took all the troops who were quartered there, and prepared to hurry back with his booty and his prisoners to Oxford.

Hampden had, on the preceding day, strongly represented to Essex the danger to which this part of the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman with a message to the General. The Cavaliers, he said, could return only by Chiselhampton Bridge. A force ought to be instantly dispatched in that direction for the purpose of intercepting them. In the mean time, he resolved to set out with all the cavalry that he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service. But "he was," says Lord Clarendon, "second to none but the General himself in the observance and application of all men." On the field of Chalgrove he came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge, Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone, and lodged in his body. The troops of the Parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

Hampden, with his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck, moved feebly out of the battle. The mansion which had been inhabited by his father-in-law, and from which in his youth he had carried home his bride Elizabeth, was in sight. There still remains an affecting tradition that he looked for a moment towards that beloved house, and made an effort to go thither to die. But the enemy lay in that direction. He turned his horse towards Thame, where he arrived almost fainting with agony. The surgeons dressed his wounds. But there was no hope. The pain which he suffered was most excruciating. But he endured it with admirable firmness and resignation. His first care was for his country. He wrote from his bed several letters to London concerning public affairs, and sent a last pressing message to the head-quarters, recommending that the dispersed forces should be concentrated. When his public duties were performed, he calmly prepared himself to die.

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* By kind permission of Messrs. Longman and Co.

A short time before Hampden's death the sacrament was administered to him. His intellect remained unclouded. When all was nearly over, he lay murmuring faint prayers for himself, and for the cause in which he died. "Lord Jesus," he exclaimed, in the moment of the last agony, "receive my soul. O Lord, save my country. O Lord, be merciful to——." In that broken ejaculation passed away his noble and fearless spirit.

He was buried in the parish church of Hampden. His soldiers, bareheaded, with reversed arms and muffled drums and colours, escorted his body to the grave, singing as they marched that lofty and melancholy psalm in which the fragility of human life is contrasted with the immutability of Him to whom a thousand years are as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

The news of Hampden's death produced as great a consternation in his party, according to Clarendon, as if their whole army had been cut off. The journals of the time amply prove that the Parliament and all its friends were filled with grief and dismay. Lord Nugent has quoted a remarkable passage from the next *Weekly Intelligencer.* "The loss of Colonel Hampden goeth near the heart of every man that loves the good of his king and country, and makes some conceive little content to be at the army now that he is gone. The memory of this deceased colonel is such, that in no age to come but it will more and more be had in honour and esteem; a man so religious, and of that prudence, judgment, temper, valour, and integrity, that he hath left few his like behind."

He had indeed left none his like behind him. There still remained, indeed, in his party, many acute intellects, many eloquent tongues, many brave and honest hearts. There still remained a rugged and clownish soldier, half fanatic, half buffoon, whose talents, discerned as yet only by one penetrating eye, were equal to all the highest duties of the soldier and the prince. But in Hampden, and in Hampden alone, were united all the qualities which, at such a crisis, were necessary to save the state: the valour and energy of Cromwell, the discernment and eloquence of Vane, the humanity and moderation of Manchester, the stern integrity of Hale, the ardent public spirit of Sydney. Others might possess the qualities which were necessary to save the popular party in the crisis of danger; he alone had both the power and the inclination to restrain its excesses in the hour of triumph. Others could conquer; he alone could reconcile. A heart as bold as his brought up the cuirassiers who turned the tide of battle on Marston Moor. As skilful an eye as his watched the Scotch army descending from the heights over Dunbar. But it was when to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions ambitious of ascendancy and burning for revenge, it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had generated threatened the new freedom with destruction—that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention, to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone.

TO DAFFODILS.

[ROBERT HERRICK. Born in Cheapside in 1591. Took holy orders, and became vicar of Dean Prior. The time of his death is uncertain.]

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hast'ning day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, like you:
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

[WASHINGTON IRVING. *See Page* 1.]

IN the bosom of one of the spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappaan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh. Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighbouring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. The whole neighbourhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country; and the nightmare, with her whole nine-fold brood, seems to make it the favourite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war; and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church that is at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before day-break.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history—that is to say, some thirty years since—a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut; a state which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears. large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of Famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighbourhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. Thus, by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labour of headwork, to have a wonderful easy life of it.

He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's "History of New-England Witchcraft," in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow.

What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!—and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge, ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time; and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favour in his eyes; more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant, to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie, and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were for ever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart—keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham—or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom—Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rung with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff, but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar.

On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. The stillness was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school-door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity; and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed or help them over a tall word.

The gallant Ichabod spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only, suit of rusty black, and arranging his looks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth, like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But

(*Drawn by* M. E. EDWARDS.)

TO DAFFODILS.

(*See Page* 130.)

it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from his name, which was Gunpowder.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre; and, as the horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered almost out to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Herr Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country.

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old grey-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighbourhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped away on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head, bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighbourhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered, long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places.

The chief part of the stories turned upon the favourite Spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that on returning one night from the neighbouring village of Sing-Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy under-tone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sunk deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native state of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappaan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighbourhood and formed a kind of land-mark.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge, but, instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervour into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

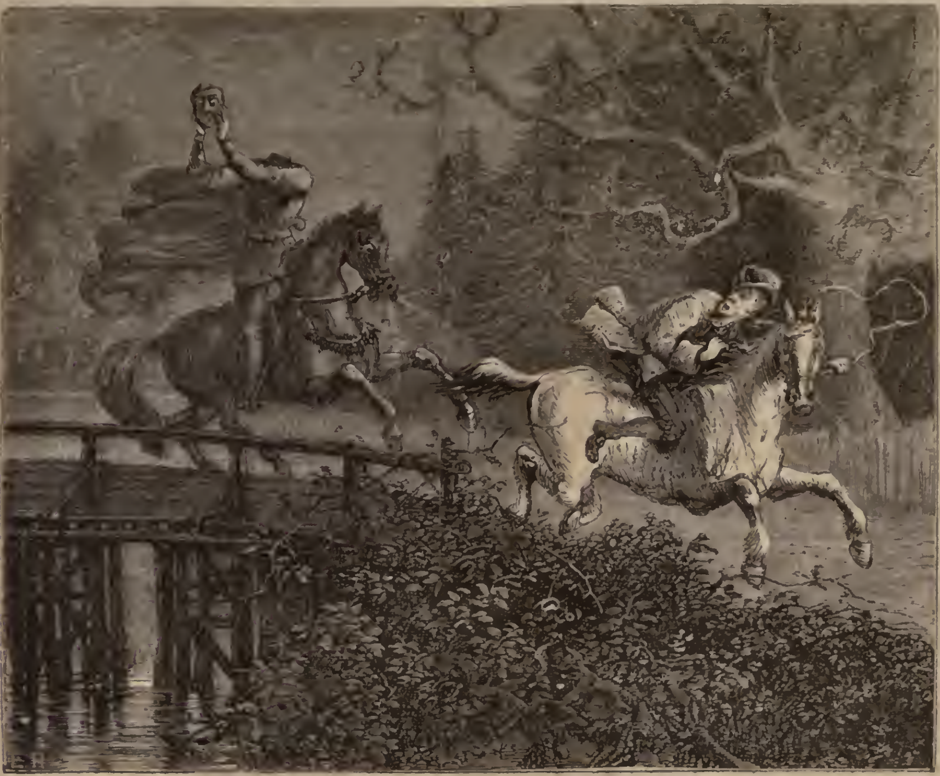
Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavoured to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless!—but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle! His terror rose to desperation: he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavoured to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches, and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's back-bone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly gleaming under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprung upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks, he gained the opposite side, and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavoured to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after



(*Drawn by* E. Hull.)

diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt, the tracks of horses' hoofs, deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half, two stocks for the neck, a pair or two of worsted stockings, an old pair of corduroy small-clothes, a rusty razor, a book of psalm tunes full of dog's ears, and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's "History of Witchcraft," a New England Almanack, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind, and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian.

It is true, an old farmer who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive, that he had left the neighbourhood partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country, had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones too, who, shortly after his rival's disappearance, conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin, which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

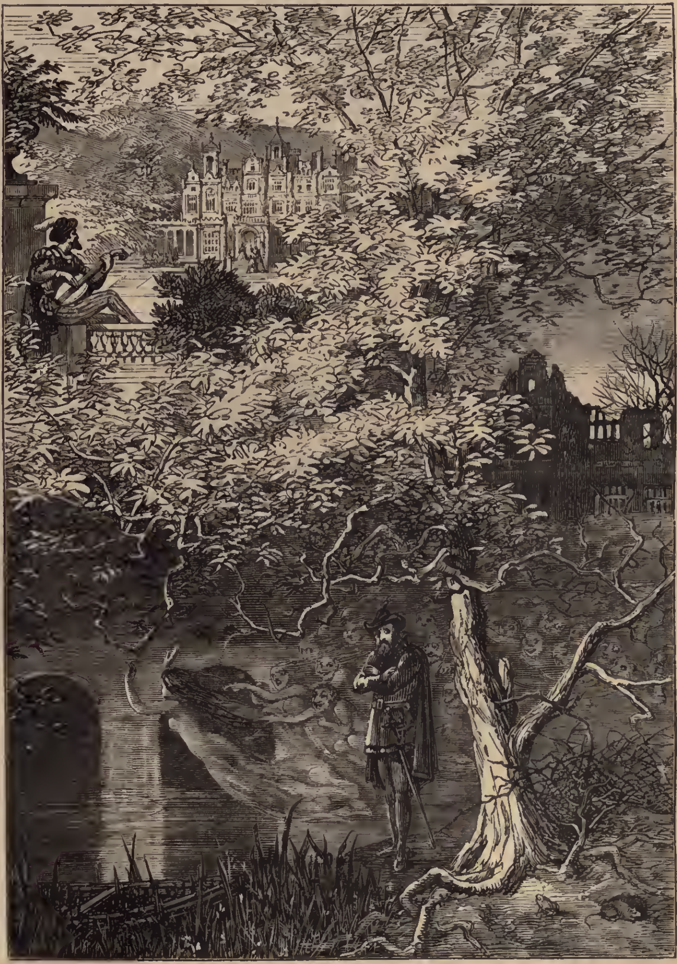
THE HAUNTED PALACE.

[Edgar Allan Poe. *See Page* 8.]

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion,
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time, long ago);
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odour went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
To a lute's well-tunèd law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state, his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.


(*Drawn by* E. Hull.)

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah! let us mourn—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim, remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically,
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out for ever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

COMIC MISERIES.

[Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. *See Page 30.*]

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
Sets the whole room a-blaze,
Don't think yourself a "happy dog,"
For all your merry ways;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid if you can:
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man!

You're at an evening party, with
A group of pleasant folks,
You venture quietly to crack
The least of little jokes.
A lady doesn't catch the point,
And begs you to explain:
Alas! for one that drops a jest
And takes it up again.

You're talking deep philosophy
With very special force,
To edify a clergyman
With suitable discourse;
You think you've got him, when he tells
A friend across the way,
And begs you'll say that funny thing
You said the other day.

You drop a pretty "jeu-de-mot"
Into a neighbour's ears,
Who likes to give you credit for
The clever things he hears;
And so he hawks your jest about,
The old authentic one,
Just breaking off the point of it,
And leaving out the pun.

By sudden change in politics,
Or sudden change in Polly,
You lose your love or lovers, and fall
A prey to melancholy;
While everybody marvels why
Your mirth is under ban,
They think your very grief a joke;
You're such a funny man.

You follow up a stylish card,
That bids you come and dine,
And bring along your freshest wit
(To pay for musty wine).
You're looking very dismal, when
My lady bounces in,
And wonders what you're thinking of,
And why you don't begin!

You're telling to a knot of friends
A fancy tale of woes
That cloud your matrimonial sky,
And banish all repose.
A solemn lady overhears
The story of your strife,
And tells the town the pleasant news,
You quarrel with your wife!

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
Sets all the room a-blaze,
Don't think yourself a "happy dog,"
For all your merry ways;
But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid if you can:
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man!

WHAT A BABY'S HAND UNLOCKED.*

[Mr. Thomas Archer is the author of "Madame Prudence," "Wayfe Summers," and other novels and stories. He has also written a remarkable book on poverty and crime: "The Pauper, the Thief, and the Convict."]

People who know the City, and like to wander up and down the quaint old streets, soon learn to leave the broad and more modern thoroughfares, and to plunge into the silence and seclusion of the queer by-ways which lie away from the great roaring sea of traffic, like the caves and shallows that skirt some great ocean bay.

Amongst these retired spots none are more suggestive than the old churchyards, all blurred and dim with London smoke, but yet in which a few trees yearly put forth green leaves of little promise, and a choir of sooty sparrows chirp around the queer old steeples, or perch impudently upon the leaden ornaments which adorn the sacred porch. Of the dozen or so of such places none are more suggestive than the church and yard of St. Simon Swynherde, which, lying in the circumbendibus of a lane named after the same saint, forms as it were a sort of outlying island, upon whose quiet shores the incautious wayfarer, being sometimes lost or cast away, can hear the humming surges of the great sea as they boom in the thoroughfares beyond. There is no alteration in this place from year to year, except such differences as are brought about by the change of seasons: no civic improvement troubles its sedate gloom—no adventurous speculator regards it as a promising site for building blocks of offices—no railway company casts an evil eye upon its seclusion.

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* By kind permission of the Author.

To get away from the place, however, and come to our story (it shows what a queer, dreamy, out-of-the-way, lost, forlorn, silent, incompetent, old neighbourhood it is when only to begin to talk about it involves utter forgetfulness of the business that took you there)—to get away from the place to the people—the dimmest, darkest, and dirtiest of all the houses round the yard was that of Richard Dryce and Co., factors and general merchants. It was never known who was the Co., for Richard Dryce managed his own business, and lived in the house, in one of the back rooms of which, overlooking a square, paved courtyard, he had been born; for the business belonged to his father before him, and he himself had married into the business of another factor and general merchant. His wife had died some twenty years before the period of this story—died in giving birth to a boy, who was sometimes mistaken for the Co., but who at present occupied no better position than that of a superior clerk, with the questionable advantage of living with his father in the dull old house, where he had to go through the warehouse, amidst innumerable bales and crates and packages, to reach the staircase which conducted him to the gloomy rooms, the old-fashioned furniture of which suited his father, but was sorely against his own taste.

How he should have come to have any opinion of his own is perhaps a mystery, for he resembled his mother, who was a simple creature, easily influenced, and with all her tastes apparently moulded on the pattern set before her by her husband. Still, however it may have been, though he was born in the gloomy house, and was subject to the same influences, the younger Dryce—whose name was Robert—never took kindly to the dull routine to which his father's habits doomed him. He was too dutiful and too mild in disposition—in fact, too unlike his own father—to offer any direct opposition to it, or to complain very often of its exactions; but he felt that at twenty he was kept with too tight a hand, and that there were worlds beyond St. Simon Swynherde which might be harmlessly explored.

Richard Dryce was not a bad man; but he had been himself devoted from early life to one condition of things, which were in some strange way in accordance with his natural constitution, or with which he had become identified till they grew into a necessary part of his existence. He was a self-contained man—an undemonstrative man, whose mind was attuned to respectable solitude, and who, without being a misanthrope, regarded his fellow-creatures through a ground-glass medium, which made them seem shadowy and unapproachable. A few business acquaintances he had, with whom he would sometimes take his chop and glass of old port at a City tavern of an evening; he would even, on rare occasions, go the length of smoking a cigar in company with one or two of his less distant companions; but his laugh was like the harsh echo of a disused violin, and he seldom or never invited anybody to see him at home. One of the people whom he disliked most said that he was "a button-up man," and Richard Dryce could never forgive him—the description was so true.

One of his most intimate friends, an alderman, of congenial temperament, who had greatly distinguished himself by quarrelling and exchanging vituperative epithets with another alderman on the magisterial bench, seriously advised him to become a candidate for civic honours; but he strenuously refused, although he ultimately permitted his son Robert to achieve something like independence by becoming a liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Twidlers, whose hall stood within the precincts of St. Simon Swynherde. It was only on the occasion of one of their dinners that Robert was allowed to be out after ten o'clock; but that restriction did not prevent his spending the larger number of his evenings between eight o'clock and ten at the Twidlers' Hall, which mouldy old structure, with its great, cold, lonely banqueting hall and awkward polygonal ante-rooms decorated with portraits of deceased dignitaries, held an attraction, not to be found elsewhere, in the person of pretty Agnes Raincliffe, the only daughter of the company's beadle.

For six months they had been under the sweet illusion that disinterested affection must eventually win for itself a way to union; but old Mr. Raincliffe had spoken seriously to them, and altogether forbade their further meeting until Robert had spoken to his father. He went home that very night, and, nerved to a sort of desperation, *did* speak to his father, ending with too usual declarations that his choice was unalterable. Perhaps it was; but, whether or not, Richard Dryce went the very way to make it so when he laughed that discordant laugh, and, with a taunt against his son's weakness of purpose and his dependent position, told him to dismiss such a scheming little hussey from his thoughts, for he was to marry when he had permission, which would never be granted to such a match as the beadle wanted to bring about.

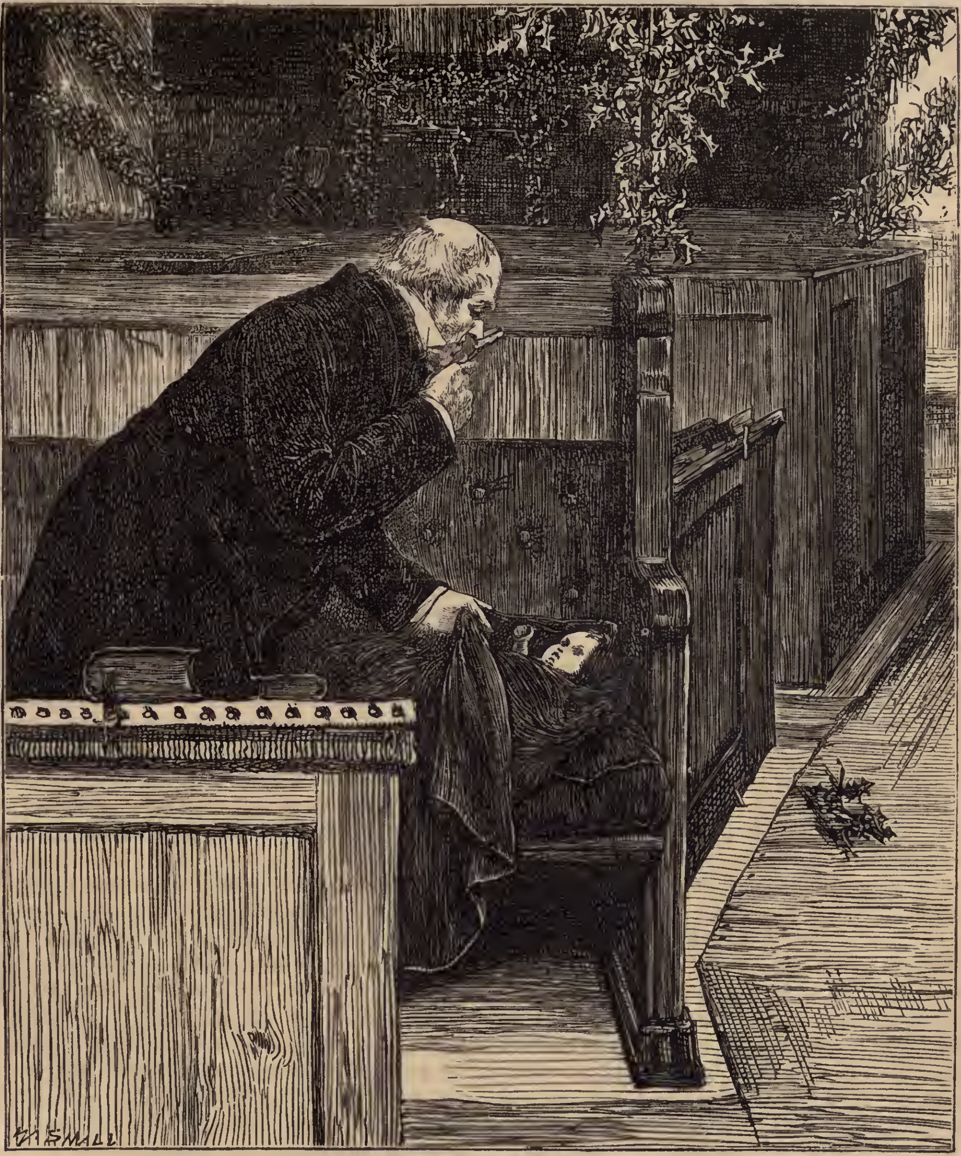
Robert left his father's presence without a word; but in a week from that date he had followed Agnes down into the country, whither she had been sent out of the way. When he returned he wrote a letter to his father, to say that they were married.

It is easy to guess what followed. When he called for an answer to his communication, he received a brief note, saying that he was discarded from that hour, need never trouble himself to enter the doors of the old house again, and that henceforth he must look to his own exertions for the means of living. This letter was sent by the hand of a sort of managing clerk, one Jaggers, who was at the same time commissioned to tell Robert that he could, if he chose, obtain a situation in a house at Liverpool, where his father's interest was sufficient to secure him a clerkship at a very moderate salary. Now it so happened that Jaggers had always appeared to be the best friend young Robert ever had: he had sympathised with him on the subject of his father's harshness; had applauded his noble sentiments when he had imparted the secret of his engagement to Agnes; had wished that *he* was master of the establishment in St. Simon's Yard, that justice might be done to disinterested virtue; and had generally assumed the part of guide, philosopher, and friend, tempered by humble deference, to the young man. It was arranged between them, therefore, that after a time, during which Robert should accept the situation at Liverpool, a more successful appeal might be made to Dryce, Senior, and that a letter addressed to him should be sent under cover to Jaggers, who would lay it on his table. Then Robert and his young wife went away, leaving this good-natured fellow to watch their interests. A year passed, and the letter had been written, but remained unanswered; indeed, according to Jaggers's showing, Richard Dryce was more inveterate than ever, and was unapproachable on the subject of his undutiful son, in pleading whose cause he (Jaggers) had nearly obtained his own dismissal. The house in which Robert was a clerk went to pieces in the commercial crisis, and he was thrown out of employment. Again he wrote to his father, saying that he had an appointment offered him in Australia, and only wanted the money to pay his passage. He received no reply, but some people who knew him in Liverpool made up the sum, and his wife came to London to live with her father (who was superannuated in favour of a new beadle), and to wait for his return, or for the remittance that was to come by the first mail, that she might join him there.

Their first child, a girl, had been a poor sickly little creature, and was dead; but Agnes was likely again to become a mother, and waited anxiously for the money which would enable her to prepare for such an event. Anxiously as she waited, it never came, and Jaggers, to whom it was to have been directed, advanced her a sovereign, as he said, "out of his small means," and then lost sight of her, for she and her father had moved into fresh lodgings, where the managing clerk could scarcely trouble himself to go, unless he had good news to take with him. Indeed, he had so much to occupy his attention, that some months had elapsed since he had seen Agnes; once only he had written a short reply to a note imploring him to say whether any remittance had arrived; but how could he spare time to attend to such matters when Mr. Dryce was every week taking a less active part in the business, and the Christmas quarter was stealing on, with the balance-sheet not even thought of in the press of country orders? Mr. Richard Dryce was still hale and active; but those who knew him best thought that he was breaking. His voice was less harsh, his hair had turned from iron grey to white. Once or twice old acquaintances ventured to ask after his son, but he shook his head, and said he knew nothing of him; he had written to his last address, but had received no reply.

So Christmas came—Christmas Eve, that is; and the old man looked so solitary, that one or two tried to rally him, and even asked him to spend the next day with them, to which he responded by his old harsh laugh, and putting on his worsted gloves trudged home through the snow.

On Christmas morning he awoke early—almost before the daylight had penetrated the dull rooms where he lived—and had a sudden fancy to walk into the church. It was already daylight in the streets, but the interior of St. Simon Swynherde was dim with mist and with the obscurity of the windows. Some attempt had been made at decoration even here, however, and branches of holly and evergreens were placed about the pillars and against the organ, where his own name had been painted in gilt letters since the time that he had been churchwarden and helped to restore it. Even as he looked up at it, the notes of the Christmas hymn came trembling into the chill morning air, for the organist had come there to play before the early service. To most people there might have been nothing in the place or its associations to evoke much gentle feeling; but as the tones of the organ swelled and the music grew louder, old Richard Dryce sat down in the corner of his own pew, and leaned his head upon the book-board, with his hands clasped before his face. Not till the warm tears had trickled from between his fingers did he raise his head, and then it was to look round him to the cushion at the other end of the pew, for from some place near him he thought he had heard a sound that was out of all harmony with the organ, but not altogether apart from the associations of the Christmas hymn—the wailing of a child. Another moment he was bending over a bundle seemingly composed of a coarse blue cloak, but from which there presently came out a baby hand, and—the covering once pulled aside—a little round rosy face, in which a pair of large blue eyes



(*Drawn by* W. SMALL.)

were wide awake in utter astonishment. Who can tell what had been the thoughts busy in old Dryce's mind? Was it prayer? Was it that yearning which finds no words of entreaty, but yet ardently and dumbly implores—all vaguely—that the crooked paths of former error may be made straight at last—that the rough places of a mistaken course may become divinely plain? He could not tell; and yet in some way he accepted this child as a visible answer to a petition that he had meant to frame. When the organist and the sextoness came down presently, and with indignant virtue advised the removal of the child to the workhouse, he regarded their suggestion as little less than impious, and expressed his determination of taking the little one home with him.

His old housekeeper and the younger servants were not a little surprised, perhaps they were even scandalised, to see the merchant come home with such a Christmas offering; but Mr. Dryce was master in his own house, and the little guest was fed. Then Dr. Banks was sent for, and he declared that it would be necessary to provide a nurse; while, as luck would have it, he had that very morning (Christmas morning) been sent for to see a casual applicant for relief at the Union

—a woman who had just lost a child. Temporarily she might do well enough, and Dr. Banks wanted to get home to dinner; so away went the housekeeper in a cab with a letter from the doctor, and in two hours came back, bringing with her a pale, pretty young woman whose name was Jane Harris, and who—her husband having gone abroad and left her with a child which she had just lost—was reduced to apply at the workhouse. She was so timid, and had at first such a scared look, that Mr. Dryce had much trouble to induce her to stay; but it was quite wonderful the way in which the child took to her, and so a room was got ready for them both, and she was comfortably settled, almost, as the housekeeper said, "as if she was a lady, though for the matter of that, Dr. Banks knew more about her than he said, and things looked very queer." At any rate, Dr. Banks said the next day, after he had had a little conversation with the new nurse, that she was thoroughly trustworthy, and that he himself had known her father, who once held a very respectable position in the City, but was now dead. So Mrs. Harris became an inmate at the dim old house, and her charge throve under her care.

When the boy at last grew able to crawl about, and even to walk from chair to chair, he seemed to have so grown to the old man's heart that Dryce became subject to a kind of transformation. His laugh grew more mellow, as though the violin had been laid near the fire, and played upon gently; a dozen old and forgotten picture-books were disinterred from some box, and toys strewed the floor of the dingy sitting-room. At about this time Mrs. Harris was, for a week or more, strangely agitated by a letter which was brought to her one morning, and came, as she said, from her husband, who had been for some time in Australia. Upon her recovery, Mr. Dryce inquired a little into her husband's circumstances, and hearing that he was endeavouring to establish an agency in Sydney, wrote a letter requesting him to make some inquiries about a house to which Dryce and Co. had made large consignments, but whose promised remittance had not duly arrived. He soon had enough to occupy him, however, for Christmas was coming round again; and, with something like a resumption of the old vigour in his business habits, he had called for the books, for he had had some serious losses lately, and began to think it necessary to give some personal attention to the current accounts. Still, every day he had his little pet in the room to play about his knees, and, indeed, refused to part with him even when Nurse Harris came to put him to bed, often making her stay and take some wine, or consulting her as to some future provision for her little charge.

It was on another Christmas Eve that he sat talking to her in this way, but still with a rather absent manner, for his heavy ledgers and cash-books lay beside him on the table. She would have taken the child away, but Mr. Dryce told her to let him remain, and at the same time asked her to step down into the counting-house, and if Mr. Jaggers had not left for the night, to ask him to come up. Now Mr. Jaggers had so seldom been invited to come up-stairs, that, although he of course knew of the adoption of the little foundling, he had never seen the nurse; but that was scarcely any reason for her stopping on her way down-stairs, and pressing her hand to her side with a sudden spasm of fear.

She got down at last, however, and opening the two doors which led to the passage, at the end of which was the private counting-house, stood there in the shadow and looked in.

Mr. Jaggers was busy at his desk tearing up papers, some of which already blazed upon the hearth. The desk itself was open, and by the light of the shaded lamp she could see that it contained a heavily-bound box, in which hung a bunch of keys. As she delivered Mr. Dryce's message, still in the shadow of the door, he looked up with a scared face, and, dropping the lid of the desk with a loud slam, peered into the darkness.

Mrs. Harris repeated her message, and returned swiftly up the stairs, nor stopped even to go in for the child, but shut herself in her own room. Somehow or other, Mr. Jaggers felt a cold perspiration break out all over him; and yet he need scarcely have been cold, for he already had his great-coat on, and there was a decent fire in the grate burning behind a guard. Still, he shivered, and after taking the lamp, and once more looking into the entry, gave a deep sigh of relief, and in a half-absent manner, locked both box and desk, and carefully placed the keys in a breast-pocket. Leaving the lamp still burning, he went up-stairs and found Mr. Dryce alone, sitting at the table with the books open before him. He looked up. "Take a seat, Jaggers," he said; "I shall want you for an hour or more, for there are several things here that require explanation."

Mr. Jaggers turned pale, but he took off his coat and laid it, along with his hat, on the great horse-hair sofa at the other end of the room. Then both he and his employer plunged into figures, till the chimes of a distant clock sounded nine. "We must finish this the day after Christmas Day," said Mr. Dryce; "I won't keep you longer."

Mr. Jaggers put on his coat and hat, and bade his employer good night. He had no sooner left the room than Mrs. Harris came in to fetch the little one, for, as she said, "it was already past his bedtime." Richard Dryce fell into his chair, and was as near having a fit as ever he had been in his life. "Good gracious! Mrs. Harris—you don't mean to say you haven't got the boy! He's not here; run and see whether he has gone into Betsy's room; she runs away with him sometimes."

"Mamma!" said a sleepy little voice under the sofa, and Mr. Dryce and the nurse were both on their knees in a moment.

"The precious! why, if he hasn't been asleep all the time," said Mr. Dryce, kissing the warm rosy cheek. "Take him off to bed directly, and bring him down to breakfast in the morning."

Mrs. Harris only just escaped meeting Jaggers on the stairs, up which he was coming, followed by Betty with a flaring tallow candle, and looking carefully on every stair. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, with a scared look, as he opened the room door, "but have you seen my keys anywhere? I must have dropped them somewhere in the room, I think."

"No," replied Mr. Dryce, "I've seen nothing—most extraordinary!" he said to himself, thinking of the child and forgetting Jaggers.

"It is, sir, very extraordinary," said the clerk, groping on the floor. "I know I had them when I came up here, and I can't open my desk, where I keep my money."

"Oh, never mind, Jaggers," said Mr. Dryce, sleepily. "Here are a couple of sovereigns. If we find the keys, you can have them on Boxing Day. Come, good night! I'll come down and bolt the office door after you."

Jaggers entreated his employer not to take so much trouble, and delayed so long that the old gentleman began to grow a little impatient. At last he got rid of him by giving him permission to come early next morning, when, if his keys were not discovered, he might pick the lock.

Mr. Dryce was in a brown study, sitting looking at the fire, and sipping a glass of hot negus, when Mrs. Harris knocked at the door.

"Excuse me, sir, but have you missed your keys?"

"Hang the keys!" said Mr. Dryce, absently. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Harris; sit down a moment. I was thinking what I could buy our little fellow for a Christmas present."

"But these keys, sir: I took them out of the bosom of baby's frock when I undressed him. How he got them I can't tell."

Mr. Dryce took the keys in his hand, and looked at them mechanically; then started, and singling out one particular key, held it nearer the light, at the same time comparing it with one of a bunch which he took from his own pocket. He had turned stern and pale.

"I want you to come down-stairs with me, Mrs. Harris," he said; "these are the keys Mr. Jaggers has lost, and I'm afraid I shall want a policeman."

First the door of the great iron safe let into the wall. Mr. Dryce knew that it was a cunningly-made lock, and thought that no key but his would open it. It opened easily with Jaggers's key, however; and from the lower drawer was missing property, in those days often kept in such places—bills, gold, and notes—to the value of £4,500.

With feverish haste the old man unlocked the desk and the brass-bound box within it. The latter contained all the missing property, evidently placed there for immediate removal. In the desk were found bills, letters, and correspondence, a glance at which disclosed a long system of fraud and peculation. Above all, amongst the loose papers were the letters that Robert sent to his father, and those which had been written by himself in repentance of the harsh parting which he had brought about with his lost son.

While they were both looking with mute astonishment at these evidences of Jaggers's villany, there came a low knocking at the door, and two men entered, one of them a broad, brown-bearded man, in a half seafaring dress; the other a policeman.

"A clerk of yours, named Jaggers," said the latter; "I want to know whether he has robbed you, or if you have reason to suspect him? This party has given him in custody on another charge."

There was a loud scream, and Mrs. Harris fell into the arms of the stranger, who had taken her aside to whisper to her.

"She is my wife," said he to Mr. Dryce. "I am the person to whom you wrote, and I have brought the remittance with me from Australia."

They all went up-stairs together, except the policeman, whose question was answered by a recital of the events of the night, and the present of a sovereign.

"Bring down the boy, and let me look at his dear little face," said old Dryce, when they were sitting round the fire.

The child was brought down still asleep.

"God bless him!" said the bearded stranger. "He's not like either of us, Aggy."

"Like either of you!" said Mr. Dryce. "How should he be like your husband, Mrs. Harris?"

"Don't you know me, sir?" said the stranger, taking Mr. Dryce's hand. "My name is Robert Dryce, and this is my child, whose mother left it to the mercy of Heaven, and found that it had reached its natural home. Forgive us, sir, for our child's sake."

Old Dryce was a shrewd man, but it took an hour to make him understand it all: events had come about so strangely.

"Well," said Robert, at last, "I'm glad you were in time to save the money."

"Hang the money!" ejaculated the old man; "at least, too much of it," he added, correcting himself. "This baby's hand has unlocked more treasures for me than all the Bank of England could count on a summer's day."

VIRTUE.

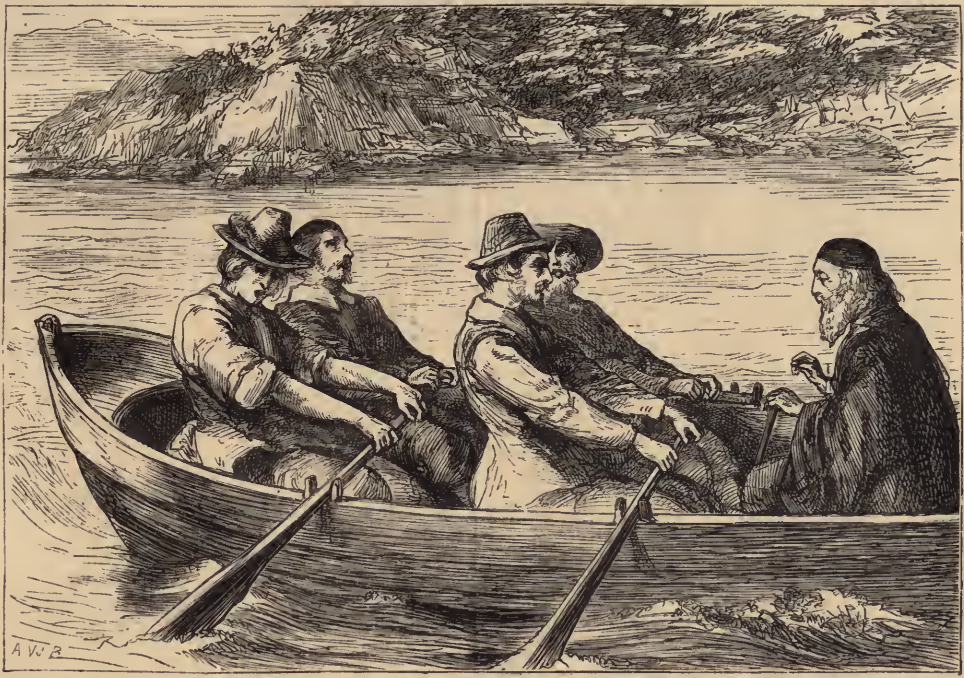
[George Herbert. Born 1593. Educated at Cambridge, and chosen University Orator. Was made first prebend of Layton Ecclesia, and afterwards rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire. Died 1632.]

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie;
Thy music shows ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.



(*Drawn by* A. W. Bayes.)

SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA.

[Andrew Marvel, born 1620. Was a friend and assistant of Milton. M.P. for the city of Hull. Died August 16, 1678.]

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that row'd along
The listening winds received this song:—
"What should we do but sing His praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Where He the huge sea monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own!
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage:
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows:
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples, plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by his hand
From Lebanon he stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we, rather, boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh, let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which then, perhaps, rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay!"
Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note:
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

THE DEATH OF A MISER.

[Sir WALTER SCOTT. *See Page* 116.]

HIS own reflections promised to Nigel little amusement, and less applause. He had considered his own perilous situation in every light in which it could be viewed, and foresaw as little utility as comfort in resuming the survey. To divert the current of his ideas, books were, of course, the readiest resource; and although, like most of us, Nigel had, in his time, sauntered through large libraries, and even spent a long time there without greatly disturbing their learned contents, he was now in a situation where the possession of a volume, even of very inferior merit, becomes a real treasure. The old housewife returned shortly afterwards with fagots, and some pieces of half-burnt wax candles, the perquisites, probably, real or usurped, of some experienced groom of the chambers, two of which she placed in large brass candlesticks, of different shapes and patterns, and laid the others on the table, that Nigel might renew them from time to time as they burnt to the sockets. She heard with interest Lord Glenvarloch's request to have a book—any sort of book—to pass away the night withal, and returned for answer, that she knew of no other books in the house than her young mistress's (as she always denominated Mistress Martha Trapbois) Bible, which the owner would not lend; and her master's Whetstone of Witte, being the second part of Arithmetic, by Robert Record, with the Cossike Practice and Rule of Equation; which promising volume Nigel declined to borrow. She offered, however, to bring him some books from Duke Hildebrod, "who sometimes, good gentleman, gave a glance at a book when the State affairs of Alsatia left him as much leisure."

Nigel embraced the proposal, and his unwearied Iris scuttled away on this second embassy. She returned in a short time with a tattered quarto volume under her arm, and a pottle of sack in her hand; for the Duke, judging that mere reading was dry work, had sent the wine by way of sauce to help it down, not forgetting to add the price to the morning's score, which he had already run up against the stranger in the Sanctuary.

Nigel seized on the book, and did not refuse the wine, thinking that a glass or two, as it really proved to be of good quality, would be no bad interlude to his studies. He dismissed, with thanks and assurance of reward, the poor old drudge who had been so zealous in his service; trimmed his fire and candles, and placed the easiest of the old arm-chairs in a convenient posture betwixt the fire and the table at which he had dined, and which now supported the measure of sack and the lights; and thus accompanying his studies with such luxurious appliances as were in his power, he began to examine the only volume with which the ducal library of Alsatia had been able to supply him.

The contents, though of a kind generally interesting, were not well calculated to dispel the gloom by which he was surrounded. The book was entitled "God's Revenge against Murther;" not, as the bibliomanical reader may easily conjecture, the work which Reynolds published under that imposing name, but one of a much earlier date, printed and sold by old Wolfe; and which, could a copy now be found, would sell for much more than its weight in gold.

Nigel had soon enough of the doleful tales which the book contains, and attempted one or two other modes of killing the evening. He looked out at window, but the night was rainy, with gusts of wind; he tried to coax the fire, but the fagots were green, and smoked without burning; and as he was naturally temperate, he felt his blood somewhat heated by the canary sack which he had already drunk, and had no farther inclination to that pastime. He next attempted to compose a memorial addressed to the king, in which he set forth his case and his grievances; but, speedily stung with the idea that his supplication would be treated with scorn, he flung the scroll into the fire. and, in a sort of desperation, resumed the book which he had laid aside.

Nigel became more interested in the volume at the second than at the first attempt which he made to peruse it. The narratives, strange and shocking as they were to human feeling, possessed yet the interest of sorcery or of fascination which rivets the attention by its awakening horrors. Much was told of the strange and horrible acts of blood by which men, setting nature and humanity alike at defiance, had, for the thirst of revenge, the lust of gold, or the cravings of irregular ambition, broken into the tabernacle of life. Yet more surprising and mysterious tales were recounted of the mode in which such deeds of blood had come to be discovered and revenged. Animals, irrational animals, had told the secret, and birds of the air had carried the matter. The elements had seemed to betray the deed which had polluted them—earth had ceased to support the murderer's steps, fire to warm his frozen limbs, water to refresh his parched lips, air to relieve his gasping lungs. All, in short, bore evidence to the homicide's guilt. In other circumstances, the criminal's own awakened conscience pursued and brought him to justice; and in some narratives the grave was said to have yawned, that the ghost of the sufferer might call for revenge.

It was now wearing late in the night, and the book was still in Nigel's hands, when the tapestry which hung behind him flapped against the wall, and the wind produced by its motion waved the flame of the candles by which he was reading. Nigel started and turned round, in that excited and irritated state of mind which arose from the nature of his studies, especially at a period when a certain degree of superstition was inculcated as a point of religious faith. It was not without emotion that he saw the bloodless countenance, meagre form, and ghastly aspect of old Trapbois, once more in the very act of extending his withered hand towards the table which supported his arms. Convinced by this untimely apparition that something evil was meditated towards him, Nigel sprang up, seized his sword, drew it, and, placing it at the old man's breast, demanded of him what he did in his apartment at so untimely an hour. Trapbois showed neither fear nor surprise, and only answered by some imperfect expressions, intimating he would part with his life rather than with his property; and Lord Glenvarloch, strangely embarrassed, knew not what to think of the intruder's motives, and still less how to get rid of him. As he again tried the means of intimidation, he was surprised by a second apparition from behind the tapestry, in the person of the daughter of Trapbois, bearing a lamp in her hand. She also seemed to possess her father's insensibility to danger, for, coming close to Nigel, she pushed aside impetuously his naked sword, and even attempted to take it out of his hand.

"For shame!" she said, "your sword on a man of eighty years and more!—this the honour of a Scottish gentleman!—give it to me to make a spindle of!"

"Stand back," said Nigel; "I mean your father no injury, but I *will* know what has caused him to prowl this whole day, and even at this late hour, around my arms."

"Your arms!" repeated she; "alas! young man, the whole arms in the Tower of London are of little value to him, in comparison of this miserable piece of gold which I left this morning on the table of a young spendthrift, too careless to put what belonged to him into his own purse."

So saying, she showed the piece of gold, which, still remaining on the table where she had left it, had been the bait that attracted old Trapbois so frequently to the spot; and which, even in the silence of the night, had so dwelt on his imagination, that he had made use of a private passage long disused, to enter his guest's apartment, in order to possess himself of the treasure during his slumbers. He now exclaimed, at the highest tones of his cracked and feeble voice—

"It is mine!—it is mine!—he gave it to me for a consideration—I will die ere I part with my property!"

"It is indeed his own, mistress," said Nigel, "and I do entreat you will restore it to the person on whom I have bestowed it, and let me have my apartment in quiet."

"I will account with you for it, then," said the maiden, reluctantly giving to her father the morsel of Mammon, on which he darted as if his bony fingers had been the talons of a hawk seizing its prey; and then, making a contented muttering and mumbling, like an old dog after he has been fed, and just when he is wheeling himself thrice round for the purpose of lying down, he followed his daughter behind the tapestry, through a little sliding-door, which was perceived when the hangings were drawn apart.

"This shall be properly fastened to-morrow," said the daughter to Nigel, speaking in such a tone that her father, deaf, and engrossed by his acquisition, could not hear her; "to-night I will continue to watch him closely."

There was a slight fever in Nigel's blood, occasioned by the various events of the evening, which put him, as the phrase is, beside his rest. Perplexing and painful thoughts rolled on his mind like a troubled stream, and the more he laboured to lull himself to slumber, the farther he seemed from attaining his object. He tried all the resources common in such cases; kept counting from one to a thousand, until his head was giddy—he watched the embers of the wood-fire till his eyes were dazzled—he listened to the dull moaning of the wind, the swinging and creaking of signs which projected from the houses, and the baying of here and there a homeless dog, till his very ear was weary.

Suddenly, however, amid this monotony, came a sound which startled him at once. It was a female shriek. He sat up in his bed to listen, then remembered he was in Alsatia, where brawls of every sort were current among the unruly inhabitants. But another scream, and another, and another, succeeded so close, that he was certain, though the noise was remote, and sounded stifled, it must be in the same house with himself.

Nigel jumped up hastily, put on a part of his clothes, seized his sword and pistols, and ran to the door of his chamber. Here he plainly heard the screams redoubled, and, as he thought, the sounds came from the usurer's apartment. All access to the gallery was effectually excluded by the intermediate door, which the brave young lord shook with eager, but vain impatience. But the secret passage occurred suddenly to his recollection. He hastened back to his room, and succeeded with some difficulty in lighting a candle, powerfully agitated by hearing the cries repeated, yet still more afraid lest they should sink into silence.

He rushed along the narrow and winding entrance, guided by the noise, which now burst more wildly on his ear; and, while he descended a narrow staircase which terminated the passage, he heard the stifled voices of men, encouraging, as it seemed, each other—"Curse her, strike her down—silence her—beat her brains out!"—while the voice of his hostess, though now almost exhausted, was repeating the cry of "murder," and "help." At the bottom of the staircase was a small door, which gave way before Nigel as he precipitated himself upon the scene of action,—a cocked pistol in one hand, a candle in the other, and his naked sword under his arm. Two ruffians had with great difficulty overpowered, or, rather, were on the point of overpowering, the daughter of Trapbois, whose resistance appeared to have been most desperate, for the floor was covered with fragments of her clothes, and handfuls of her hair. It appeared that her life was about to be the price of her defence, for one villain had drawn a long clasp-knife, when they were surprised by the entrance of Nigel, who, as they turned towards him, shot the fellow with the knife dead on the spot, and when the other advanced to him, hurled the candlestick at his head, and then attacked him with his sword. It was dark, save some pale moonlight from the window; and the ruffian, after firing a pistol without effect, and fighting a traverse or two with his sword, lost heart, made for the window, leaped over it, and escaped. Nigel fired his remaining pistol after him at a venture, and then called for light.

"There is light in the kitchen," answered Martha Trapbois, with more presence of mind than could have been expected. "Stay, you know not the way; I will fetch it myself. Oh! my father—my poor father!—I knew it would come to this—and all along of the accursed gold! They have MURDERED him!"

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN;

OR, THE ROSE AND STRAWBERRY.

[Dr. Wolcott. *See Page* 5.]

Young women! don't be fond of killing.
Too well I know your hearts unwilling
To hide beneath the veil a charm;
Too pleased a sparkling eye to roll,
And with a neck to thrill the soul
Of every swain with love's alarm:

Yet, yet, if prudence be not near,
Its snow may melt into a tear.

The dimple smile, and pouting lip,
Where little Cupids nectar sip,
Are very pretty lures, I own:
But ah! if prudence be not nigh,
Those lips where all the Cupids lie,
May give a passage to a groan.

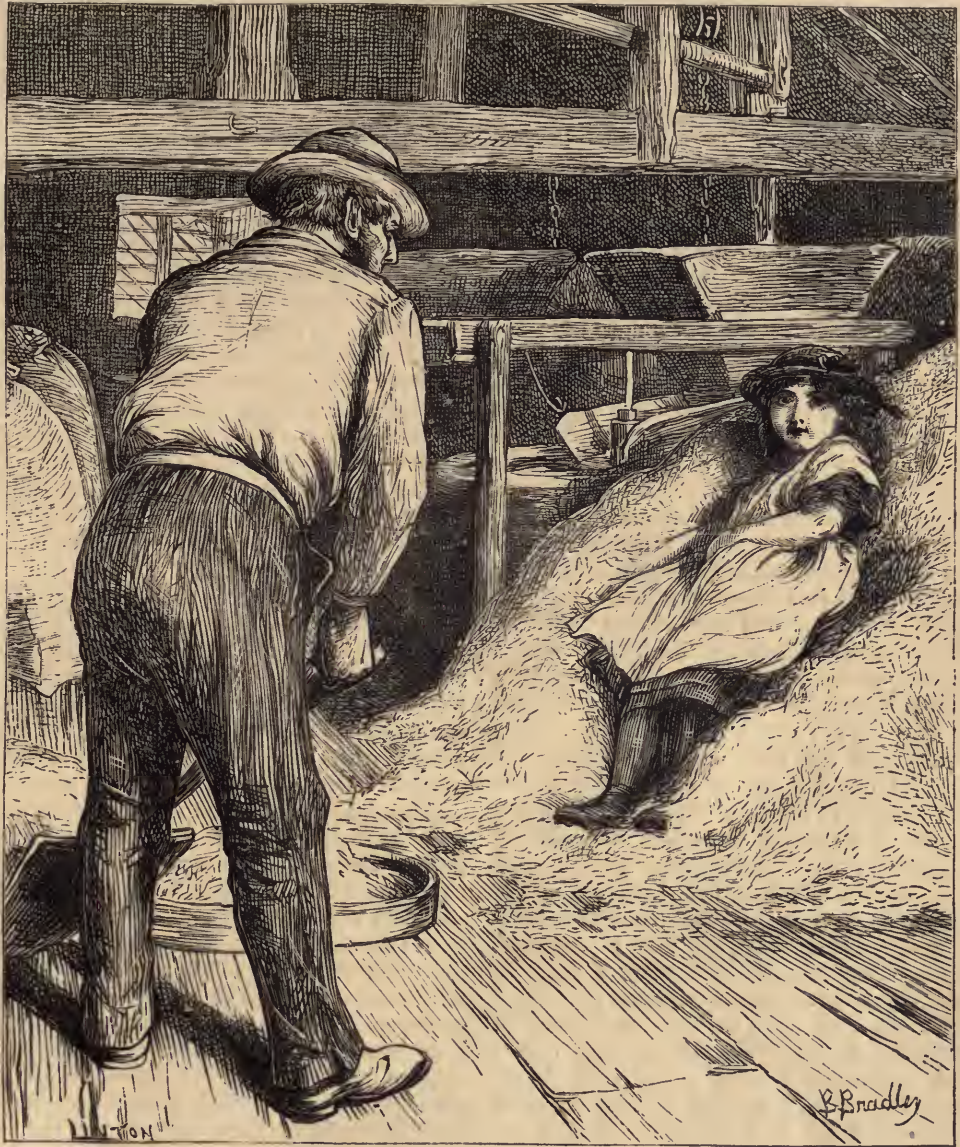
A Rose, in all the pride of bloom,
Flinging around her rich perfume;
Her form to public notice pushing,
Amid the summer's golden glow,
Peeped on a strawberry below,
Beneath a leaf in secret blushing.

"Miss Strawberry," exclaimed the Rose,
"What's beauty that no mortal knows?
What is a charm, if never seen?
You really are a pretty creature:
Then wherefore hide each blooming feature?
Come up, and show your modest mien."

"Miss Rose," the Strawberry replied,
"I never did possess a pride
That wished to dash the public eye;
Indeed, I own that I'm afraid;
I think there's safety in the shade;
Ambition causes many a sigh."

"Go, simple child," the Rose rejoined;
"See how I wanton in the wind:
I feel no danger's dread alarms:
And then observe the god of day,
How amorous with his golden ray
To pay his visits to my charms!"

No sooner said, but with a scream
She started from her favourite theme.
A clown had on her fixed his pat!
In vain she screeched—Hob did but smile;
Rubbed with her leaves his nose awhile,
Then bluntly stuck her in his hat.



(*Drawn by* B. BRADLEY.)

TOM IS EXPECTED.*

[From the "Mill on the Floss," by GEORGE ELIOT. *See Page* 89.]

IT was a heavy disappointment to Maggie that she was not allowed to go with her father in the gig when he went to fetch Tom home from the academy; but the morning was too wet, Mrs. Tulliver said, for a little girl to go out in her best bonnet. Maggie took the opposite view very strongly, and it was a direct consequence of this difference of opinion that when her mother was in the act of brushing out the reluctant black crop, Maggie suddenly rushed from under her hands, and dipped her head in a basin of water standing near—in the vindictive determination that there should be no more chance of curls that day.

"Maggie, Maggie!" exclaimed Mrs. Tulliver, sitting stout and helpless with the brushes on her lap, "what is to become of you if you're so naughty? I'll tell your Aunt Glegg and your Aunt Pullet when they come next week, and they'll never love you any more. Oh dear! oh dear! look at your clean pinafore, wet from top to bottom.

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* Extracted with the kind permission of the Author.

Folks 'ull think it's a judgment on me as I've got such a child—they'll think I've done summat wicked."

Before this remonstrance was finished, Maggie was already out of hearing, making her way towards the great attic that ran under the old high-pitched roof, shaking the water from her black locks as she ran, like a Skye terrier escaped from his bath. This attic was Maggie's favourite retreat on a wet day, when the weather was not too cold; here she fretted out all her ill-humours, and talked aloud to the worm-eaten floors and the worm-eaten shelves, and the dark rafters festooned with cobwebs; and here she kept a Fetish which she punished for all her misfortunes. This was the trunk of a large wooden doll, which once stared with the roundest of eyes above the reddest of cheeks; but was now entirely defaced by a long career of vicarious suffering. Three nails driven into the head commemorated as many crises in Maggie's nine years of earthly struggle; that luxury of vengeance having been suggested to her by the picture of Jael destroying Sisera in the old Bible. The last nail had been driven in with a fiercer stroke than usual, for the Fetish on that occasion represented Aunt Glegg. But immediately afterwards Maggie had reflected that if she drove many nails in, she would not be so well able to fancy the head was hurt when she knocked it against the wall, nor to comfort it, and make believe to poultice it, when her fury was abated; for even Aunt Glegg would be pitiable when she had been hurt very much, and thoroughly humiliated, so as to beg her niece's pardon. Since then she had driven no more nails in; but had soothed herself by alternately grinding and beating the wooden head against the rough brick of the great chimneys that made two square pillars supporting the roof. That was what she did this morning on reaching the attic, sobbing all the while with a passion that expelled every other form of consciousness—even the memory of the grievance that had caused it. As at last the sobs were getting quieter, and the grinding less fierce, a sudden beam of sunshine, falling through the wire lattice across the worm-eaten shelves, made her throw away the Fetish and run to the window. The sun was really breaking out; the sound of the mill seemed cheerful again; the granary doors were open; and there was Yap, the queer white-and-brown terrier, with one ear turned back, trotting about and sniffing vaguely, as if he were in search of a companion. It was irresistible. Maggie tossed her hair back and ran down-stairs, seized her bonnet without putting it on, peeped, and then dashed along the passage lest she should encounter her mother, and was quickly out in the yard, whirling round like a pythoness, and singing as she whirled, "Yap, Yap, Tom's coming home!" while Yap danced and barked round her, as much as to say, if there was any noise wanted he was the dog for it.

"Hegh, hegh, miss, you'll make yourself giddy, an' tumble down i' the dirt," said Luke, the head miller, a tall, broad-shouldered man of forty, black-eyed and black-haired, subdued by a general mealiness, like an auricula.

Maggie paused in her whirling, and said, staggering a little, "Oh, no, it doesn't make me giddy, Luke; may I go into the mill with you?"

Maggie loved to linger in the great spaces of the mill, and often came out with her black hair powdered to a soft whiteness that made her dark eyes flash out with new fire. The resolute din, the unresting motion of the great stones, giving her a dim delicious awe as at the presence of an uncontrollable force—the meal for ever pouring, pouring—the fine white powder softening all surfaces, and making the very spider-nets look like a fairy lace-work—the sweet, pure scent of the meal—all helped to make Maggie feel that the mill was a little world apart from her outside every-day life. The spiders were especially a subject of speculation with her. She wondered if they had any relations outside the mill, for in that case there must be a painful difficulty in their family intercourse—a fat and floury spider, accustomed to take his fly well dusted with meal, must suffer a little at a cousin's table where the fly was *au naturel*, and the lady-spiders must be mutually shocked at each other's appearance. But the part of the mill she liked best was the topmost storey—the corn-hutch, where there were the great heaps of grain, which she could sit on and slide down continually. She was in the habit of taking this recreation as she conversed with Luke, to whom she was very communicative, wishing him to think well of her understanding, as her father did.

Perhaps she felt it necessary to recover her position with him on the present occasion, for, as she sat sliding on the heap of grain near which he was busying himself, she said, at that shrill pitch which was requisite in mill society—

"I think you never read any book but the Bible, did you, Luke?"

"Nay, miss—an' not much o' that," said Luke, with great frankness. "I'm no reader, I arn't."

"But if I lent you one of my books, Luke? I've not got any *very* pretty books that would be easy for you to read; but there's 'Pug's Tour of Europe'—that would teach you all about the different sorts of people in the world; and if you didn't understand the reading, the pictures would help you—they show the looks and ways of the people, and what they do. There are the Dutchmen, very fat, and smoking, you know—and one sitting on a barrel."

"Nay, miss, I'n no opinion o' Dutchmen. There ben't much good i' knowin' about *them*."

"But they're our fellow-creatures, Luke—we ought to know about our fellow-creatures."

"Not much o' fellow-creatures, I think, miss; all I know—my old master, as war a knowin' man, used to say, says he, 'If e'er I sow my wheat wi'out brinin', I'm a Dutchman,' says he; an' that war as much as to say a Dutchman war a fool, or next door. Nay, nay, I arn't goin' to bother mysen about Dutchmen. There's fools enoo—an' rogues enoo—wi'out lookin' i' books for em."

"Oh, well," said Maggie, rather foiled by Luke's unexpectedly decided views about Dutchmen, "perhaps you would like 'Animated Nature' better—that's not Dutchmen, you know; but elephants, and kangaroos, and the civet cat, and the sun-fish, and a bird sitting on its tail—I forget its name. There are countries full of those creatures, instead of horses and cows, you know. Shouldn't you like to know about them, Luke?"

"Nay, miss, I'n got to keep count o' the flour an' corn—I can't do wi' knowin' so many things besides my work. That's what brings folk to the gallows—knowin' everything but what they'n got to get their bread by. An' they're mostly lies, I think, what's printed i' the books; them printed sheets are, anyhow, as the men cry i' the streets."

"Why, you're like my brother Tom, Luke," said Maggie, wishing to turn the conversation agreeably; "Tom's not fond of reading. I love Tom so dearly, Luke,—better than anybody else in the world. When he grows up, I shall keep his house, and we shall always live together. I can tell him everything he doesn't know. But I think Tom's clever, for all he doesn't like books: he makes beautiful whipcord and rabbit-pens."

"Ah," said Luke, "but he'll be fine an' vexed, as the rabbits are all dead."

"Dead!" screamed Maggie, jumping up from her sliding seat on the corn. "Oh dear, Luke! What! the lop-eared one, and the spotted doe that Tom spent all his money to buy?"

"As dead as moles," said Luke, fetching his comparison from the unmistakable corpses nailed to the stable-wall.

"Oh dear, Luke," said Maggie, in a piteous tone, while the big tears rolled down her cheek; "Tom told me to take care of 'em, and I forgot. What *shall* I do?"

"Well, you see, miss, they were in that far tool-house, an' it was nobody's business to see to 'em. I reckon Master Tom told Harry to feed 'em, but there's no countin' on Harry—*he's* a offal creatur as iver come about the primises, he is. He remembers nothing but his own inside—an' I wish it 'ud gripe him."

"O Luke! Tom told me to be sure and remember the rabbits every day; but how could I, when they did not come into my head, you know? Oh! he will be so angry with me, I know he will, and so sorry about his rabbits—and so am I sorry. Oh! what *shall* I do?"

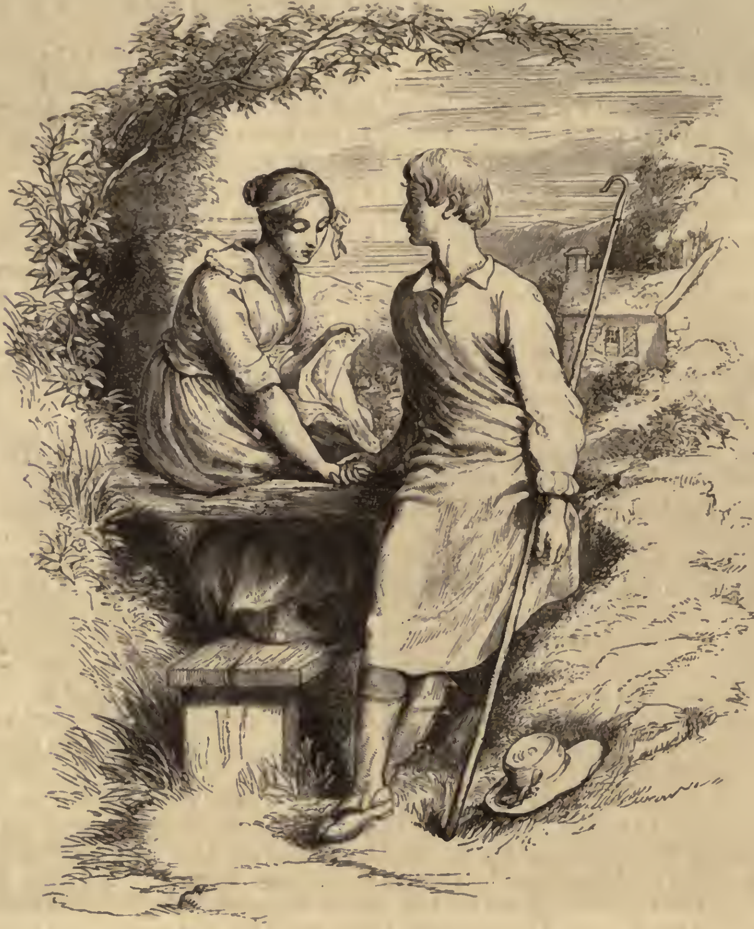
"Don't you fret, miss," said Luke, soothingly; "they're nash things, them lop-eared rabbits—they'd happen ha' died, if they'd been fed. Things out o' natur niver thrive: God A'mighty doesn't like 'em. He made the rabbits' ears to lie back, an' its nothin' but contrairiness to make 'em hing down like a mastiff dog's. Master Tom 'ull know better nor buy such things another time. Don't you fret, miss. Will you come along home wi' me, and see my wife? I'm a-goin' this minute."

The invitation offered an agreeable distraction to Maggie's grief, and her tears gradually subsided as she trotted along by Luke's side to his pleasant cottage, which stood with its apple and pear trees, and with the added dignity of a lean-to pig-sty, close by the brink of the Ripple. Mrs. Moggs, Luke's wife, was a decidedly agreeable acquaintance. She exhibited her hospitality in bread and treacle, and possessed various works of art. Maggie actually forgot that she had any special cause of sadness this morning, as she stood on a chair to look at a remarkable series of pictures representing the Prodigal Son in the costume of Sir Charles Grandison, except that, as might have been expected from his defective moral character, he had not, like that accomplished hero, the taste and strength of mind to dispense with a wig. But the indefinable weight the dead rabbits had left on her mind caused her to feel more than usual pity for the career of this weak young man, particularly when she looked at the picture where he leaned against a tree with a flaccid appearance, his knee-breeches unbuttoned and his wig awry, while the swine, apparently of some foreign breed, seemed to insult him by their good spirits over their feast of husks.

"I'm very glad his father took him back again—aren't you, Luke?" she said. "For he was very sorry, you know, and wouldn't do wrong again."

"Eh, miss," said Luke, "he'd be no great shakes, I doubt, let 's feyther do what he would for him."

That was a painful thought to Maggie, and she wished much that the subsequent history of the young man had not been left a blank.



THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

[**Christopher Marlowe**, born about 1562. Educated at Cambridge. He was killed in a brawl at Deptford, 1593.]

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale, and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

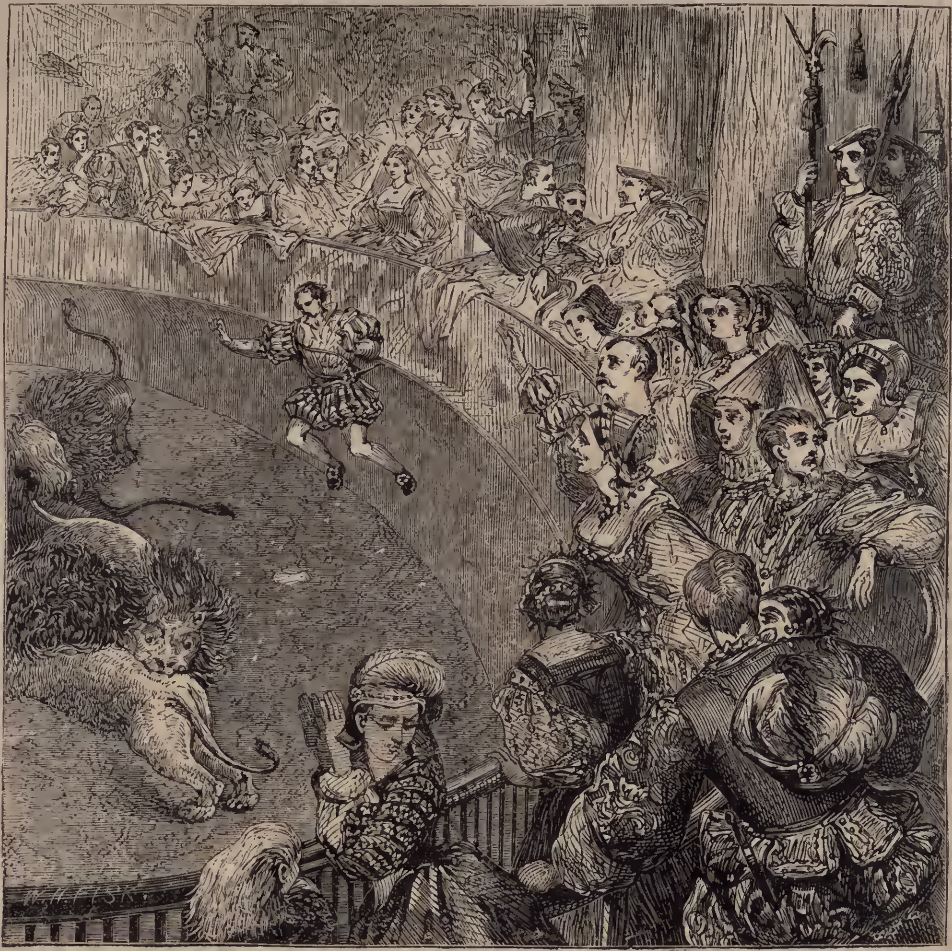
There will I make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delights each May-morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.



(*Drawn by* W. H. FISK.)

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

[LEIGH HUNT. *See Page* 71.]

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the court:
The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped to make his bride:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled one on another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air;
Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same:
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is as brave as brave can be;
He surely would do desperate things to show his love of me!
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the chance is wondrous fine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love: then looked on him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick; return was quick; he soon regained his place;
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face!
"In truth!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat:
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

HOW COMMODORE TRUNNION WENT TO GET MARRIED.

[TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT. Born at Renton, in Dumbarton, in 1721. Brought up for the medical profession, and was a navy surgeon for some time. Was a great invalid, and went abroad several times for the benefit of his health. Died 21st Oct., 1771.]

THE fame of this extraordinary conjunction spread all over the county; and on the day appointed for their spousals, the church was surrounded by an inconceivable multitude. The commodore, to give a specimen of his gallantry, by the advice of his friend Hatchway, resolved to appear on horseback on the grand occasion, at the head of all his male attendants, whom he had rigged with the white shirts and black caps formerly belonging to his barge's crew; and he bought a couple of hunters for the accommodation of himself and his lieutenant. With this equipage, then, he set out from the garrison for the church, after having dispatched a messenger to apprise the bride that he and his company were mounted. She got immediately into the coach, accompanied by her brother and his wife, and drove directly to the place of assignation, where several pews were demolished, and divers persons almost pressed to death, by the eagerness of the crowd that broke in to see the ceremony performed. Thus arrived at the altar, and the priest in attendance, they waited a whole half-hour for the commodore, at whose slowness they began to be under some apprehension, and accordingly dismissed a servant to quicken his pace. The valet having rode something more than a mile, espied the whole troop disposed in a long field, crossing the road obliquely, and headed by the bridegroom and his friend Hatchway, who, finding himself hindered by a hedge from proceeding farther in the same direction, fired a pistol and stood over to the other side, making an obtuse angle with the line of his former course; and the rest of the squadron followed his example, keeping always in the rear of each other like a flight of wild geese.

Surprised at this strange mode of journeying, the messenger came up and told the commodore that his lady and her company expected him in the church, where they had tarried a considerable time, and were beginning to be very uneasy at his delay; and therefore desired he would proceed with more expedition. To this message Mr. Trunnion replied, "Hark ye, brother, don't you see we make all possible speed? Go back and tell those who sent you that the wind has shifted since we weighed anchor, and that we are obliged to make very short trips in tacking, by reason of the narrowness of the channel; and that as we lie within six points of the wind, they must make some allowance for variation and leeway." "Lord, sir!" said the valet, "what occasion have you to go zigzag in that manner? Do but clap spurs to your horses and ride straightforward, and I'll engage you shall be at the church-porch in less than a quarter of an hour." "What! right in the wind's eye?" answered the commander; "ahoy! brother, where did you learn your navigation? Hawser Trunnion is not to be taught at this time of day how to lie his course, or keep his own reckoning. And as for you, brother, you best know the trim of your own frigate." The courier, finding he had to do with people who would not be easily persuaded out of their own opinions, returned to the temple, and made a report of what he had seen and heard, to the no small consolation of the bride, who had just begun to discover some signs of disquiet. Composed, however, by this piece of intelligence, she exerted her patience for the space of another half-hour, during which period, seeing no bridegroom arrive, she was exceedingly alarmed; so that all the spectators could easily perceive her perturbation, which manifested itself in frequent palpitations, heart-heavings, and alterations of countenance, in spite of the assistance of a smelling-bottle, which she incessantly applied to her nostrils.

Various were the conjectures of the company on this occasion: some imagined he had mistaken the place of rendezvous, as he had never been at church since he first settled in that parish; others believed he had met with some accident, in consequence of which his attendants had carried him back to his own house; and a third set, in which the bride herself was thought to be comprehended, could not help suspecting that the commodore had changed his mind. But all these suppositions, ingenious as they were, happened to be wide of the true cause that detained him, which was no other than this: The commodore and his crew had, by dint of turning, almost weathered the parson's house, that stood to windward of the church, when the notes of a pack of hounds unluckily reached the ears of the two hunters which Trunnion and the lieutenant bestrode. These fleet animals no sooner heard the enlivening sound, than, eager for the chase, they sprung away all of a sudden, and strained every nerve to partake of the sport, flew across the fields with incredible speed, overleaped hedges and ditches, and everything in their way, without the least regard to their unfortunate riders. The lieutenant, whose steed had got the heels of the other, finding it would be great folly and presumption in him to pretend to keep the saddle with his wooden leg, very wisely took the opportunity of throwing himself off in his passage through a field of rich clover, among which he lay at his ease; and seeing his captain advancing at full gallop, hailed him with the salutation of "What cheer? ho!" The commodore, who was in infinite distress, eyeing him askance as he passed, replied with a faltering voice, "Oh, you are safe at an anchor; I wish I were as fast moored!" Nevertheless, conscious of his disabled heel, he would not venture to try the experiment which had succeeded so well with Hatchway, but resolved to stick as close as possible to his horse's back, until fortune should interpose in his behalf. With this view he dropped his whip, and with his right hand laid fast hold on the pummel, contracting every muscle in his body to secure himself in the seat, and grinning most formidably in consequence of this exertion. In this attitude he was hurried on a considerable way, when all of a sudden his view was comforted by a five-bar gate that appeared before him, as he never doubted that there the career of his hunter must necessarily end. But, alas! he reckoned without his host. Far from halting at this obstruction, the horse sprung over it with amazing agility, to the utter confusion and disorder of his owner, who lost his hat and periwig in the leap, and now began to think in good earnest that he was actually mounted on the back of the devil. He recommended himself to heaven, his reflection forsook him, his eyesight and all his other senses failed; he quitted the reins, and, fastening by instinct on the mane, was in this condition conveyed into the midst of the sportsmen, who were astonished at the sight of such an apparition. Neither was their surprise to be wondered at, if we reflect on the figure that presented itself to their view. The commodore's person was at all times an object of admiration; much more so on this occasion, when every singularity was aggravated by the circumstances of his dress and disaster.

He had put on, in honour of his nuptials, his best coat of blue broadcloth, cut by a tailor of Ramsgate, and trimmed with five dozen of brass buttons, large and small; his breeches were of the same piece, fastened at the knees with large bunches of tape; his waistcoat was of red plush, lapelled with green velvet, and garnished with vellum holes; his boots bore an infinite resemblance, both in colour and shape, to a pair of leather buckets; his shoulder was graced with a broad buff belt, from whence depended a huge hanger, with a hilt like that of a backsword; and on each side of his pummel appeared a rusty pistol, rammed in a case covered with a bearskin. The loss of his tie periwig, and laced hat, which were curiosities of the kind, did not at all contribute to the improvement of the picture, but, on the contrary, by exhibiting his bald pate, and the natural extension of his lantern jaws, added to the peculiarity and extravagance of the whole. Such a spectacle could not have failed of diverting the whole company from the chase, had his horse thought proper to pursue a different route, but the beast was too keen a sporter to choose any other way than that which the stag followed; and, therefore, without stopping to gratify the curiosity of the spectators, he, in a few minutes, outstripped every hunter in the field. There being a deep hollow way betwixt him and the hounds, rather than ride round about the length of a furlong to a path that crossed the lane, he transported himself, at one jump, to the unspeakable astonishment and terror of a wagoner who chanced to be underneath, and saw this phenomenon fly over his carriage. This was not the only adventure he achieved. The stag having taken a deep river that lay in his way, every man directed his course to a bridge in the neighbourhood; but our bridegroom's courser, despising all such conveniences, plunged into the stream without hesitation, and swam in a twinkling to the opposite shore. This sudden immersion into an element of which Trunnion was properly a native, in all probability helped to recruit the exhausted spirits of his rider, who, at his landing on the other side, gave some tokens of sensation by hallooing aloud for assistance, which he could not possibly receive, because his horse still maintained the advantage he had gained, and would not allow himself to be overtaken.

In short, after a long chase, that lasted several hours, and extended to a dozen miles at least, he was the first in at the death of the deer, being seconded by the lieutenant's gelding, which, actuated by the same spirit, had, without a rider, followed his companion's example.

Our bridegroom, finding himself at last brought up, or, in other words, at the end of his career, took the opportunity of the first pause, to desire the huntsmen would lend him a hand in dismounting; and was by their condescension safely placed on the grass, where he sat staring at the company as they came in, with such wildness of astonishment in his looks, as if he had been a creature of another species, dropped among them from the clouds.

Before they had fleshed the hounds, however, he recollected himself, and seeing one of the sportsmen take a small flask out of his pocket and apply it to his mouth, judged the cordial to be no other than neat cognac, which it really was; and expressing a desire of participation, was immediately accommodated with a moderate dose, which perfectly completed his recovery.

By this time he and his two horses had engrossed the attention of the whole crowd. While some admired the elegant proportion and uncommon spirit of the two animals, the rest contemplated the strange appearance of their master, whom before they had only seen "en passant;" and at length one of the gentlemen, accosting him very courteously, signified his wonder at seeing him in such an equipage, and asked him if he had not dropped his companion by the way? "Why, look ye, brother," replied the commodore, "mayhap you think me an odd sort of a fellow, seeing me in this trim, especially as I have lost part of my rigging; but this here is the case, d'ye see: I weighed anchor from my own house this morning at ten a.m., with fair weather and a favourable breeze at south-south-east, being bound to the next church on the voyage of matrimony; but, howsomever, we had not run down a quarter of a league, when the wind shifting, blowed directly in our teeth; so that we were forced to tack all the way, d'ye see, and had almost beat up within sight of the port, when these horses, which I bought but two days before (for my own part I believe they are devils incarnate), luffed round in a trice, and then, refusing the helm, drove away like lightning with me and my lieutenant, who soon came to anchor in an exceeding good berth. As for my own part, I have been carried over rocks, and flats, and quick-sands; among which I have pitched away a special good tie periwig, and an iron-bound hat; and, at last, thank heaven! am got into smooth water and safe riding; but if ever I venture my carcase upon such hare'um scare'um blood again, my name is not Hawser Trunnion!"

AN ACCOUNT OF RICH CAMACHO'S WEDDING.

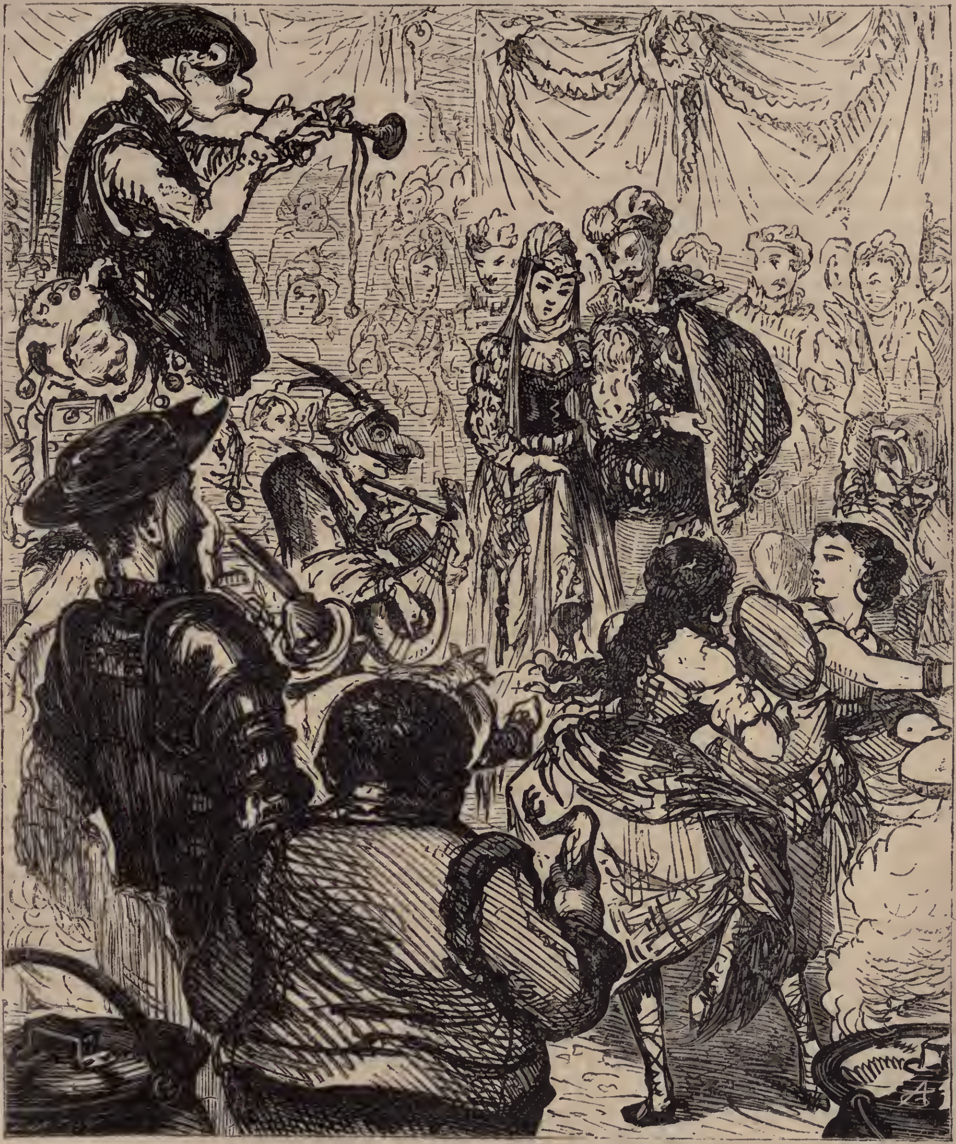
[Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, born at Alcala, Oct. 9, 1547, educated at Salamanca, entered the service of a cardinal at Rome, but afterwards adopting the profession of arms, was taken prisoner by the Algerines. Subsequently took to literature, and achieved great fame. Died at Madrid, April 23, 1616.]

Scarce had the fair Aurora given place to the refulgent ruler of the day, and allowed him time, with the heat of his prevailing rays, to dry the liquid pearls on his golden locks, when Don Quixote, shaking off sluggish sleep from his drowsy limbs, arose and called his squire; but found him still snoring.

"Away, cormorant!" said Don Quixote; "rouse, and let us go see, and learn how it fares with the disdained Basil."

"Fare!" quoth Sancho; "why, if he be poor, he must e'en be so still, and not think to marry Quiteria. It is a pretty fancy, i' faith! for a fellow who has not a cross, to run madding after what is meat for his betters. I will lay my neck that Camacho covers this same Basil from head to foot with white sixpences, and will spend ye more at a breakfast than the other is worth, and be never the worse. And do you think that Madam Quiteria will quit her fine rich gowns and petticoats, her necklaces of pearl, her jewels, her finery and bravery, and all that Camacho has given her, and may afford to give her, to marry a fellow with whom she must knit or spin for her living? What signifies his bar-pitching and fencing? Will that pay for a pint of wine at a tavern? If all those rare parts won't go to market, and make the pot boil, any one may take them for me: though where they light on a man that has wherewithal, may I never stir if they do not set him off rarely. With good materials on a good foundation, a man may build a good house, and money is the best foundation in the world."

Thereupon Sancho said no more, but saddled Rozinante, and clapped his pack-saddle on Dapple's back; then, both mounting, away they rode fair and softly into the arbour. The first thing that blessed Sancho's sight there was a whole steer spitted on a large elm, before a mighty fire made of a pile of wood, that seemed a flaming mountain. Round this bonfire were placed six capacious pots, cast in no common mould—or rather six ample coppers—every one containing a whole shamble of meat, and entire sheep were sunk and lost in them, and soaked as conveniently as pigeons. The branches of the trees round were all garnished with an infinite number of cased hares and plucked fowls of several sorts: and then for drink, Sancho counted above threescore skins of wine, each of which contained above two arrobas, and, as it afterwards proved, sprightly liquor. A goodly pile of white loaves made a large rampart on the



(*Drawn by* A. THOMPSON.)

one side, and a stately wall of cheeses, set up like bricks, made a comely bulwark on the other. Two pans of oil, each bigger than a dyer's vat, served to fry their pancakes, which they lifted out with two strong peels when they were fried enough, and then they dipped them in as large a kettle of honey prepared for that purpose. To dress all this provision, there were above fifty cooks, men and women, all cleanly, diligent, and cheerful. In the ample belly of the steer, they had stewed up twelve little sucking pigs embowelled, to give it the more savoury taste. Spices of all sorts lay about in such plenty, that they appeared to be bought by wholesale. In short, the whole provision was indeed country-like, but plentiful enough to feast an army.

Sancho beheld all this with wonder and delight. The first temptation that captivated his senses was the goodly pots; his bowels yearned, and his mouth watered at the dainty contents: by-and-by he fell desperately in love with the skins of wine; and lastly, his affections were fixed on the frying-pans, if such honourable kettles may accept of the name. The scent of the fried meat put him into such a commotion of spirit that he could hold out no longer, but accosting one of the busy cooks with all the smooth and hungry reasons he was master of, he begged leave to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pans.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were discoursing, they were interrupted by a great noise of joy and acclamations raised by the horsemen, as, shouting and galloping, they went to meet the young couple, who, surrounded by a thousand instruments and devices, were coming to the arbour, accompanied by the curate, their relations, and all the better sort of the neighbourhood, set out in their holiday clothes.

The fair Quiteria appeared somewhat pale, probably with the ill rest which brides commonly have the night before their marriage, in order to dress themselves to advantage. There was a large scaffold erected on one side of the meadow, and adorned with carpets and boughs, for the marriage ceremony, and the more convenient prospect of the shows and entertainments.

The procession was just arrived at this place, when they heard a piercing outcry, and a voice calling out, "Stay, rash and hasty people, stay!" Upon which all turning about, they saw a person coming after them in a black coat, bordered with crimson, powdered with flames of fire. On his head he wore a garland of mournful cypress, and a large truncheon in his hand, headed with an iron spike. As soon as he drew near, they knew him to be the gallant Basil, and the whole assembly began to fear some mischief would ensue, seeing him come thus unlooked-for and with such an outcry and behaviour. He came up, tired and panting, before the bride and bridegroom; then, leaning on his truncheon, he fixed his eyes on Quiteria, turning pale and trembling at the same time, and, with a fearful, hollow voice, "Too well you know," cried he, "unkind Quiteria, that, by the ties of truth and law of that Heaven which we all revere, while I have life you cannot be married to another. You, forgetting all the ties between us, are going now to break them, and give my right to another, whose large possessions, though they can procure him all other blessings, I had never envied if they had not purchased you. But no more. The Fates have ordained it, and I will further their design, by removing this unhappy obstacle out of your way. Live, rich Camacho, live happy with the ungrateful Quiteria many years, and let the poor, the miserable Basil die, whose poverty has clipped the wings of his felicity, and laid him in the grave!"

Saying these last words, he drew out of his supposed truncheon a short tuck that was concealed in it, and setting the hilt of it to the ground, he fell upon the point in such a manner, that it came out all bloody at his back, the poor wretch weltering on the ground in blood. His friends, confounded by this strange accident, ran to help him, and Don Quixote, forsaking Rozinante, made haste to his assistance, and taking him up in his arms, found there was still life in him. They would fain have drawn the sword out of his body, but the curate urged it was not convenient till he had made confession and prepared himself for death, which would immediately attend the effusion of blood, upon pulling out the tuck.

While they were debating this point, Basil seemed to come a little to himself, and calling on the bride, "O Quiteria!" said he, with a faint and doleful voice, "now, now, in this last and departing minute of my life, even in this dreadful agony of death, would you but vouchsafe to give me your hand and own yourself my wife, I would die contented."

The curate hearing this, very earnestly recommended to him the care of his soul's health, which at the present juncture was more proper than any gratification of his outward man; that his time was but short, and he ought to be very earnest with Heaven, in imploring its mercy and forgiveness for all his sins, but especially for this last desperate action. To which Basil answered that he could think of no happiness till Quiteria yielded to be his; but if she would do it, that satisfaction would calm his spirits, and dispose him to confess himself heartily.

Don Quixote hearing this, cried out aloud that Basil's demand was just and reasonable, and Signor Camacho might as honourably receive her as the worthy Basil's widow as if he had received her at her father's hands. "Say but the word, madam," continued he: "pronounce it once, to save a man from despair; you will not be long bound to it, since the only bed of this bridegroom must be the grave." Camacho stood all this while strangely confounded, till, at last, he was prevailed on, by the repeated importunities of Basil's friends, to consent that Quiteria should humour the dying man, knowing her own happiness would thereby be deferred but a few minutes longer. Then they all bent their entreaties to Quiteria, some with tears in their eyes, others with all the engaging arguments their pity could suggest. She stood a long time inexorable, and did not return any answer, till at last the curate came to her and bid her resolve what she would do, for Basil was just ready to give up the ghost. But then the poor virgin, trembling and dismayed, without speaking a word, came to poor Basil, who lay gasping for breath, with his eyes fixed in his head, as if he were just expiring. She kneeled down by him, and, with the most manifest signs of grief, beckoned to him for his hand. Then Basil, opening his eyes, and fixing them on her, "O Quiteria!" said he; "your heart at last relents, when your pity comes too late. Thy arms are now extended to relieve me, when those of death draw me to their embraces; and they, alas! are much too strong for thine. All I desire of thee, oh, fatal beauty! is this: let not that fair hand deceive me now, as it has done before, but confess that what you do is free and voluntary, without constraint, or in compliance to any one's commands; declare me openly thy true and lawful husband; thou wilt not, sure, dissemble with one in death, and deal falsely with his departing soul, that all his life has been true to thee?"

In the midst of this discourse he fainted away, and all the bystanders thought him gone. The poor Quiteria, with a blushing modesty, a kind of violence upon herself, took him by the hand, and with a great deal of emotion, "No force," said she, "could ever work upon my will to this degree; therefore, believe it purely my own free will and inclination that I here publicly declare you my only lawful husband; here is my hand in pledge, and I expect yours as freely in return, if your pains and this sudden accident have not yet bereft you of all sense."

"I give it you," said Basil, "and here I own myself thy husband."

"And I thy wife," said she, "whether thy life be long or whether from my arms they bear thee this instant to the grave."

"Methinks," quoth Sancho, "this young man talks too much for a man in his condition. Pray, advise him to leave off his wooing, and mind his soul's health."

Now, when Basil and Quiteria had thus plighted their faith to each other, while yet their hands were joined together, the tender-hearted curate, with tears in his eyes, poured on them both the nuptial blessing, beseeching Heaven, at the same time, to have mercy on the new-married man's soul, and in a manner mixing the burial service with the matrimonial.

As soon as the benediction was pronounced, up starts Basil briskly from the ground, and, with an unexpected activity, whips the sword out of his body, and caught his dear Quiteria close in his arms. All the spectators stood amazed, and some of the simpler sort stuck not to cry out, "A miracle! a miracle!"

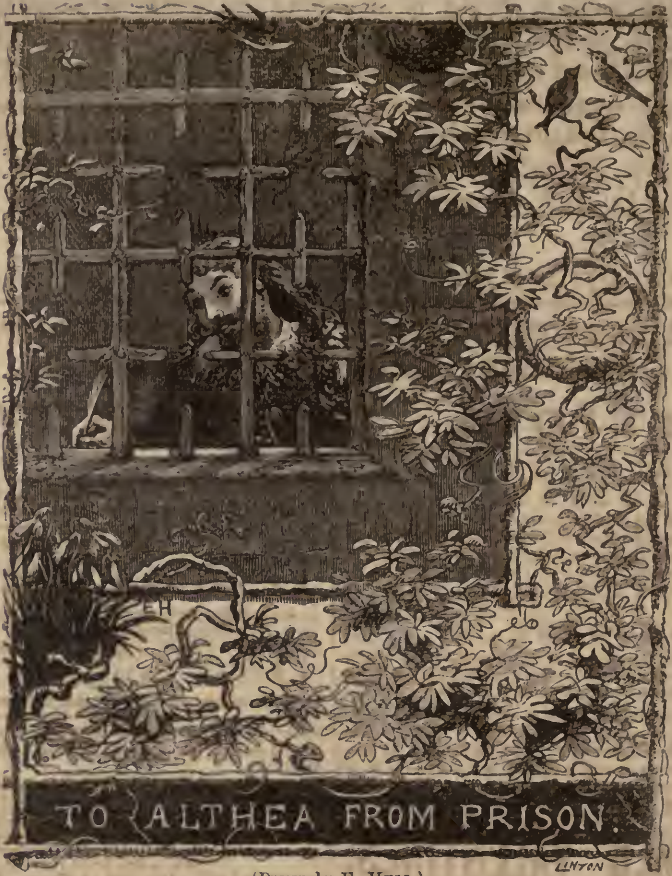
"No, no!" cried Basil; "no miracle, no miracle, but a stratagem, a stratagem!"

The curate, more astonished and concerned than all the rest, came with both his hands to feel the wound, and discovered that the sword had nowhere passed through the cunning Basil's body, but only through a tin pipe full of blood artfully fitted to his body, and, as it was afterwards known, so prepared, that the blood could not congeal. In short, the curate, Camacho, and the company, found they had all been egregiously imposed upon. As for the bride, she was so far from being displeased, that, hearing it urged that the marriage could not stand good in law because it was fraudulent and deceitful, she publicly declared that she again confirmed it to be just, and by the free consent of both parties.

Camacho and his friends, judging by this that the trick was premeditated, and that she was privy to the plot, enraged at this horrid disappointment, had recourse to a stronger argument, and, drawing their swords, set furiously on Basil, in whose defence almost as many were immediately unsheathed. Don Quixote immediately mounting, with his lance couched, and covered with his shield, led the van of Basil's party, and falling in with the enemy, charged clear through the gross of their battalia. Sancho, who never liked any dangerous work, resolved to stand neuter, and so retired under the walls of the mighty pot whence he had got the precious skimmings, thinking that would be respected whatever side gained the battle.

Don Quixote, addressing himself to Camacho's party, "Hold, gentlemen!" cried he; "it is not just thus with arms to redress the injuries of love. Love and war are the same thing, and stratagems and policy are as allowable in the one as in the other. Quiteria was designed for Basil, and he for her, by the unalterable decrees of Heaven. Camacho's riches may purchase him a bride and more content elsewhere. Those whom Heaven has joined let no man put asunder. Basil had but this one lamb. Let none, therefore, offer to take his single delight from him, though presuming on his power; for here I solemnly declare, that he who first attempts it must pass through me, and this lance through him." At which he shook his lance in the air with so much vigour and dexterity, that he cast a sudden terror into those that beheld him.

In short, Don Quixote's words, the good curate's diligent mediation, together with Quiteria's inconstancy, brought Camacho to a truce; and he then discreetly considered that, since Quiteria loved Basil before marriage, it was probable she would love him afterwards, and that therefore he had more reason to thank Heaven for so good a riddance than to repine at losing her. This thought, improved by some other considerations, brought both parties to a fair accommodation; and Camacho, to show he did not resent the disappointment, blaming rather Quiteria's levity than Basil's policy, invited the whole company to stay and take share of what he had provided. But Basil, whose virtues, in spite of his poverty, had secured him many friends, drew away part of the company to attend him and his bride to her own town, and among the rest, Don Quixote, whom they all honoured as a person of extraordinary worth and bravery.



(*Drawn by* E. Hull.)

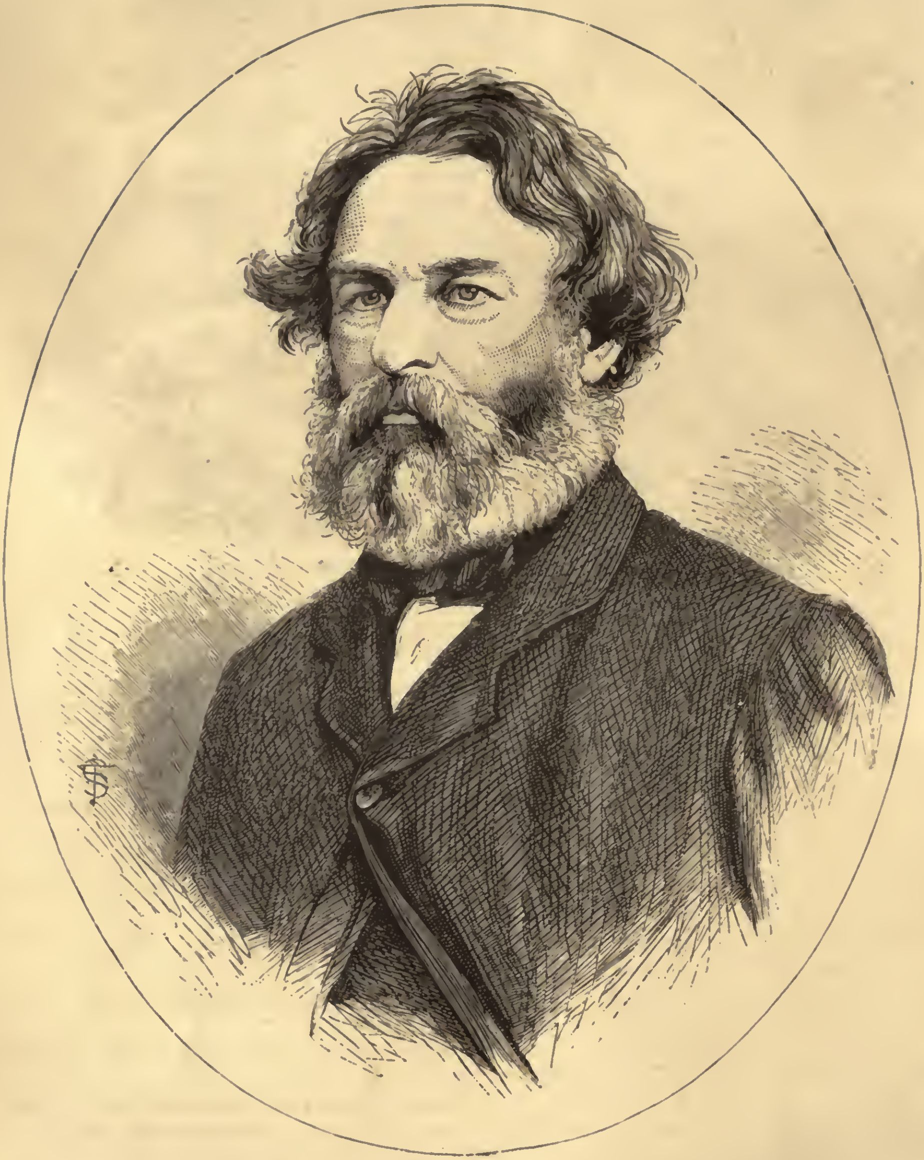
[Richard Lovelace, born about 1618. Educated at Oxford. Imprisoned by the Long Parliament. Afterwards served in the French army. The latter part of his life was very miserable. He died in an alley near Shoe Lane, in 1658.]

When Love, with unconfinèd wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

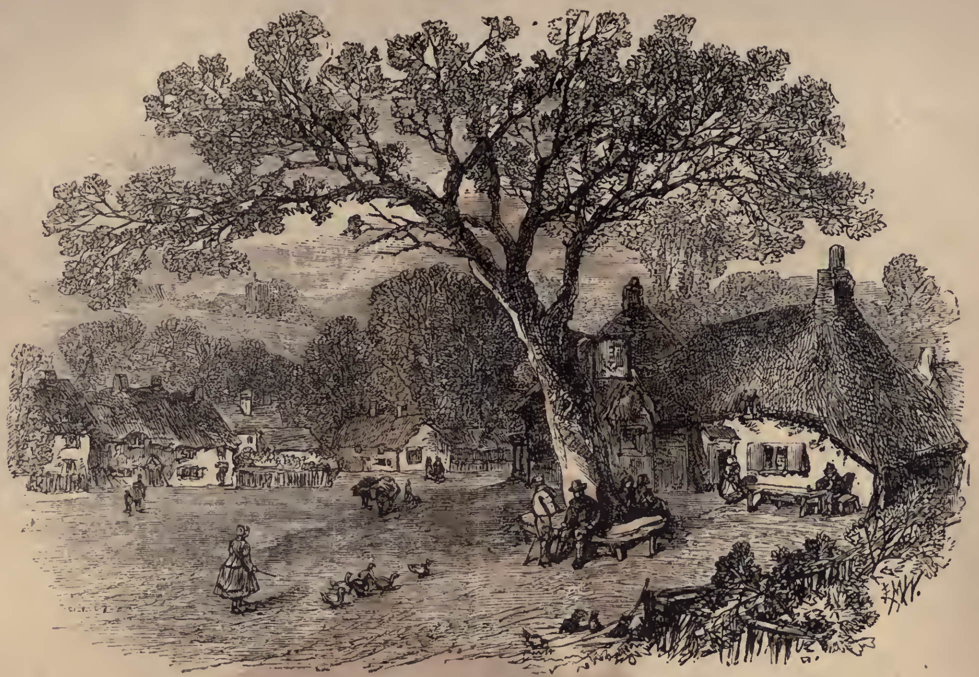
When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crowned,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like, confinèd, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.



H. W. LONGFELLOW.



(*Drawn by* E. Wimperis.)

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

[Oliver Goldsmith. *See Page* 10.]

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please.

* * * * * *

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place!
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;

The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast:
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on his head.

THE UNFOLDING OF MR. MUMFORD'S UMBRELLA.*

[Mr. T. W. Robertson, author of "Ours," and "Society," although he has made his chief success as a dramatist, has long been favourably known as a contributor to the light literature of the day.]

The name of Mephistopheles Mumford is too familiar to the British public to require introduction: not that my Christian name is Mephistopheles—but John. Mephistopheles is a "soubriquet" bestowed on me, after my great success in the year '28, at Tutbury, in the drama of the "Fate of Faustus; or, the Fourth of February and the Midnight Hour." My Mephistopheles was the rage in Tutbury. I played it at least six times during the season—an unprecedented run. I afterwards acted it, with similar results, at Eckington, Bunborough, Stickton-le-Clay, Fagthorpe, and Queerham, and was complimented by Lord Landstraddlin, on the occasion of the bespeak of the East Loamshire Yeomanry Cavalry, of which his lordship was Colonel-Commandant, at the T. R. Butterfurrow.

According to a custom, seldom departed from in the dramatic profession, I married young; and according to another equally-established theatrical precedent, the lady I married was possessed only of the treasures of youth, beauty, and amiability. I once scorned the idea of marriage for money, but my views upon that subject have considerably modified. My salary (my wife did not act) was small, but as a compensation, my family was large. Six precious but expensive pledges of affection were born to us in as many years, and I had to work hard to find the necessary boots and batter-puddings. Rehearsal in the morning, study in the afternoon, the theatre at even, and often study all the night, such is the laborious life which the enemies of our profession stigmatise as lazy.

Evil days fell upon us; fever swept away my children. I had toiled to maintain them; I had to toil to bury them. They died of a terrible epidemic that raged in the year that the "Brigand" was brought out at Drury Lane. I was studying Massaroni at the time. I'll not endeavour to say how we felt it. My wife kept all their little shoes—she has them by her now.

Four months after the interment of our last darling, my wife was again confined. I had my new little daughter christened Evadne. I had played Colonna the night before.

Evadne, I need hardly say, was educated for the stage; that is, she was made to act as soon as she could toddle. Often as Rolla have I borne her on my shoulders across the bridge over the cataract, while the applause has thundered in my ears. Often have I wept over her, as I gently repudiated Mrs. Haller; and often, when I carried her home at night beneath my cloak, the darling would warm her little hands in my breast, and by the time I reached our lodgings have fallen fast asleep in my arms: in short, as my friend Tom Tearlungs (poor Tom was a tragedian at the east-end of London, and died of delirium tremens) said of her, "She was cradled in a helmet, nursed on rose-pink, and weaned on properties."

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* By permission of the Author.

I have remarked that, generally, the fathers of actresses are absurdly prejudiced in favour of their daughters. They think no other girls can be so handsome, fascinating, or talented. I remember reading a very humorous description, in a work written by a gentleman who, in my poor opinion would have done more service to his country had he constructed a tragedy rather than a mere novel. It was of one Captain Costigan, the father of a Miss Fotheringay, and I laughed heartily at his ridiculous doating. I need not say that I am superior to that sort of weakness and in asserting that my Evadne was the loveliest girl ever seen, and the finest actress in certain parts that ever graced the stage, I am not influenced by partiality, but uttering a simple fact that would be endorsed by every check-taker in front of the house. You should have seen the box-plan on her benefits; you should have heard her receptions; you should have read the verses in the Poet's Corner of the *Flamtattleton Free Press* and the *Slocum Advertiser;* and you should have seen the child herself. My dear old friend, Jack Madigag, who played the low-comedy in the Cwymrymwymwygeiddon circuit, used to say, "Vad" (he always called her Vad) "has the sort of eyes that go right through a man like a gimlet, and come out at the back of his coat in the shape of brass buttons!" We worshipped her, Mistress Mephistopheles and I. We had lost six, we had to love her for seven!

When Evadne was nearly nineteen years of age, we were acting in a small town in Ireland. I had played Virginius that night, the child, of course, playing Virginia. We were walking home together, when a young man, an officer at the barracks (I recognised him from having seen him in the boxes), came up to us, and asked Evadne if he should have the pleasure of seeing her home?

I saw that he had been drinking, and I told him positively, but politely, that I was my daughter's escort.

"Never mind, old feller," said he, "you can walk behind, you know."

He advanced towards the child. I held out my disengaged arm, which carried a short Roman sword, wrapped in a gun-case. The young man ran his nose on to the hilt, which peeped out of the case, and I dare say hurt himself very much. he swore an awful oath and cried—

"You infernal old vagabond, I'll wring your neck off!"

Evadne threw herself between us, just as the heroines do in dramas; and I believe the drunken ruffian would have attacked me, but for the arrival of another young officer, in uniform.

"Hallo! What's the row?" asked the new comer.

The tipsy fellow swore. I explained: and Evadne trembled violently.

"Look here, Hops," said he in uniform; "you're frightening the young lady. You'd better go to barracks."

The tipsy officer was the son of an eminent English brewer (if eminence can be attained by brewing beer, which I doubt), and in the regiment was called "Hops."

To cut short a long story, Hops was with difficulty prevailed upon to leave us, and the stranger asked my permission to accompany us as far as our door.

The young man, whom I found to be a perfect gentleman, but lamentably ignorant of theatricals, walked by Evadne's side, and when we parted we both expressed our sense of obligation.

"Don't mention it," was the reply. "With your permission, I will call to-morrow, and bring the man who left us to apologise."

"Oh! don't bring him again," said the child. "I couldn't bear the sight of him!"

"Then I must hope to bring his written apology."

"At all times, sir, I shall be most happy to see you!"

We went in, told our adventure to Mistress Mephistopheles, and were so excited by the event that we could eat no supper.

The next day Lieutenant Lysart, for that was the name of our escort, brought an apologetic note from "Hops," and stayed with us to tea. After that he called upon us every day, and watched Evadne from his box every night, to such an extent that Miss Panker, who had a pretty wit, and played the chambermaids, began to tease Evadne, and to call Lieutenant Lysart Romeo.

My wife and I soon saw that they loved each other. The child lost her appetite and her spirits, but as a sort of compensation, acted with frantic enthusiasm. The exercise of her art was a safety-valve for overcharged and excited sentiment. I spoke to her upon the subject; so did her mother, but she only answered us with tears, and we could not bear to see her weep.

For the young man, his conduct was respectful and becoming. I showed him by my manner that I thought his visits too frequent, but he called as usual. I discovered that, though an only son, he was poor, for the estate had borne the burthen of a long lawsuit, arising out of a disputed inheritance.

It was the last week of the season. After I had played in the first piece—the "Warlock of the Glen"—I went home to supper. Mistress Mephistopheles had prepared some tripe. I ate heartily, and, after a pipe, returned to the theatre to fetch Evadne, who acted in the interlude. She was not in her dressing-room. I knocked at the door, and was told by Miss Panker that she had dressed herself hurriedly and gone. I thought it odd that she should not have waited for me, and walked home again hastily, hoping to catch her. Her mother told me she had not seen her. I ran back to the theatre; the curtain had not fallen on the last piece. Evadne was nowhere to be found. By this time I grew seriously alarmed. I flew home, and found my wife in strong hysterics. With the assistance of the landlady, I restored her. She could not speak, but she held out in her hand a crumpled letter. It ran:—

DEAREST, *dearest*, FATHER AND MOTHER,—I write this in great anguish, for I know that you will think me unaffectionate and undutiful. Oh! do not—*do not* think ill of me till you know all. It will be useless attempting to seek me, or to find out where we have gone. Heaven bless you! my dear father and mother. E.

I learned afterwards that the note had been brought by a boy—a soldier's son—from the barracks.

I will pass over our terrible trouble. The abandonment of fond parents by a young girl has been described too often for me to dwell upon it here. Suffice it, the child had quitted the town with Lysart.

I made inquiries, but in vain. After the first inn on the road, I could hear nothing of them.

Fortunately, the two following nights I was out of the bills, but on the last night of the season I played Rolamo in the interesting and pathetic drama of "Clari; or, Home sweet Home." It is not a piece played much now-a-days. It would not suit the modern, natural, impertinently-familiar style of acting—the "how-do-you-do-to-day"—"half-a-pound-of-bacon-and-cut-it-fat" school, as I call it—the school which teaches Richard, when, on the eve of the battle that is to decide his fate, crown, and kingdom, he asks Catesby, "Is ink and paper ready?" to do so in the tone that he would order a tavern-waiter to bring a fried sole and a chop to follow.

A large house was attracted by my appearance in "Clari," for the piece treats of a father whose daughter has deserted him for the arms of a betrayer—in fact, the situation was exactly mine. It was a painful trial for me, but I owed a duty to the public, and I resolved to go through with it.

The audience held their breath as the slow music played, and I appeared upon the bridge with my gun upon my shoulder. They received all that I said with the greatest attention but no applause. Every eye was watching to see how much of the emotion I expressed was real or false, human or dramatic.

I felt my heart sink when Miss Panker, who played Clari (the child had been cast for the part), came on veiled, and told me a story so nearly resembling my own. When she asked my counsel as to the course she should pursue towards her father, I recited, amid a solemn silence—

"Shall I paint his (her father's) agonising sufferings to you? I can do so, for I have felt it—I feel it now. I once had a daughter; oh! how I doated on her words cannot speak—thoughts cannot measure; yet she sacrificed me to a villain. Her ingratitude has bleached this head, her wickedness has broken this heart, and now my detestation is upon her. Oh! do not you resemble her! Remain not a moment longer from your father. Fly to him ere his heart give way as mine does now—ere he curses you as I now curse——"

I could say no more; my feelings flooded my throat, and I fell on the stage senseless.

I was laid on my bed with fever for three weeks; when I recovered, my wife—whose devotion during my illness deserved a piece of plate—caught it from me, and I had to nurse her. We pulled through it, though, and left the town, both very old and broken.

Four years passed away. Each summer we received a letter containing five Bank of England notes, each for £10. The envelope bore a London post-mark, but, though the address was written in an unfamiliar hand, we knew from whom they came. I need not say they were left untouched.

Our life was a sad one. After my illness, my voice lost much of its strength and mellowness, and even the most indulgent of British publics likes plenty of lungs. I could only get engagements in small theatres, where the salary was inconsiderable, even when paid.

I was acting at Crumblecrag. It was a bitter winter, the snow was on the ground, and the business had been wretched. I was playing Rolla to a small but highly intelligent audience, and as the curtain fell, and I lay upon my bier, I was informed that a gentleman wished to speak to me. I got off my bier, dressed myself and went out. A tall man in a light coat was standing under a gas-lamp. I stepped forward and said—

"Pray, sir, are you the——"

The man turned round and said, "Mr. Mumford!"

I nearly fell. It was Lysart!

"Allow me to assist you."

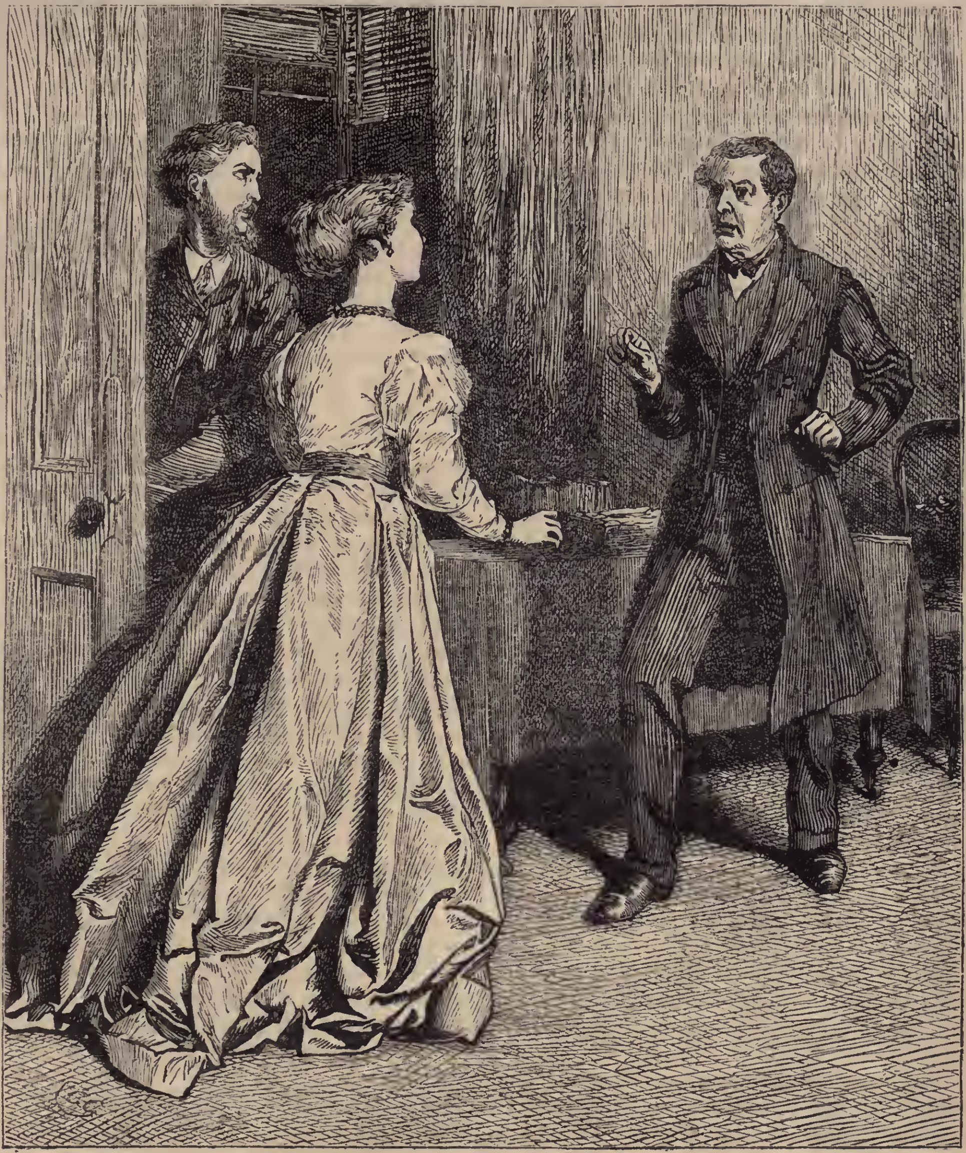
"How dare you to touch me?" I cried, feeling, partly from indignation, partly from dramatic habit—Heaven help me!—for the hilt of my sword.

"I want to speak to you," said Lysart. "We cannot talk in the open air; oblige me by coming to the hotel for a few minutes—only for a few minutes."

He seemed not only easy and unconcerned, but in high spirits and good humour. I followed him mechanically. We were shown into a room, and he shut the door.

"Now, my dear Mr. Mumford," he began.

"Have you brought me here to insult me, Mr. Lysart?"



(*Drawn by* C. GREEN.)

"Pardon me. I am now Sir Percy Lysart!"

"You are a villain, sir!" I exclaimed. "Where is my child? my daughter? where is she? Give her to me!"

"Evadne Mumford," he replied, "exists no longer!"

"Dead!"

He made no answer, but went to the door, opened it, and, admitting a woman elegantly dressed, said—

"Allow me to present you to Lady Lysart!"

Great Heaven! It was Evadne!

I knew it was Evadne, for the next moment I had her in my arms and on my knees. Oh! how we kissed each other, and how we cried and sobbed, and how happy we were! (Sir Percy walked away, and pulled out his pocket-handkerchief.) It was herself, Evadne; oh! my darling and my joy! My Vad! Vad!! Vad!!! And it was all real and true, and not a dream, and I shouldn't wake up to watch the squares of the window-panes upon the blind.

"But mamma," said Evadne—I beg her pardon, Lady Lysart.

"Never mind mamma, my pet, she's in bed and asleep. Tell me all about it."

"Well then, dear daddy—how thin you are, and you've got a wig on—we were married in London two days after I left you, but I knew you would not keep the secret."

"Never mind that, my beautif——"

"And Percy expected all his money from an aunt, a very haughty lady, who prided herself on her birth, and who, if she had known of his marriage with an obscure actress, would have cut him off——"

"Without a shilling," laughed Evadne's husband, the baronet; "but three months ago she died——"

"And we have only just found out where you were," added the baronet's wife.

I blessed them both, and then shook hands with my son-in-law. I had begun to cry copiously when I remembered I hadn't time for it. Lady Lysart threw a cloak over her head and shoulders—she looked exactly as she used to do in Little Red Riding Hood, in the opening of the pantomime at Bagshot-in-the-Wold—and ran home with me.

My wife had gone to bed, leaving a tripe supper in a vegetable dish on the hob for me. It is odd, but in all the important events of my life tripe has ever pursued me—ever been on my track!

The fire had gone out, and the lucifers were in the bedroom. We groped up-stairs in the dark.

"That you?" said my wife, from under the bedclothes. "Had your tripe?"

"Tripe be hanged, madam. Behold your child!" And I struck a lucifer. Need I describe the meeting?

We all went back to the hotel, where a table was laid with all the delicacies of the season—including lobster-salad; but we none of us could eat, except Sir Percy, who enjoyed himself and the lobster-salad amazingly.

After supper, when we were all seated round the fire, Evadne left the room for a few minutes and returned with—what do you think? A baby! A real live baby, with practicable mouth, and eyes to work—a baby who, as soon as it was in my arms, seized my wig and sucked my eyebrows.

"That's mine, papa!" said Lady Lysart.

"And mine," said the baronet; "allow me to put in my claim to joint-proprietorship."

The baby—a son eight months old—was a great success; he was good with me, but would not go to his grandmamma—a course of conduct that enabled me to triumph over Mistress Mephistopheles for a week.

The next morning the baronet asked me when I could leave the company I was engaged in. He told me, too, that he was expecting a cheque from his banker's.

"If it will be of any accommodation, Sir Percy," I said, "here is a cool two hundred I can lend you."

I placed on the table the notes that had been sent me.

Evadne looked at them, showed them to her husband, and then, throwing her arms round my neck, said, "Oh! you dear, good, old daddy. I thought you wouldn't use them. If you had you would have taken a theatre."

It is probable I might.

I did not take a public farewell of the stage, nor do I regret that I did not. The British public has neglected me—the British public must take the consequences. My son-in-law repudiates the idea of my taking a national theatre, and, by means of my own performances, restoring the legitimate drama to its proper home. I proposed it to him, but his answer was, "he didn't see it," nor, strange to say, did Evadne either.

There are no actors now-a-days, nor do I wonder at it. Though I have not made as great a name as Garrick or Kemble, I shall be the means of introducing to the House of Commons those graces of oratory so long neglected there. I am teaching my grandson, Master Lysart, the art of elocution, and, when he becomes a member, my declamatory powers will live again in him.

THE STORY OF PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE, APPLIED.

[Edmund Waller. *See Page* 29.]

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspirèd train,
Fair Saccharissa loved, but loved in vain;
Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use!
Such, is the chase when Love and Fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and through flowery meads;
Invoked to testify the lover's care,
Or form some image of his cruel fair.
Urged with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er these he fled; and now approaching near,
Had reached the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay,
Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain;
All, but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion and approve his song.
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
He caught at love, and filled his arms with bays.

YORICK'S DEATH.

[LAURENCE STERNE. *See Page* 15.]

A FEW hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stepped in, with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand, and after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again, he told him he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. "I hope not," answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—"I hope not, Yorick," said he. Yorick replied with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand—and that was all—but it cut Eugenius to his heart. "Come, come, Yorick!" quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him; "my dear lad, be comforted; let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis, when thou most wantest them. Who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?" Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head. "For my part," continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, "I declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee; and would gladly flatter my hopes," added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, "that there is still enough of thee left to make a bishop, and that I may live to see it." "I beseech thee, Eugenius," quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius—"I beseech thee to take a view of my head." "I see nothing that ails it," replied Eugenius. "Then, alas! my friend," said Yorick, "let me tell you that it is so bruised and misshaped with the blows which have been so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Panza, that should I recover, and 'mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it.'"

Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart, as he uttered this; yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone, and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakespeare said of his ancestor) "were wont to set the table in a roar!"

Eugenius was convinced from this that the heart of his friend was broken. He squeezed his hand, and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door; he then closed them, and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of the churchyard, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy—

Alas! poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over, with such a variety of plaintive tones as denote a general pity and esteem for him. A footway crossing the churchyard close by his grave, not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it, and sighing, as he walks on,

ALAS! POOR YORICK!

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

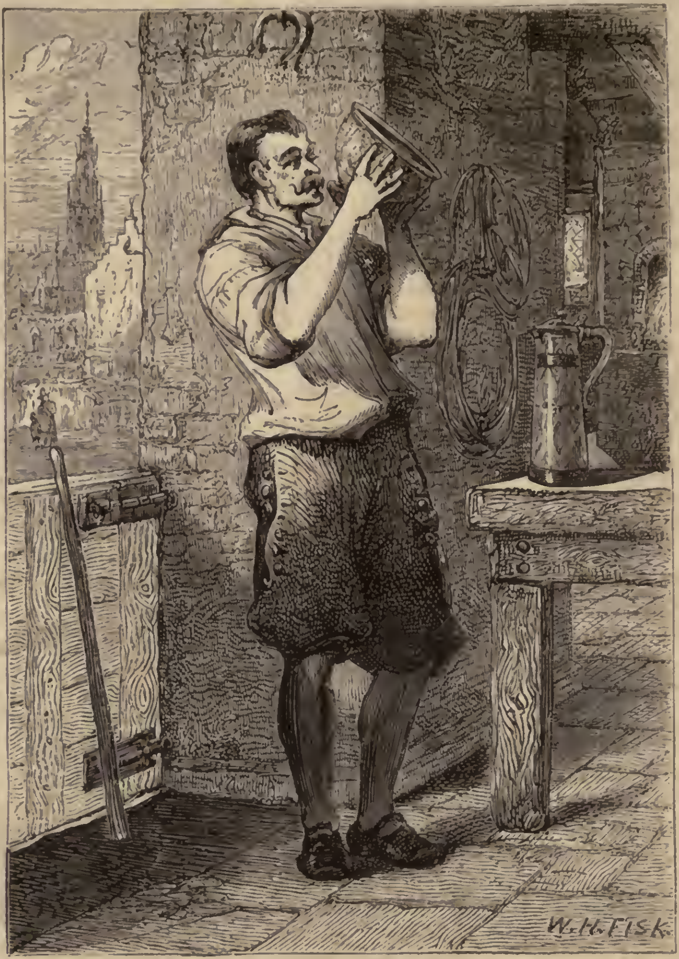
[Translated from Uhland by Professor Longfellow. *See Page* 14.]

OF Edenhall, the youthful lord
  Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,
  And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
  "Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain;
  The house's oldest seneschal
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
  The drinking glass of crystal tall:
  They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the lord, "This glass to praise,
  Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The greybeard with trembling hand obeys;
  A purple light shines over all,
  It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light,
  "This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
  She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
  Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!



(*Drawn by* W. H. FISK.)

"'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And willingly ring with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters at last, like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall!

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right;
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift the wild flames start:
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

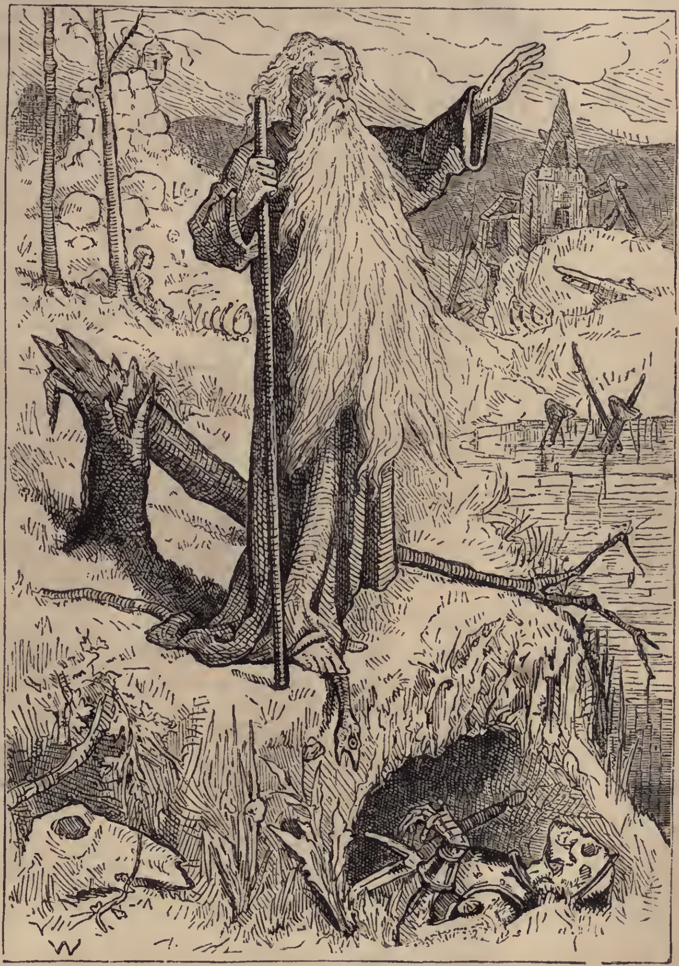
In storms the foe, with fire and sword:
He in the night had scaled the wall;
Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The greybeard in the desert hall,
He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside;
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's luck and pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day, like the Luck of Edenhall."

THE LAST MAN.

[Thomas Campbell. *See Page* 110.]



(*Drawn by* E. Wiegand.)

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rested in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by—
Saying, "We are twins in death, proud sun;
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

"What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
The vassals of his will?
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrowned king of day
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

"Go! let Oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

"Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall;
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!"

This spirit shall return to Him
  Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
  When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
  By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
  And took the sting from death.

Go, sun, while mercy holds me up
  On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
  Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
  On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
  Or shake his trust in God!

MY LOST HOME.*

[Mr. John Hollingshead first attracted public notice by his contributions to *Household Words*. It is much to be regretted that of late years he has not written so frequently.]

IN the still hours of the night; in the evening rest from labour—when the twilight shadows darken my solitary room, and oftentimes in the broad glare of day, amongst the eager, busy merchants upon 'Change—it comes before me: the picture of my lost shadowy home. So dim and indistinct at times seems the line that separates my past from my present self—so dream-like seem the events that have made me the hunted outcast which I am—that, painful as my history is, it is a mental relief to me to go over it step by step, and dwell upon the faces of those who are now lost to me for evermore.

It seems but yesterday—although many years have passed away—that I was in a position of trust in the counting-house of Askew, Dobell, and Picard. I entered the service of these merchants about the age of sixteen, fresh from the Blue-Coat School; a raw, ungainly lad, with no knowledge or experience of the world, and with a strong letter of recommendation from the head master, which procured me a junior clerkship. Our business was conducted with a steady tranquillity—an almost holy calm—in harmony with the place, which had the air of a sacred temple dedicated to commerce. I rose step by step; till at last, about the age of thirty, I attained the position of first-class clerk. My advance was not due to any remarkable ability that I had displayed; nor because I had excited the interest of any member of the firm, for I seldom saw the faces of my employers. It was purely the result of a system which ordained a general rise throughout the house when any old clerk died or was pensioned off.

The third partner in the firm, Mr. Picard, was a man of a very different stamp from the other two. At one period he had been our managing clerk, and he obtained his share in the business in the same year that I entered the house. He was of French extraction; thin, sallow, with small grey eyes, and light sandy hair. His age at the time I am writing of must have been near fifty. Although his origin was very obscure—some of our old clerks remembering him walking about the docks in an almost shoeless state—his pride was very great, and his harshness, sternness, and uneasy, fretful, and ever-conscious attempts at dignity, were a painful contrast to the quiet, off-hand manner of Mr. Dobell, or the venerable and dreamy calmness of old Mr. Askew. He was a bad-hearted, cold, calculating man—a man with a strong, reckless will, who allowed nothing to stand between him and his self-interest. When he came into authority, and had his name put up as one of the firm, his humble relations were removed to a distance; and a poor old Irishwoman who had kept a fruit-stall upon sufferance under our gateway for many years, was swept away, because he felt that she remembered him in the days of his poverty.

My position and duties required me to live in the house, and to take charge of the place. When I married, I took my wife, Esther, to our old City home, and our one child, little Margaret, was born there. The child was a little blue-eyed, fair-haired thing; and it was a pleasing sight to see her, between two and three years of age, trotting along the dark passages, and going carefully up the broad oaken stairs. On one occasion she was checked, by the order of Mr. Picard, for making a noise during business hours; and, from ten to five, she had to confine herself to her little dingy room at the top of the house. She was a great favourite with many of the old childless clerks, who used to bring her presents of fruit in the summer mornings. Scarcely a day passed but what I stole an hour—my dinner-hour—to play with her; and, in the long summer evenings, I carried her down to the river to watch the boats. Sometimes, on Sundays, I took her out of the City into the fields about Canonbury, and carried her back again loaded with buttercups. She was a companion to me — oftentimes my only companion, with her innocent prattle, and gentle, winning ways—for my wife, Esther, was cold and reserved in her manners, with settled habits, formed before our marriage. She was an earnest Baptist, and attended regularly, three times a-week, a chapel for that persuasion in Finsbury. My home often looked cheerless enough when little Margaret had retired to bed and my wife's empty chair stood before me; but I did not complain—it would not have been just for me to do so—for I knew Esther's opinions and habits before I married her; yet I thought I discerned, beneath the hard sectarian crust, signs of a true, womanly, loving heart; signs, amongst the strict faith and stern principles, of an affection equal to my own. I may have been mistaken in her, as she was mistaken—oh, how bitterly mistaken—in me! Her will was stronger than mine, and it fretted itself silently, but incessantly, in vain endeavours to lead me along the path she had chosen for herself. She may have misunderstood my resistance, as I may have misapprehended her motives for desiring to alter my habits and tone of thinking. There were probably faults and errors on both sides.

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* By kind permission of the Author.

Thus we went on from day to day; Esther going in her direction and I going in mine, while the child acted as a gentle link that bound us together.

About this time Mr. Askew finally retired from business, and there was a general step upward throughout the house—Mr. Picard getting one degree nearer absolute authority. The first use that he made of his new power was to introduce an only son into the counting-house who had not been regularly brought up to the ranks of trade; but who had received, since his father's entrance as a member of the firm, a loose, hurried, crammed, half-professional education, and who had hovered for some time between the choice of a lawyer's office and a doctor's consulting-room. He was a high-spirited young man, whose training had been of that incomplete character which had only served to unsteady him. He had his father's fault of a strong, reckless will, unchecked by anything like his father's cold, calculating head; though tempered by a virtue that his father never possessed—an open-hearted generosity. As he had everything to learn, and was a troublesome pupil, he was assigned to my care. His writing-table was brought into my office, and I had plenty of opportunity of judging of his character. With all his errors and shortcomings—not to say vices—it was impossible not to like him. There is always a charm about a free, impulsive nature that carries the heart where the judgment cannot follow. Although more than ten years his senior, I held and claimed no authority over him; his more powerful will and bolder spirit holding me in subjection. I screened the fact of his late arrivals and his frequent absences, by doing his work for him; and, for anything that Mr. Dobell or his father knew, he was the most promising clerk in the house. Little Margaret soon found him out, and took a childish liking to him. He was never tired of playing with her; and seldom a week passed that he did not bring her something new in the shape of toys or sweetmeats. My evenings at home, which used to be solitary, were now solitary no longer; either he came and kept me company, unknown to his father—who would have been indignant at his associating with one of the ordinary clerks—or (which was most frequently the case) I accompanied him in his evening rambles about town. The gulf between me and Esther was greatly widened.

Thus our lives went on in the old City mansion, with little variety, until our child completed her third year.

Young Mr. Picard had been absent from the office for more than a week, and illness, as usual, was pleaded as the cause. In about four days more he returned, looking certainly much thinner and paler than usual. I did not question him then as to the real cause of his absence; for there were arrears to work up, and he did not seem in a communicative humour. This was on a Saturday. On the following Monday, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, he brought in a cheque for five hundred pounds, drawn by the firm upon our bankers, Messrs. Burney, Holt, and Burney, of Lombard Street. This, he told me, was an amount he had got his father and Mr. Dobell to advance him for a short period, to enter upon a little speculation on his own account, and he gave it to me to get changed when I went down to the bankers to pay in money on the same afternoon. In the meantime, he induced me to give him two hundred pounds on account, out of the cash that I, as cashier, had received during the day. Shortly afterwards he went away, saying he would receive the other portion in the morning. I went to the bankers that afternoon, cashed the cheque for five hundred pounds, returned the two hundred to my cash charge, paid it into the credit of the firm, and returned to the office with the three hundred pounds in my possession, in bank-notes, for young Mr. Picard when he came in the morning. I never saw him again, and never shall, in this world.

As to the cheque—it was a forgery. The bankers had discovered it later in the evening, and I was taken into custody, with the bank-notes in my pocket-book, by a Bow Street officer, acting under Mr. Picard, Senior's, orders. My wife was not at home. Casting, therefore, one hurried glance at my poor, unconscious, sleeping child—a glance in which were concentrated the love and agony of a lifetime—I turned my back upon the old house to go with the officer to the appointed prison.

The next morning, at the preliminary examination before a magistrate, the charge was made out. I gave my explanation; but young Mr. Picard was not to be found, and unsupported as I was by any evidence, with a string of circumstances so strongly against me, what was I to expect? I was fully committed, and removed to Newgate to take my trial at the ensuing sessions.

Prostrated with grief and shame, I passed the first night in my dismal cell, in stupor rather than sleep, broken by thoughts of my lost home. My poor dear child seemed to me to be removed to an immeasurable distance—to belong to another world—and even my cold, passionless wife appeared in warmer and more wifely colours, and my heart was softened towards her. I felt as if I had left her in the morning, full of health and strength, and had returned at nightfall to find her dead.

The first morning, at the visiting hour, I was stopped in my short, impatient walk by hearing my name called by the turnkey: my wife had come to see me. I went to the grating where stood many of my fellow-prisoners talking to their wives and friends, and, making room against the bars, I brought myself face to face with Esther. There, outside another barrier, between which and my own walked the officer on duty, she stood with her cold, passionless face looking sterner and paler than usual; her thin lips firmly compressed, and her keen grey eyes fixed upon me with a searching, dubious expression. Thinking of the place I was in, and the character of my companions, whose voices, without one tone of sorrow or remorse, were busy around me; feeling cold, dirty, and miserable, and looking from all this upon Esther, as she stood there before me in her Quakerish dress, and neat, clean respectability, I wavered for a moment in the belief of my innocence, and felt that there was an impassable gulf between us, which my desponding heart told me would never be bridged over.

"Esther," I said, "has young Mr. Picard been heard of? Is little Margaret well? Do my employers really believe me guilty?"

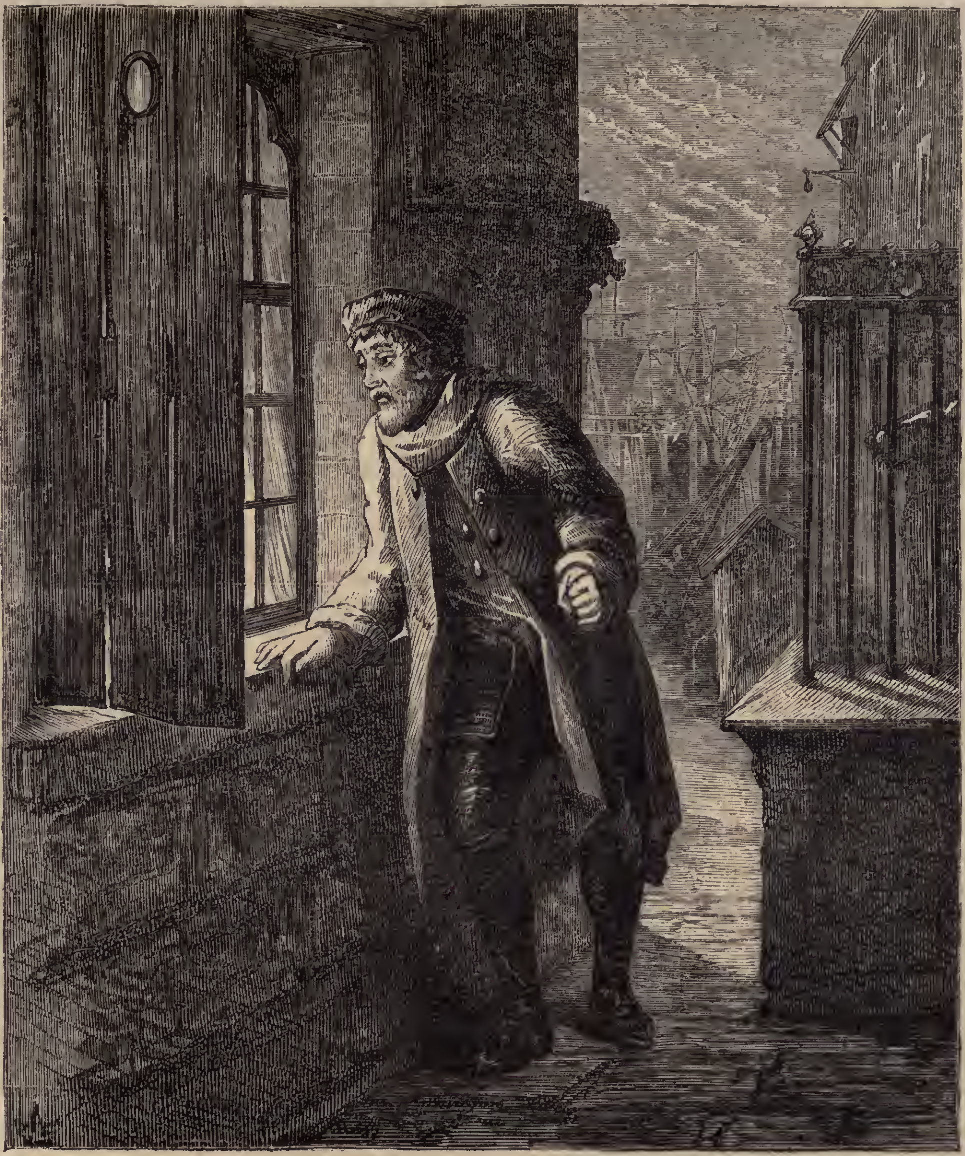
"Randall," she answered, in a calm, clear voice, "your own heart must tell you whether young Mr. Picard will ever be found. Our child, thank God, is well, and too young to know the great grief and shame that have fallen on us. Mr. Dobell has carefully avoided speaking to me upon the subject of your suspected crime, but Mr. Picard believes you guilty."

Though I could not clearly see the expression of her face, broken up as it was into isolated features by the double row of intervening bars, I felt that her eyes were fixed curiously upon me, and the tone of her voice, as she said this, told me that I was suspected—suspected even of crime far deeper than forgery! A cold shudder passed across my heart, and the old feeling of antagonism came back again to harden me.

"Randall," she continued in the same emotionless tone, "some money that I had saved for the child I have devoted to your defence, and to procuring you certain comforts which you will sadly need here. If you are guilty, pray to be forgiven: if you are innocent, pray—as I and Margaret will pray—that this dark cloud may pass from us."

Twice again Esther visited me: still with the same story—for young Mr. Picard had not been found; still with the same tone; still with the same look. At length the day of trial came. As I stood in the dock, the first person my eye fell upon in the court was Mr. Picard; his sallow face looking sallower than ever, his small grey eyes peering quickly and sharply about him. He was there to watch over his family honour, to obtain a conviction at any cost, and to favour the belief that I had either murdered his son, or had compelled him to keep out of the way. Esther was there, too, following the proceedings with quiet intensity; her face fixed as marble, and her eyes resting upon me the whole time without a tear. It was over at last, the long painful trial, and I was convicted—sentenced to transportation for life. I saw the triumph on Mr. Picard's features; and with glazed eyes I saw Esther leave the court, with her dark veil closely drawn over her face. She stooped, and, I thought, sobbed; but I saw her no more. In a few weeks I was on the high seas, proceeding to a penal settlement. Often in the dead of night the vision of my fatherless child, weeping in the gateway of the old mansion, passed before me, and sometimes I heard her little gentle voice in the wailing of the wind. The veil had fallen over my lost home never to rise again—never but once—years after.

Our vessel never reached her destination. She was wrecked in the third month of our voyage, and all on board, except myself and another convict, were lost. We were picked up by an American vessel; and, keeping our secret as to what we were, we were landed safely in New York. My companion went his way, and I entered the service of a storekeeper, and worked steadily for four years—four long years, in which the vision



(*Drawn by* J. G. THOMPSON.)

"I watched—oh, how intensely I watched!"—*Page* 175.

of my lost home was constantly before me. Any feeling of resentment that I may have had at the suspicions of my wife, and at her seeming indifference to my fate, was now completely obliterated by the operation of time and distance, and the old love I gave to her as a girl came back in all its tenderness and force. She appeared to me as the guardian and protector of my dear fatherless child, whom I had left sleeping innocently in her little bed on the night when the door of my lost home closed upon me. My dreams by night, my one thought by day, grew in intensity, until I could resist the impulse no longer. Risking the chance of discovery, I procured a passage, and landed in London in the winter of the fifth year from that in which I had left England.

I took a lodging at a small public-house at Wapping, near the river; and I neglected no means to escape observation. I waited with a beating, anxious heart impatiently for night; and, when it came, I went forth well disguised, keeping along the line of the docks and silent warehouses, until I reached the end of the lane in which the old mansion stood. I did not dare to make any inquiry to know if Esther and the child were still at the old home; but my knowledge of the character and prospects of my wife told me that, if the firm allowed her to stay, she would have accepted the offer, as her principles and determination would have sustained her under any feelings of disgrace. I walked slowly up the old familiar lane, until I stood before the gateway. It was near eight o'clock, and the gate was closed, but it looked the same as it did when I first knew it as a boy; so did the quaint oak carving, and the silent courtyard seen through the small grating. There were no lights in the front, and I went cautiously round, up a side lane, and along a narrow passage that ran between the churchyard and the back of the house. At that moment the church clock struck eight, and the bells chimed the Evening Hymn, slowly and musically, as they had done, perhaps, for centuries; slowly and musically, as they had done in the days gone by, while I sat at the window with little Margaret in my arms, nursing her to sleep. A flood of memories came across my heart. Forgetful of the object that had brought me there, I leant against the railings and wept.

The chimes ceased, and the spell was broken. I was recalled to the momentous task that lay before me. I approached, with a trembling step, the window of what used to be our sitting-room, on the ground floor. I saw lights through the crevices of the closed shutters. Putting my ear closely against the wall I heard the hum of voices. Faint, confused, and indistinct as the sound was, something—perhaps the associations of the place—made me feel that I was listening to my wife and child. I was startled by the sound of footsteps; and, turning my eyes in the direction of the entrance to the passage (it had but one entrance) I saw approaching an old man, who had been in the service of the firm as house porter for fifty years. He was called blind Stephen; for, though not totally blind, his eyes had a stony, glazed appearance. He had lived so long in the house that he would have died if he had been removed; and, in consideration of his lengthened service, he was retained, by Mr. Askew's special commands. This was before I left, and I presumed, from finding him there, that he was still at his old duty—coming round to see, or rather feel, that all was secure before retiring for the night. I shrank against the wall with the hope of avoiding discovery: not that I feared the consequences of being recognised by Stephen—for I had many claims upon his kindness and sympathy—but that I dreaded, although I longed, to hear what he might have to tell me. He came directly towards me, as if by instinct—for I was perfectly, breathlessly still—and paused immediately opposite to where I was partially hidden, under the shadow of the wall. He seemed to feel that some one was there, and his glazed eyes were directed full upon me, looking now more ghastly than ever, as they glistened in the light of the moon, which just then had passed from behind a cloud. Unable to restrain myself, I uttered his name.

"Good heaven! Mr. Randall, is it you?" he exclaimed with a start, recognising my voice. "We thought you were drowned!"

"It is, Stephen," I replied, coming forward. "Tell me, for mercy's sake, are Esther and the child well?"

"They are."

"Are they here?"

"In that room, Mr. Randall," he said, pointing to the one at which I had been listening.

"Thank heaven!"

"They are much changed, Mr. Randall, since you—since you went away," he continued in a sorrowful tone.

"Do they ever speak of me in your hearing, Stephen, when you are about the house?"

"Never, now, Mr. Randall."

There was something in the tone of Stephen's voice that weighed upon my heart. He always was a kind old fellow, with a degree of refinement above his class; but now his voice was weak, and sad, and tremulous; more so than what he told me seemed to demand. I conjured him to tell me all. With considerable hesitation and emotion, he complied.

"None of us in the office thought you guilty of the forgery, sir, not one; and the principal clerks presented a note of sympathy and condolence to your good lady. Mr. Picard became, as he is now, more harsh and disagreeable than ever; and at one time, we thought Mrs. Randall would leave the place; but Mr. Dobell, we fancy, persuaded her to stay. She was always, you know, sir, of a very serious turn, and she now went more frequently to chapel than ever. She took on a great deal, we fancy, at first; but she is a lady, sir, of great spirit and firmness, and she concealed her feelings very well, and held herself up as proudly as the best of them."

"And poor little Margaret, did she miss me much?"

"Indeed, sir, she did at first. Poor little dear, I often heard her crying after you in the morning; and, for many weeks, not even the fear of Mr. Picard could keep her from going down in the daytime to the gateway, and standing there looking up and down the lane until she was fetched gently back by me. God forgive me for the many falsehoods I told her, sir, about your coming back! But I could not bear to see her crying about the great lonely house. And she always asked after you in such a loving, innocent, sorrowful way."

Poor old Stephen's narrative was here stopped by tears; as for me, I sobbed like a child.

"Many of the gentlemen, sir, would gladly have taken her to their own homes; but your good lady would not part with her. I used often to go up to her little room at the top of the house and play with her as I had seen you do, sir, in the middle of the day. She was always very glad to see me, and sometimes she would take me to the window when the noonday chimes of our old church were playing, and, pointing up to the sky above the tower, would fancy she saw you there. By degrees her inquiries after you became less frequent, and when the intelligence of the wreck of your ship arrived, and your good lady put her into mourning, supposing you dead, she had ceased to ask about you."

"Has she grown much?"

"Very much, sir. She is a dear, sweet, gentle thing. We all respect your good lady; but we love little Margaret; and, although I lost my sight entirely four years ago, and am now stone-blind, I know her height to a hair, for there is not a night that she does not kiss me before she goes to bed, and I have had to stoop less for the kiss every week all that time."

"Has young Mr. Picard ever been heard of?"

"Oh, yes, sir. We believe he was found murdered in some low house in a remote part of the town; but Mr. Picard, Senior, hushed the matter up, so that we never clearly knew the facts."

"I thought he would never have allowed me to suffer for him," I returned, "if he had been on this side of the grave."

"No, that he would not," replied Stephen.

I felt from Stephen's manner that there was yet some disclosure which his nerve was scarcely equal to make. Painful or not, I again conjured him to tell me all. After much entreaty, I learned from him the dreadful truth that my wife had married again. It was many minutes before I recovered from the shock. My lost home stood before me, and I was an outcast wanderer on the wide earth.

"They have been married about a twelvemonth," continued Stephen, "and although I can only feel what kind of a man he is, I don't think they are happy."

"Is he kind to the child?" I inquired, almost sternly.

"I don't think he is positively unkind; but he is very strict. He was a member of the chapel that your good lady used to go to, and he tries to mould little Margaret after his own heart. I fear they are not happy. Your good lady is less reserved before me, as I am blind, and I feel sometimes that, when she is reading, she is thinking of you."

"Stephen," I replied, sadly and firmly, "I have only one more request to make of you before I leave the country again for ever. Keep my secret, and let me for one minute see Esther and the child."

"I will," returned Stephen, weeping bitterly, "that I will; and may heaven sustain you in your trouble."

He threw the old wooden shutter back, which was not fastened on the inside, and exposed the long, deep, narrow recess, closed in at the end with red curtains glowing with the fire and light within.

"I will now go into the room," he said, "and deliver my keys; and while there, I will contrive to hook back the curtain."

I thanked him with a silent pressure of the hand, and he went. Just then the deep church bell struck nine, and every stroke sounded like a knell upon my beating heart. I watched—oh, how intensely I watched!—grasping the window-sill with my hands. At length the curtain was drawn back, and the vision of my lost home stood before me. They were engaged in evening prayer. My child—my dear lost child—now grown tall and graceful, was kneeling at a chair, her long golden hair falling in clusters over her slender, folded hands. Esther was also kneeling with her face towards me. It looked more aged and careworn than I expected to see it, but it was still the old pale, statue-like face that I had cherished in my dreams, and that had nestled on my shoulder in the days gone by.

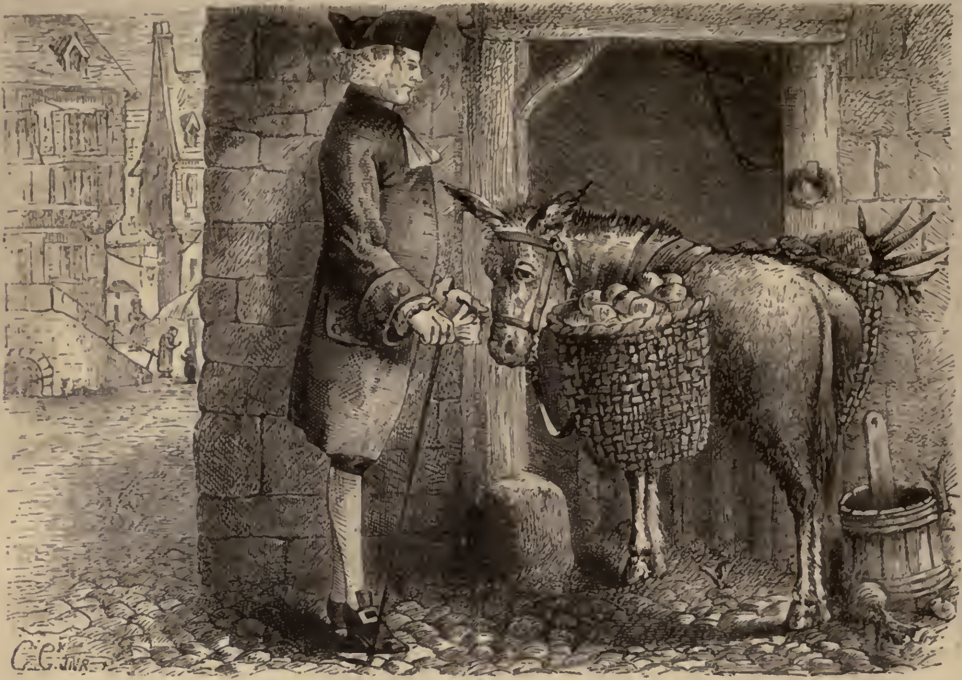
He who now stood in my place as the guardian of my lost home was kneeling where I could not see his face; but I heard his voice faintly muttering the words of prayer. Did any one in all that supplicating group think of the poor, wrecked, convict outcast? Heaven alone knows. The curtain closed, and shut out my Lost Home from my dimmed sight for evermore.

STERNE AND THE ASS.

[Laurence Sterne. *See Page* 15.]

I was stopped by a poor ass, with a couple of large panniers at his back, who had just turned in to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet at the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike; there is a patient endurance of suffering wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and



(*Drawn by* G. Cruikshank, Jun.)

carriage which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me, and to that degree that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will, whether in town or country, in cart or under panniers, whether in liberty or bondage, I have ever something civil to say to him on my part: and, as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I), I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing responses from the etchings of his countenance; and where those carry me not deep enough, in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me with whom I can do this. With an ass I can commune for ever.

"Come, Honesty," said I, seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate, "art thou for coming in or going out?"

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street.

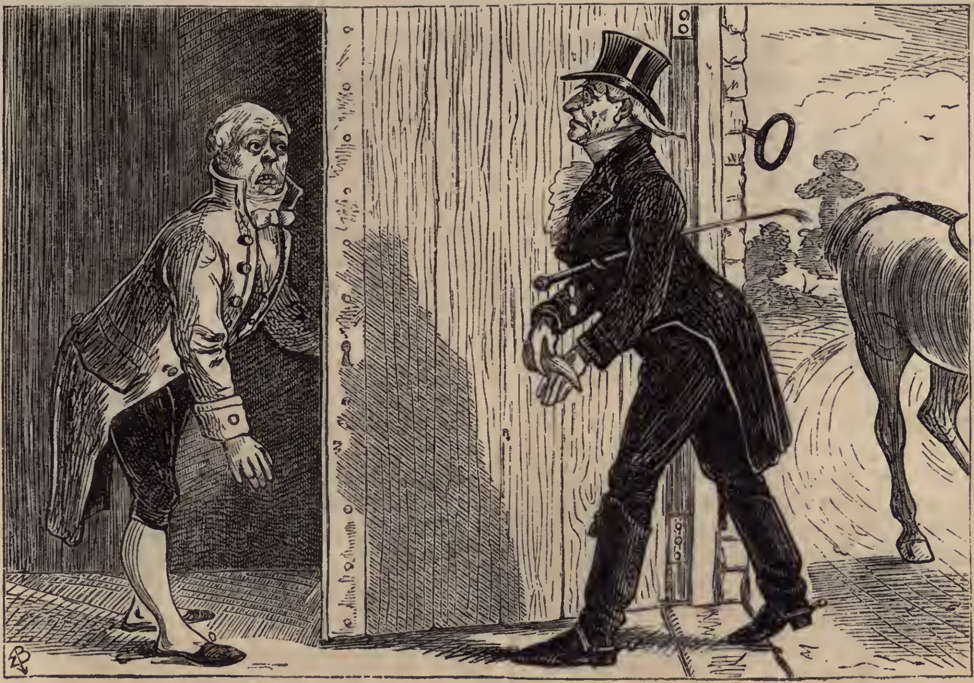
"Well!" replied I, "we'll wait a minute for thy driver."

He turned his head thoughtfully about, and looked wistfully the opposite way.

"I understand thee perfectly," answered I: "if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death. Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent."

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and, in the little peevish contentions between hunger and unsavouriness, had dropped it out of his mouth half-a-dozen times, and had picked it up again. "God help thee, Jack!" said I, "thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour, and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages! 'Tis all, all bitterness to thee—whatever life is to others! And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot (for he had cast aside the stem), and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world that will give thee a macaroon." In saying this, I pulled out a paper of 'em, which I had just bought, and gave him one; and, at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I pressed him to come in. The poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and, as I pulled at his halter, it broke in my hand. He looked up pensive in my face: "Don't thrash me with it: but if you will you may." "If I do," said I, "I'll be hanged."



(*Drawn by* W. BRUNTON.)

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

[GEORGE COLMAN, the Younger. *See Page* 6.]

A MAN in many a country town we know,
  Professes openly with death to wrestle;
Entering the field against the grimly foe,
  Armed with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are;
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother:
  So—many a suffering patient saith—
  Though the apothecary fights with Death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill,
    Or make a bill;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff.:*
Yet still he thought the list not long enough;
  And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.
This balanced things; for if he hurled
A few score mortals from the world,
  He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran;
  In short, in reputation he was *solus:*
All the old women called him "a fine man!"
  His name was Bolus.
Benjamin Bolus, though in trade—
  Which oftentimes will genius fetter—
Read works of fancy, it is said,
  And cultivated the belles-lettres.

And why should this be thought so odd?
  Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
Of poetry though patron god,
  Apollo patronises physic.
Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
  Of writing the directions on his labels
  In dapper couplets, like Gay's Fables,
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse! and where's the treason?
  'Tis simply honest dealing; not a crime;
When patients swallow physic without reason,
  It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town, it might be four,
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article
In pharmacy that's called cathartical.
And on the label of the stuff
    He wrote this verse,

Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse:
When taken,
To be well shaken.

Next morning early, Bolus rose,
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;
But that's of course;
For what's expected from a horse,
With an apothecary on his back?
Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap,
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance;
By fiddlers, and by opera-singers;
One loud, and then a little one behind,
As if the knocker fell by chance
Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—
Portending some disaster;
John's countenance as rueful looked and grim,
As if the apothecary had physicked him,
And not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said;
John shook his head.
"Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!
He took the draught?" John gave a nod.
"Well, how? what then? speak out, you dunce!"
"Why, then," says John, "we shook him once."
"Shook him!—how?" Bolus stammered out.
"We jolted him about."
"Zounds! shake a patient, man!—a shake won't do."
"No, sir, and so we gave him two."
"Two shakes! od's curse!
'Twould make the patient worse."
"It did so, sir, and so a third we tried."
"Well, and what then?" "Then, sir, my master died."

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.

[GEORGE FARQUHAR, born at Londonderry, 1678. First an actor, then a soldier. Died in 1707.]

SCENE—*The Market-place.*

Drum beats the Grenadier's March. Enter SERGEANT KITE, *followed by* THOMAS APPLETREE, COSTAR PEARMAIN, *and the Mob.*

Kite. [*Making a speech.*] If any gentlemen, soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve His Majesty and pull down the French king; if any 'prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents; if any servants have too little wages, or any husband a bad wife, let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite, at the sign of the "Raven," in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment. [*Drum.*] Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to ensnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour: besides, I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I 'list only grenadiers—grenadiers, gentlemen. Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap—this is the cap of honour: it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a trigger; and he that has the good fortune to be born six foot high was born to be a great man. Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head?

Costar. Is there no harm in't? Won't the cap 'list me?

Kite. No, no; no more than I can. Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Cost. Are you sure there is no conjuration in it?—no gunpowder-plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

Cost. My mind misgives me plaguily. No coaxing, no bothering me, faith!

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it, sir; I have served twenty campaigns; but, sir, you talk well, and I must own you are a man, every inch of you: a pretty, young, sprightly fellow!—but I scorn to wheedle any man! Come, honest lad, will you take share of a pot?

Cost. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head; that is, begging your pardon, sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your hand, then; and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say but this—here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters. 'Tis the king's money and the king's drink; he's a generous king, and loves his subjects. I hope, gentlemen, you won't refuse the king's health? Hey, boys! thus we soldiers live, drink, sing, dance, play; we live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—we are all princes; why, why you are a king, you are an emperor, and I'm a prince; now, an't we?

Tho. No, sergeant; I'll be no emperor.

Kite. No!

Tho. I'll be a justice of peace.

Kite. A justice of peace, man!

Tho. Ay, wauns will I; for since this pressing act, they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

Kite. Done; you are a justice of peace, and you are a king, and I'm a duke, and a rum duke, an't I?

Cost. I'll be a queen.

Kite. A queen!

Cost. Ay, of England; that's greater than any king of them all.

Kite. Bravely said, faith! Huzza for the queen. But harkye, you, Mr. Justice, and you, Mr. Queen, did you ever see the king's picture?

Both. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of them set in gold, and as like His Majesty;—bless the mark! see here, they are set in gold.

[*Takes two broad pieces out of his pocket; presents one to each.*

Tho. The wonderful works of nature! [*Looking at it.*] What's this written about? here's a posy, I believe. Ca-ro-lus! what's that, sergeant?

Kite. Oh, Carolus? why, Carolus is Latin for King George; that's all.

Cost. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard. Sergeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

Kite. A crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know. I'll present them to ye both: you shall give me as good a thing. Put them up, and remember your old friend when I am over the hills and far away.

Enter Plume, *the Recruiting Officer.*

Plume. Come on, my men of mirth, away with it; I'll make one among you. Who are these hearty lads?

Kite. Off with your hats; 'ounds! off with your hats; this is the captain; the captain.

Tho. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

Cost. Ay, and lieutenant-captains too. 'Sflesh! I'll keep on my nab.

Tho. And I'se scarcely doff mine for any captain in England. My vether's a freeholder.

Plume. Who are those jolly lads, sergeant?

Kite. A couple of honest, brave fellows, that are willing to serve their king: I have entertained them just now as volunteers, under your honour's command.

Plume. And good entertainment they shall have: volunteers are the men I want; those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals.

Cost. Waunds, Tummas, what's this? are you 'listed?

Tho. Flesh! not I: are you, Costar?

Cost. Waunds, not I.

Kite. What! not 'listed? ha, ha, ha! a very good jest, i' faith.

Cost. Come, Tummas, we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for shame, gentlemen; behave yourselves better before your captain. Dear Thomas! honest Costar!

Tho. No, no; we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then, I command you to stay; I place you both sentinels in this place for two hours, to watch the motion of St. Mary's clock you, and you the motion of St. Chad's; and he that dares stir from his post till he be relieved, shall have my sword through him the next minute.

Plume. What's the matter, sergeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, sir; they disobey command, sir; and one of them should be shot for an example to the other. They deny their being 'listed.

Tho. Nay, sergeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot; but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's easily known. Have either of you received any of the king's money?

Cost. Not a brass farthing, sir.

Kite. They have each of them received one-and-twenty shillings, and 'tis now in their pockets.

Cost. Waunds! if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent sixpence, I'll be content to be 'listed and shot into the bargain.

Tho. And I: look ye here, sir.

Cost. Nothing but the king's picture, that the sergeant gave me just now.

Kite. See there, a guinea; one-and-twenty shillings; t'other has the fellow on't.

Plume. The case is plain, gentlemen: the goods are found upon you. Those pieces of gold are worth one-and-twenty shillings each.

Cost. So it seems that Carolus is one-and-twenty shillings in Latin?

Tho. 'Tis the same thing in Greek, for we are 'listed.

Cost. Flesh! but we an't, Tummas: I desire to be carried before the mayor, captain.

[*Captain and Sergeant whisper the while.*

Plume. 'Twill never do, Kite; your tricks will ruin me at last. I won't lose the fellows though, if I can help it.—Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this; my sergeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly 'listed.

Tho. Why, captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks; but for me or neighbour Costar here to take such an oath, 'twould be downright perjuration.

Plume. Look ye, rascal, you villain! if I find that you have imposed on these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog! Come, how was it?

Tho. Nay, then, we'll speak. Your sergeant, as you say, is a rogue; an't like your worship, begging your worship's pardon; and——

Cost. Nay, Tummus, let me speak; you know I can read. And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the king, by way of a present.

Plume. How? by way of a present? the rascal! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows like you. Scoundrel, rogue, villain!

[*Beats off the Sergeant, and follows.*

Both. Oh, brave noble captain! huzza! A brave captain, faith!

Cost. Now, Tummas, Carolus is Latin for a beating. This is the bravest captain I ever saw. Waunds! I've a month's mind to go with him.

Enter PLUME.

Plume. A dog, to abuse two such honest fellows as you. Look ye, gentlemen, I love a pretty fellow; I come among you as an officer to 'list soldiers, not as a kidnapper, to steal slaves.

Cost. Mind that, Tummas.

Plume. I desire no man to go with me, but as I went myself. I went a volunteer, as you or you may do now; for a little time carried a musket, and now I command a company.

Tho. Mind that, Costar. A sweet gentleman.

Plume. 'Tis true, gentlemen, I might take an advantage of you; the king's money was in your pockets—my sergeant was ready to take his oath you were 'listed; but I scorn to do a base thing; you are both of you at your liberty.

Cost. Thank you, noble captain. Ecod, I can't find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finey.

Tho. Ay, Costar, would he always hold in this mind.

Plume. Come, my lads, one thing more I'll tell you: you're both young tight fellows, and the army is the place to make you men for ever: every man has his lot, and you have yours. What think you of a purse of French gold out of a monsieur's pocket, after you have dashed out his brains with the butt-end of your firelock, eh?

Cost. Waunds! I'll have it. Captain, give me a shilling; I'll follow you to the end of the world.

Tho. Nay, dear Costar! do'na; be advised.

Plume. Here, my hero; here are two guineas for thee, as earnest of what I'll do further for thee.

Tho. Do'na take it; do'na, dear Costar.

[*Cries, and pulls back his arm.*

Cost. I wull, I wull. Waunds! my mind gives me that I shall be a captain myself: I take your money, sir, and now I am a gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy hand; and now you and I will travel the world o'er, and command it wherever we tread. Bring your friend with you, if you can. [*Aside.*

Cost. Well, Tummas, must we part?

Tho. No, Costar; I cannot leave thee. Come, captain, I'll e'en go along with you too; and if you have two honester, simpler lads in your company than we two have been, I'll say no more.

Plume. Here, my lad. [*Gives him money.*] Now, your name?

Tho. Tummas Appletree.

Plume. And yours?

Cost. Costar Pearmain.'

Plume. Well said, Costar. Born where?

Tho. Both in Herefordshire.

Plume. Very well. Courage, my lads. Kite, take care of them.

Enter KITE.

Kite. An't you a couple of pretty fellows, now? Here you have complained to the captain; I am to be turned out, and one of you will be sergeant. Which of you is to have my halberd?

Both. I.

Kite. So you shall! March, you scoundrels! [*Beats them off.*]

DEATH OF CHATHAM.*

[THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. *See Page* 120.]

THE Duke of Richmond had given notice of an address to the throne, against the further prosecution of hostilities with America. Chatham had, during some time, absented himself from Parliament, in consequence of his growing infirmities. He determined to appear in his place on this occasion, and to declare that his opinions were decidedly at variance with those of the Rockingham party. He was in a state of great excitement. His medical attendants were uneasy, and strongly advised him to calm himself, and to remain at home. But he was not to be controlled. His son William, and his son-in-law, Lord Mahon, accompanied him to Westminster. He rested himself in the Chancellor's room till the debate commenced, and then, leaning on his two young relations, limped to his seat. The slightest particulars of that day were remembered, and have been carefully recorded. He bowed, it was remarked, with great courtliness to those peers who rose to make way for him and his supporters. His crutch was in his hand. He wore, as was his fashion, a rich velvet coat. His legs were swathed in flannel. His wig was so large and his face so emaciated, that none of his features could be discerned, except the high curve of his nose, and his eyes, which still retained a gleam of the old fire.

When the Duke of Richmond had spoken-

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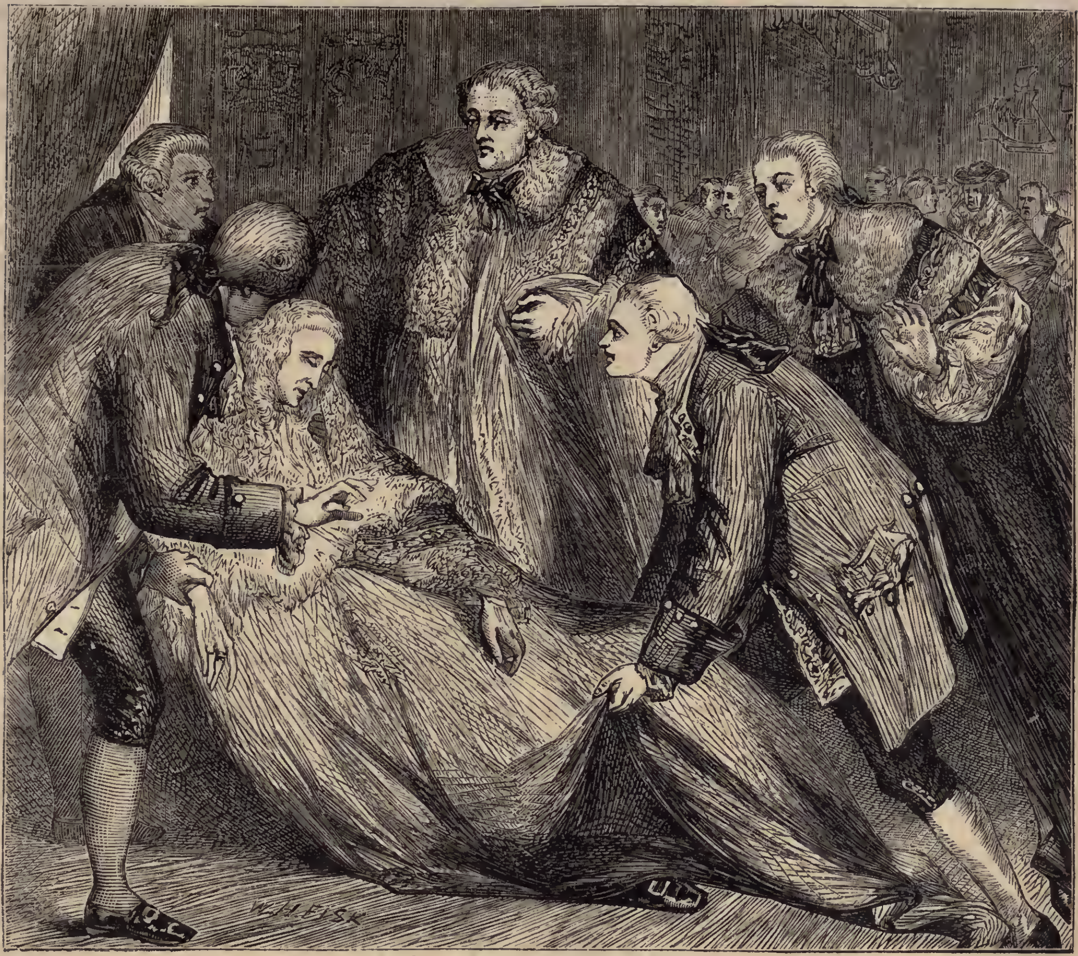


(*Drawn by* W. H. FISK.)

Chatham rose. For some time his voice was inaudible. At length his tones became distinct and his action animated. Here and there his hearers caught a thought or an expression which reminded them of William Pitt. But it was clear that he was not himself. He lost the thread of his discourse, hesitated, repeated the same words several times, and was so confused that, in speaking of the Act of Settlement, he could not recall the name of the Electress Sophia. The House listened in solemn silence, and with the aspect of profound respect and compassion. The stillness was so deep that the dropping of a handkerchief would have been heard. The Duke of Richmond replied with great tenderness and courtesy; but while he spoke, the old man was observed to be restless and irritable. The duke sat down. Chatham stood up again, pressed his hand on his breast, and sank down in an apoplectic fit. Three or four lords who sat near him caught him in his fall. The House broke up in confusion. The dying man was carried to the residence of one of the officers of Parliament, and was so far restored as to be able to bear a journey to Hayes. At Hayes, after lingering a few weeks, he expired in his seventieth year. His bed was watched to the last with anxious tenderness by his wife and children; and he well deserved their care. Too often haughty and wayward to others, to them he had been almost effeminately kind. He had through life been dreaded by his political opponents, and regarded with more awe than love even by his political associates. But no fear seems to have mingled with the affection which his fondness, constantly overflowing in a thousand endearing forms, had inspired in the little circle at Hayes.

Chatham, at the time of his decease, had not, in both Houses of Parliament, ten personal adherents. Half the public men of the age had been estranged from him by his errors, and the other half by the exertions which he had made to repair his errors. His last speech had been an attack at once on the policy pursued by the Government, and on the policy recommended by the Opposition. But death restored him to his old place in the affection of his country. Who could hear unmoved of the fall of that which had been so great, and which had stood so long? The circumstances, too, seemed rather to belong to the tragic stage than to real life. A great statesman, full of years and honours, led forth to the Senate House by a son of rare hopes, and stricken down in full council while straining his feeble voice to rouse the drooping spirit of his country, could not but be remembered with peculiar veneration and tenderness. Detraction was overawed. The voice even of just and temperate censure was mute. Nothing was remembered but the lofty genius, the unsullied probity, the undisputed services, of him who was no more. For once, all parties agreed. A public funeral, a public monument, were eagerly voted. The debts of the deceased were paid. A provision was made for his family. The City of London requested that the remains of the great man whom she had so long loved and honoured might rest under the dome of her magnificent cathedral. But the petition came too late. Everything was already prepared for the interment in Westminster Abbey.

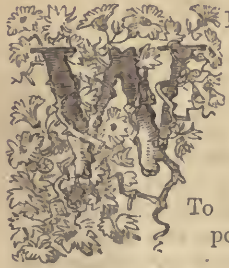
Though men of all parties had concurred in decreeing posthumous honours to Chatham, his corpse was attended to the grave almost exclusively by opponents of the Government. The banner of the lordship of Chatham was borne by Colonel Barré, attended by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Rockingham. Burke, Savile, and Dunning upheld the pall. Lord Camden was conspicuous in the procession. The chief mourner was young William Pitt. After the lapse of more than twenty-seven years, in a season as dark and perilous, his own shattered frame and broken heart were laid, with the same pomp, in the same consecrated mould.

Chatham sleeps near the northern door of the church, in a spot which has ever since been appropriated to statesmen, as the other end of the same transept has long been to poets. Mansfield rests there, and the second William Pitt, and Fox, and Grattan, and Canning, and Wilberforce. In no other cemetery do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space. High over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham, and from above, his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes. The generation which reared that memorial of him has disappeared. The time has come when the rash and indiscriminate judgments which his contemporaries passed on his character may be calmly revised by history. And history, while for the warning of vehement high and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet deliberately pronounce that, among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name."

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL, 1786.

Robert Burns, born at Alloway, January 25, 1759. Son of a poor farmer. Published first in 1786, and became immediately famous. Died at Dumfries, July 21, 1796.]



WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy wheat,
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east!

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine, no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom.

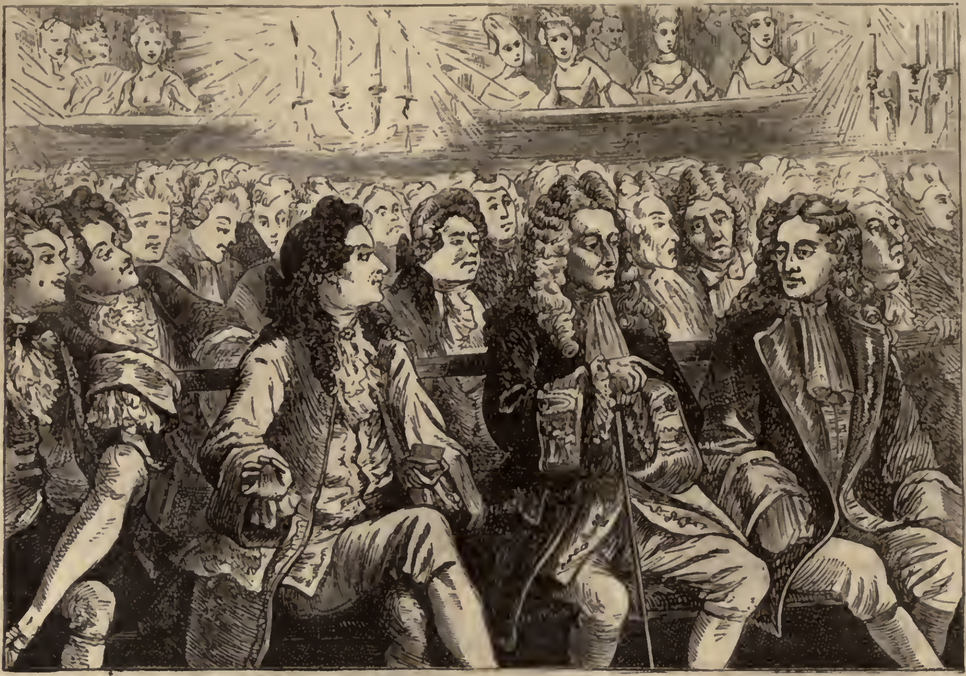
SIR ROGER IN THE THEATRE.

[JOSEPH ADDISON. *See Page* 79.]

MY friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was the 'Committee,' which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this "Distressed Mother" was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the knight, with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks." Sir Roger added, "If these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up, and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus his threatening to leave her, the knight shook his head



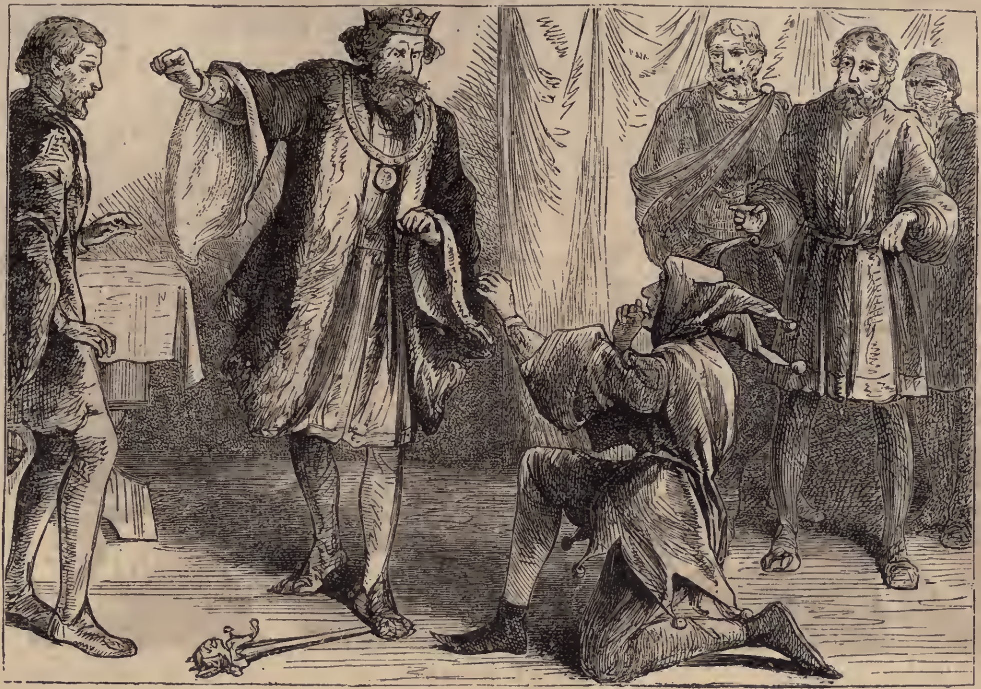
(*Drawn by* L. C. Henley.)

and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking on something else, he whispered me in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. "Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him.

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they were afterward applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus's death, and, at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterward Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralise upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it: being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse, being highly pleased for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.



(*Drawn by* A. W. BAYES.)

THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

[HORACE SMITH. *See Page* 30.]

ONE of the Kings of Scanderoon,
  A royal jester,
Had in his train a gross buffoon,
  Who used to pester
The Court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule
  Occurred not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
  Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,
Which only seemed to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure,
Incurred the desperate displeasure
  Of his serene and raging highness:
Whether he twitched his most revered
And sacred beard,
  Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows: his sin was an occult one,
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
  Exclaimed, "'Tis time to stop that breath:
Thy doom is sealed, presumptuous slave!
  Thou stand'st condemned to certain death:
Silence, base rebel! no replying!
  But such is my indulgence still,
  That, of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying."
"Thy royal will be done—'tis just,"
Replied the wretch, and kissed the dust;
  "Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your majesty's humane decree
Has deigned to leave the choice to me,
  I'll die, so please you, of old age!"

CAPYS PROPHESIES TO ROMULUS THE FUTURE GREATNESS OF ROME.*

[Thomas Babington Macaulay. *See Page 129.*]

Thine, Roman, is the pilum:
Roman, the sword is thine,
The even trench, the bristling mound,
The legion's ordered line;
And thine the wheels of triumph,
Which, with their laurelled train,
Move slowly up the shouting streets
To Jove's eternal fane.

Beneath thy yoke the Volscian
Shall vail his lofty brow;
Soft Capua's curlèd revellers
Before thy chairs shall bow;
The Lucumoes of Arnus
Shall quake thy rods to see;
And the proud Samnite's heart of steel
Shall yield to only thee.

The Gaul shall come against thee,
From the land of snow and night;
Thou shalt give his fair-haired armies
To the raven and the kite.

The Greek shall come against thee,
The conqueror of the East;
Beside him stalks to battle
The huge, earth-shaking beast—
The beast on whom the castle,
With all its guards, doth stand—
The beast who hath between his eyes
The serpent for a hand.
First march the bold Epirotes,
Wedged close, with shield and spear;
And the ranks of false Tarentum
Are glittering in the rear,

The ranks of false Tarentum
Like hunted sheep shall fly:
In vain the bold Epirotes
Shall round their standards die.
And Apennine's grey vultures
Shall have a noble feast
On the fat and the eyes
Of the huge, earth-shaking beast.

Hurrah for the good weapons
That keep the war-god's land!
Hurrah for Rome's stout pilum,
In a stout Roman hand!
Hurrah for Rome's short broadsword,
That through the thick array
Of levelled spears and serried shields
Hews deep its gory way!

Hurrah for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile!
Hurrah for the wan captives
That pass in endless file!
Ho! bold Epirotes, whither
Hath the Red King ta'en flight?
Ho! dogs of false Tarentum,
Is not the gown washed white?

Hurrah for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile!
Hurrah for the rich dye of Tyre,
And the fine web of Nile!
The helmets gay with plumage
Torn from the pheasant's wings;
The belts set thick with starry gems
That shone on Indian kings;
The urns of massy silver,
The goblets rough with gold,
The many-coloured tablets bright
With loves and wars of old;
The stone that breathes and struggles,
The brass that seem to speak;
Such cunning they who dwell on high
Have given unto the Greek!

Hurrah for Manius Curius,
The bravest son of Rome,
Thrice in utmost need sent forth,
Thrice drawn in triumph home!
Weave, weave for Manius Curius
The third embroidered gown!
Make ready the third lofty car,
And twine the third green crown!
And yoke the steeds of Rosea,
With necks like bended bow,
And deck the bull—Mevania's bull—
The bull as white as snow.

Blest, and thrice blest, the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day—
Who sees that long, victorious pomp
Wind down the Sacred Way,
And through the bellowing forum,
And round the suppliants' grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolian Jove.

Then where, o'er two bright havens,
The towers of Corinth frown;
Where the gigantic King of Day
On his own Rhodes looks down;

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* By kind permission of Messrs. Longman and Co.

Where soft Orontes murmurs,
  Beneath the laurel shades;
Where Nile reflects the endless length
  Of dark-red colonnades;
Where, in the still deep water,
  Sheltered from cares and blasts,
Bristles the dusky forest
  Of Byrsa's thousand masts;

Where fur-clad hunters wander
  Amidst the northern ice;
Where, through the sand of morning-land,
  The camel bears the spice;
Where Atlas flings his shadow
  Far o'er the western foam,
Shall be great fear on all who hear
  The mighty name of Rome.

THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

[Edmund Burke. Born in Dublin, 1730. Educated at Trinity College. Was secretary to Lord Halifax. Entered Parliament. After a long and brilliant career retired to Beaconsfield, where he died July 9, 1797.]

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in; glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh, what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream that, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men—in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone: that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

[H. W. Longfellow. *See Page* 14.]

Under a spreading chesnut tree
  The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
  With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
  Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
  His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
  He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
  For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
  You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
  With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
  When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
  Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
  And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
  Like chaff from a thrashing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
  And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
  He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
  And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
  Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
  How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
  A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

RAILWAY NIGHTMARES.

[John Hollingshead. *See Page* 170.]

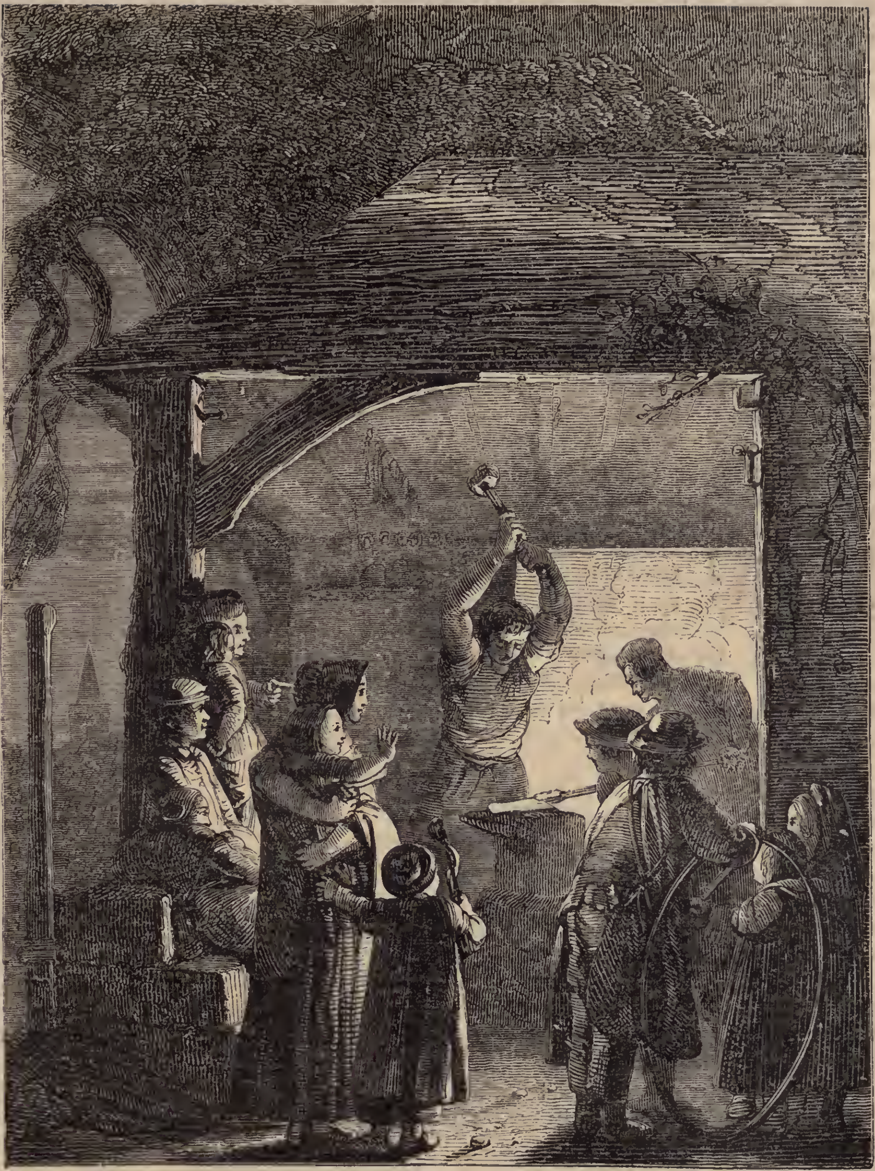
SOME men are born to be madmen; some to be idiots; and some to be hanged; but I was born to be a shareholder. Some men spend their money like noblemen and princes; some lose it at the gaming-table; some on the turf; some hide it in gardens, in wells, in brick walls, and die forgetting to reveal their secret; but my property is securely sunk for the benefit of my country in the Direct Burygold and the Great Deadlock Railways. While on one hand I am lowered to the condition of a beggar, on the other I am elevated to the rank of a patriot. What I have done would, in the ancient days, have earned me a statue; but now, under unheroic forms of business, it is silently accepted as a matter of course. If I had sunk my property in endowing a hospital, I might have secured the immortality of a tablet, and the gratitude of a committee; but my prodigal generosity has only taken the form of an investment. I sign a deed of settlement, pocket my liability, see my name recorded in a ledger of shareholders—and that is all.

Having no faith in reformers, I have joined no committee of investigation; I have subscribed to no society for improving our prospects. I have quietly accepted my position as a melancholy and accomplished fact. I have sold my withered shares for the trifle they would fetch; and, having no family or kindred depending upon me for support, I have taken to opium-eating.

I am surprised that I never turned my attention to this agreeable investment before. Like my former ventures, it pays me no dividends, except in dreams; but then those dreams are of the most varied and amusing kind. They come to me without effort; they cry to me for no food; they make no calls. When they leave me, I feel no regret; for I know that a few pence will, at any time, call them back. Beggar as I am, I recline in all the state of kings, with no painful memories of yesterday; no care for to-day; no thought for to-morrow. Relieved from the dull checks and surroundings of active life, my fancy runs riot in a shadowy world, where all distinctions are reversed; and those things that were once my sorrow and my dread have now become my pleasure and my toys.

The long, silent panorama of the Direct Burygold Railway passes before me: the whole line in Chancery, choked and stiffened by the icy, relentless hand of legal death. The Burygold station, once so full of life, is now an echoing, deserted cavern; its crystal roof is an arch of broken glass; its rails are torn away; its rooms and offices are empty, or boarded up; and its walls are defaced with old ghastly time bills, the mocking records of its former wealth and activity. The long refreshment corridor is dusty and bare; its fixtures are rudely torn from the walls, its floor is strewn with remnants of placards and broken china; and nothing living is now left except a wild, half-famished cat, ravenously gnawing a bone as smooth as glass.

Passing out of this ruined station to the open line, I find no signs of traffic. Carriages are not to be seen, and the rails in places have been torn up by the roots. Rank grass has spread across the once busy way, and sheep are calmly browsing, with no fear of coming danger. Breaking through a narrow cutting between two lofty hills, whose passage, once open and bare, is now grown over with underwood and brambles, I emerge into a broad amphitheatre of landscape, saddened with ruins, like the plains of ancient Greece. Standing at the extreme verge, upon the ragged edge of what was once a smooth, lofty, curving viaduct, I gaze down far below into a winding stream whose course is broken and turned by the fallen arches which once spanned the broad, deep valley. Large iron girders, spreading masses of brickwork, and blocks of heavy masonry, lie helplessly in the clear, glassy stream. In the distance another ragged edge of tall, narrow, broken arches issues from a cleft in the opposite mountain. The blue, misty hills close in the scene on every side; and



"You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow."
The Village Blacksmith, page 187.

the solemn stillness of undisturbed nature reigns over all. Struggling down the steep sides of this chasm, I pick my way across the ruins to the divided limb of the railway on the further side.

Here I turn for one final look at the silent valley, and then pursue my course.

The first sign of life which I meet on the ruined line is a small side station, once bright, clean, and new, but now damp and mouldy. Seeing smoke ascend from the short chimney of this hut, I look through the window, and find an old woman in dirty rags crouching over a wood fire, formed of parts of the building, rocking her bent body to and fro, and chanting a low wail. Before I can retire from the window, a dwarfed boy, whose huge head, with a long, pale, oval face and large watery eyes, forms one-half of his withered body, rushes to the door of the hut, and draws the attention of the woman to my presence by uncouth gestures, and a wild, babbling noise. The woman rises quickly, and I see from her eyes and manner that her mind has sunk under the pressure of some heavy affliction. Something tells me they are mother and son, and sufferers by the ruin which is before us, and behind us, and around us. A vague notion enters their minds that I have either come to molest them, or that I am a member of that class which has been the cause of all their misfortunes. Their actions become gradually more frantic and hostile; and their aspect is at once so melancholy and so hideous, that I fairly turn away, and run along the line. They do not attempt to follow me; but their voices, which at first were raised in triumph at my flight, become by degrees fainter and fainter, until at last they are lost in the distance at which I leave them behind.

Passing along the line, and under many broken arches, I come to more life, of a much more agreeable character. Beneath a lofty iron bridge, which spans the once busy Burygold Railway, I find a group of healthy country children, playing on a swing formed of ropes tied firmly in the open spaces between the girders. Other country children look down from the roadway on the top of the arch, and drop small pebbles upon the heads of the children beneath; aiming especially at the child in the swing, as the motion of the ropes sends him beyond the shelter of the arch. Sometimes those above raise a mocking cry of danger from a coming train, which is received with shouts of merriment below.

I proceed a little further, when I come upon the broken parts of an old, rotten locomotive engine, lying half-embedded in a side embankment. The boiler has been half-eaten away. Rats have made it their home. While I am gazing at this picture, an old man in mean clothing, leaning on a crutch, has joined me by climbing up the embankment on the other side.

"Ah!" he says, with a deep, heavy sigh, "Wenus isn't what she was when you an' me was younger, mate."

"No, indeed," I reply, cautiously, not knowing what he refers to, and judging him to be another maniac victim of the surrounding railway ruin.

"When I ran away with 'er," he continues, "acos they wanted to sell 'er in a sale, more than twenty year ago, she was young an' 'andsome. Look at 'er now!"

"Exactly," I return, thinking he alludes to some romantic elopement.

"I took 'er hout o' the station at night," he resumes, "afore the brokers 'ad put 'er in the hinventory; got up 'er steam, an' bowled 'er here, when she bust her biler, an' sent me flyin' into the ditch—a cripple for life."

Close to this spot is the entrance of a long tunnel, the mouth of which is covered with a dense cobweb, whose threads are thicker than stout twine. In the centre of this cobweb are several huge, overgrown spiders as large as crabs.

"Is there no passage through this place?" I ask of the old engine-driver.

"What! the haunted tunnel!" he answers, with horror and astonishment. "No man's dared to go through that for twenty year!"

Curiosity prompts me to advance nearer the great cobweb, and look through its open spaces into the dark cavern beyond. Perhaps the words of the old engine-driver have acted upon my excited imagination; but I think I see the outlines of smoke-coloured human monsters, who coil round each other, and seem hungry for prey. There is nothing fierce and active about their savagery, but it has that dreamy, listless, quiet, bone-crushing appearance of destructive power so fearful to contemplate in bears and certain monsters of the deep. Perhaps I am gazing upon the spirits of departed directors.

Declining to go through this passage of horrors, I ascend the sides of the cutting; and leaving the aged engine-driver mourning over the shattered remains of his Venus, I pass along the roads on the top of the haunted tunnel, and descend upon the line once more at the other side.

Here I again come upon life of a more genial kind. Squatters have taken possession of many side-stations. Some stations that I pass are more neatly kept than others, showing the different character of the tenants. Some are quite unoccupied; and one is in the temporary possession of a band of travelling showmen, whose caravans of wild beasts and curiosities are placed across the line. Pursuing the same route for some hours—always with the same prospect on either side—I pass under rotten bridges, under lines of dangling clothes hung out to dry, and through groups of women and children assembled in the centre of the rails, until at last day dwindles into twilight, and twilight gives place to a cold, clear sky and a large moon. I come, after some time, to a deep cutting through a lofty wooded hill, the sides of which are rendered more gloomy by dark, overhanging fir-trees. Winding along this narrow, artificial valley for a considerable distance, I arrive at a sharp curve round a bend of the hill, and see an exhibition almost as strange as any I have yet met with. In the centre of the valley, between the rails, there is a blazing wood fire, over which is suspended an enormous gipsy-kettle. Numbers of men in strange, stable-looking dresses are seated on each side of the valley; many of them drinking, and nearly all of them smoking. In the distance, beyond the fire, are several four-horse stage-coaches, fully horsed, harnessed, and appointed; and round the fire, dancing wildly with joined hands to the rough music of some half-dozen Kent bugles, played by old, half-resuscitated stage-coach guards, are some dozen aged stage-coachmen, dressed in the familiar garb of former days. I see the meaning of this unusual festival at a glance. It is a midnight picnic from some adjacent country town, met to triumph over the fall and to dance over the ruins of a paralysed railway. While I am gazing at the spectacle, a number of fresh roysterers, coming up from behind, sweep me into the middle of the dancing, drinking, shouting group, and I am immediately questioned as to my sudden and uninvited appearance. Almost before I have considered my reply, the fact of my being a ruined shareholder making the melancholy pilgrimage of my sunken property seems to strike the whole company as if by inspiration, and I am welcomed with the loudest mocking laughter and the heaviest slaps on the back that the boisterous villagers are capable of administering. One dozen of men ask me, in sarcastic chorus, what has become of my "foine carriges;" while another dozen ask me, also in chorus, where my "sixty moile a-hour be now?"

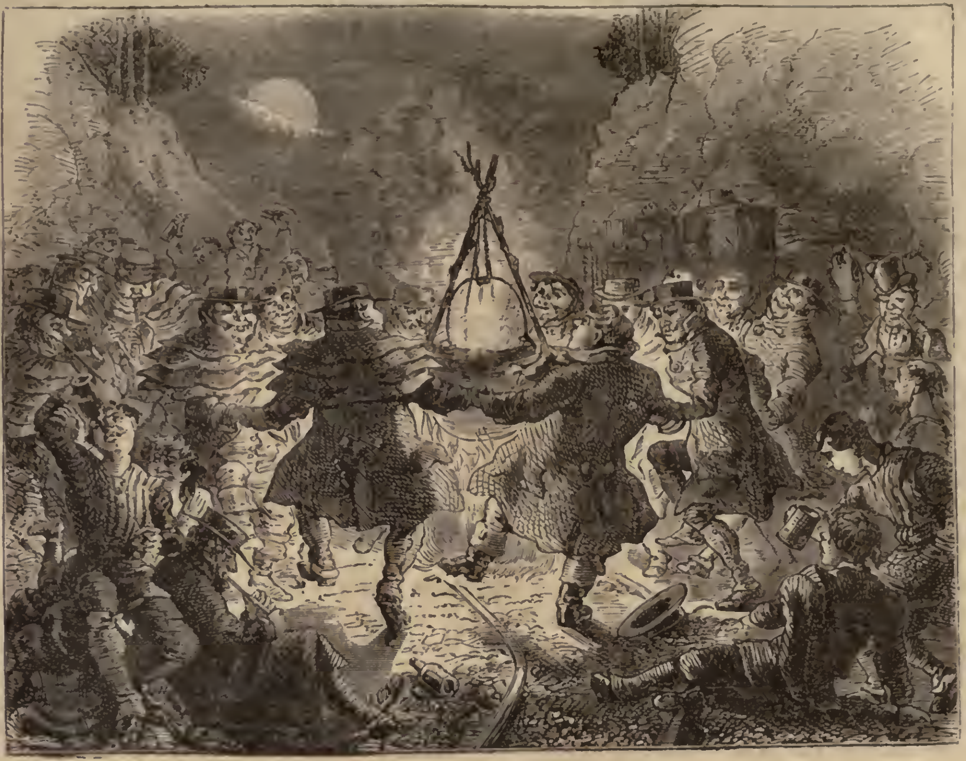
It is the morning of the second day when I reach the grand London terminus—now grand no longer, but showing its decay even more glaringly than the rest of the line. Its interior is vast, naked, and deserted, and its exterior has long been given up to the mercy of the bill-stickers. Its classical portico is a mass of unsightly blistered placards; its courtyard is silent and untrodden, except by the footsteps of a few old servants of the company, who yet live in the hope of seeing the old busy days revived.

Turning my back upon the sad remains of the Direct Burygold Railway, I proceed at once to the rival Great Deadlock line, which has now been taken under the permanent management of Government. Here at least is life, if not activity; and the great terminus looks very different to what it did when it was simply a public joint-stock undertaking. The familiar policemen and guards are all gone, and in their places are many fat porters in leathern chairs, and messengers in rather gaudy liveries. The chief booking office, once all bustle and energy, is now as calm and full of dignity as a rich Clapham conventicle. Its hours are short and strictly adhered to, especially as regards the closing. While its work is decreased two-thirds, its clerks are increased one-half, and are dressed in a much more elegant and correct manner than they were during the days of its joint-stock existence. Literature is now more generally patronised; and the leading newspapers and periodicals are not only taken in, but diligently read during three-fourths of the short business hours.

The forms of application for tickets are much more elaborate than the old rude method of simply paying your money, obtaining a voucher, stamped instantaneously, and walking away. Every man who wishes to go to Burygold, or any intermediate station, must apply for a printed form; such application to be countersigned by at least one respectable housekeeper. The form has then to be filled up according to certain ample printed directions, which occupy about a folio page and a half. The man who wishes to go by rail to Burygold, or any intermediate station, must state his age; must say whether he is a Dissenter or a Church of England man; must state whether he is a housekeeper or a lodger; if the first, how long he has been one; if the second, of what degree; must state whether he has been vaccinated; whether he has had the measles; whether he has any tendency to lunacy, or whether his parents have ever exhibited that tendency; must say whether he has ever been to Burygold or to any intermediate station before, and if so, how many times, and upon what dates, and upon what business; must state what is his present object in going to Burygold, and how long he is likely to stay; must state the exact weight of luggage he intends to take, and what the nature and contents of such luggage may be; must state the number of his family (if any), and the ages of his wife and children respectively; and must send this return in, accompanied by a letter of application, written upon folio foolscap with a margin, and addressed to the Right Honourable the Duke of Stokers, Governor-General of the Great Royal Deadlock Railway. Having allowed three clear days for verification and inquiries, the passenger may attend at the chief office of the Great Royal Deadlock Railway between the hours of one and three p.m., and receive his ticket upon payment of the fare authorised by Act of Parliament. If there be any informality in his return, he is sent back by the unflinching clerks. He has to go through the same form over again, and to wait another three clear days, before he again applies for a ticket.

With much exertion, the Government managers of the Great Royal Deadlock Railway are enabled to start two trains during their working day, at an annual cost to the country of about eight thousand pounds per mile.

A number of grants and privileges have been made to many members of the governing class who now hold positions, and reside upon the line. There are the Grand Ranger, the Deputy Grand Ranger, the Secretary to the Deputy Grand Ranger, the Lord Marshal, the Under Marshal; the Lord Steward of the Coke and Coal Department, the Deputy Lord Steward; the Grease Master, Deputy Grease Master, and the Keeper of the Oil Cans. These officers have the privilege (besides grants of land upon the line) of running special trains for themselves and friends without any formal notice to his Grace the Governor-General. This privilege has at present been sparingly used, and no particular accident has sprung from it, except the smashing of a ploughman who was crossing the line, and the running on one occasion through the end of the



(*Drawn by* A. JELLICOE.)

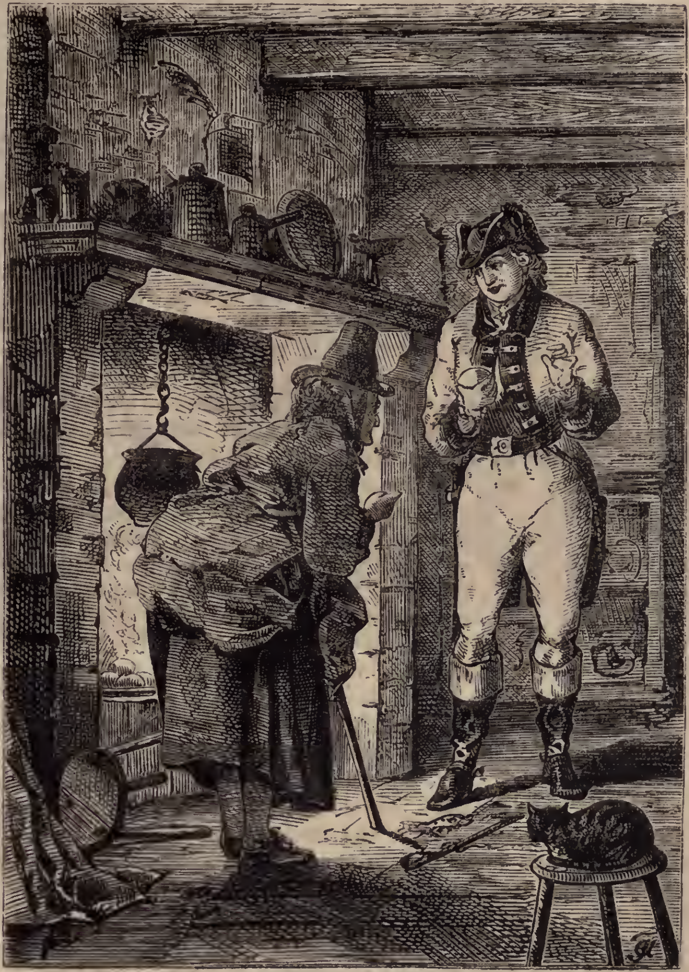
wall of the London terminus into the middle of the public road.

The Civil Service Staff of the Great Royal Deadlock Railway is the pride and glory of the country. Compare it now, for efficiency and completeness under Government superintendence, with what it was in the days of the late bankrupt Joint-Stock Company. Every man who enters upon even such humble positions as stoker, ticket-taker, or porter must be able to tell the names of the kings and queens of England, give a scientific analysis of coal (including the chemistry of coke), and of the theory of combustion, and must show some respectable knowledge of conic sections, trigonometry, and the use of the theodolite. The principal appointments are numerous, varied, and complete. There are fourteen Gentlemen Ushers of the Great Board Room, and one Assistant Usher; eight Grooms of the General Manager's Office, and one Assistant Groom; fourteen Pages of the Locomotive Department, and one Assistant Page; one hundred and fifty Inspectors of Stations, and one Assistant Inspector; one hundred and fifty Examiners of Bridges, and one Assistant Examiner; one hundred and fifty Surveyors of Tunnels, and one Assistant Surveyor; sixty Regulators of Refreshment Rooms, and one Assistant Regulator; ten Hereditary Grand Judges of Iron Girders, and one Assistant Judge; and fifty-six Gentlemen lamplighters, with one Assistant Gent. The nameless crowd of minor offices are as numerous in proportion and as carefully filled as the posts of trust and honour. The system of the Civil Service is carried into the minutest corners of the railway, and wherever there is a department with thirty or forty clerks, there is always to be found one assistant clerk. Every engine is manufactured on the premises, by a body of workmen, overlooked by another body of surveyors. The cost of every locomotive is about double the price usually charged by a regular manufacturing engineer. To avoid even the remotest chance of accident by explosions from over-work, no engine is kept in use more than three months, and some not even that small number of weeks. So careful are the stoker and driver of the passengers' lives, that where there is the slightest chance of an accident from the obstinate refusal of a home-made locomotive engine to move on, rather than irritate it by a dangerous pressure of steam, they desert the unruly machine, and the passengers walk with safety to their destination along the tranquil and beautifully regulated line.

Such are some of the railway nightmares that haunt me, and will not pass away.

THE APPLE DUMPLINGS AND A KING.

[Dr. Wolcott. *See Page* 5.]



(*Drawn by* C. A. Fesch.)

Once on a time, a monarch, tired with whooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor defenceless, harmless buck—
The horse and rider wet as muck—
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered through curiosity a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finished apple dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When lo! the monarch in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke: "What's this? what's this? what, what?"

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand;
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple:
He cried: "Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed!
What makes it, pray, so hard?" The dame replied,
Low curtsying: "Please your majesty, the apple."

"Very astonishing, indeed! strange thing!"—
Turning the dumpling round—rejoined the king.
"'Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is—
It beats Pinette's conjuring all to pieces:
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, goody, tell me where, where, where's the seam?"

"Sir, there's no seam," quoth she; "I ne'er did know
That folks did apple dumplings *sew*."

"No!" cried the staring monarch, with a grin;
"How, how the devil got the apple in?"

On which the dame the curious scheme revealed
By which the apple lay so sly concealed,
Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
Who to the palace with full speed repaired,
And queen and princesses so beauteous scared
All with the wonders of the dumpling art.
There did he labour one whole week to show
The wisdom of an apple-dumpling maker;
And lo! so deep was majesty in dough,
The palace seemed the lodging of a baker!

HARLEY SETS OUT ON HIS JOURNEY.

[Henry Mackenzie was born at Edinburgh, August, 1745. Educated at the High School and University. Died January 14, 1831.]

He had taken leave of his aunt on the eve of his intended departure; but the good lady's affection for her nephew interrupted her sleep, and early as it was, next morning when Harley came down-stairs to set out, he found her in the parlour with a tear on her cheek, and her caudle-cup in her hand. She knew enough of physic to prescribe against going abroad of a morning with an empty stomach. She gave her blessing with the draught; her instructions she had delivered the night before. They consisted mostly of negatives; for London, in her idea, was so replete with temptations, that it needed the whole armour of her friendly cautions to repel their attacks.

Peter stood at the door. We have mentioned this faithful fellow formerly. Harley's father had taken him up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and of his son. Harley shook him by the hand as he passed, smiling, as if he had said, "I will not weep." He sprung hastily into the chaise that waited for him; Peter folded up the step. "My dear master," said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, "I have been told as how London is a sad place." He was choked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard. But it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to its energy.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where proposed breakfasting; but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and gaining a little height, stood gazing on the quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills; they were lost in the distant clouds! He pencilled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh!

He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat mended with different-coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were the predominant. He had a short knotted stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; his knees—though he was no pilgrim—had worn the stuff of his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles. In his face, however, was the plump appearance of good-humour: he walked a good round pace, and a crooked-legged dog trotted at his heels.

"Our delicacies," said Harley to himself, "are fantastic: they are not in nature. That beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones barefooted, while I have lost the most delightful dream in the world from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe." The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too. It was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, "that if he wanted his fortune told——" Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar: it was an unpromising look for the subject of a prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately.

"I would much rather learn," said Harley, "what it is in your power to tell me: your trade must be an entertaining one: sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself."

"Master," replied the beggar, "I like your frankness much; God knows I had the humour of plain-dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must live as we can, and lying is, as you call it, my profession: but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth. I was a labourer, sir, and gained as much as to make me live: I never laid by, indeed; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley."

"So," said Harley, "you seem to know me."

"Ay, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of; how should I tell fortunes else?"

"True; but to go on with your story: you were a labourer, you say, and a wag; your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade; but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new."

"What signifies sadness, sir? a man grows lean on't: but I was brought to my idleness by degrees; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a gaol-fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr. Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground; I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however, but I was so weak that I spat blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week, when I was able to joke; I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any: thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I found it, Mr. Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short, I found that people do not care to give alms without some security for their money; a wooden leg or a withered arm is a sort of draft upon Heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way: folks will always listen when the tale is their own; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligencers in the world for our purpose; they dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe; and they who repeat it, to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerably good memory and some share of cunning, with the help of walking a-night over heaths and churchyards, with this, and showing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the sergeant of a marching regiment—and, by the way, he can steal too upon occasion—I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade, indeed, is none of the honestest; yet people are not much cheated neither, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which I have heard some persons say is all a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you good-day, sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army—a question which I promised to answer them by that time."

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket, but Virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it. Virtue held back his arm; but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him; his fingers lost their compression; nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground, than the watchful cur—a trick he had been taught—snapped it up; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

[This remarkable Poem, which has often been attributed to Thomas Hood, is by T. Noel, and was first published in "Rhymes and Roundelays."]

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round
trot;
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,
And hark to the dirge that the sad driver sings:—
"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

Oh, where are the mourners? alas! there are
none;
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone,
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man—
To the grave with his carcase as fast as you can.
"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

What a jolting and creaking, and splashing and
din;
The whip how it cracks! and the wheels how they
spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is
hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world.
"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

Poor pauper defunct, he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach,
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast.
"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

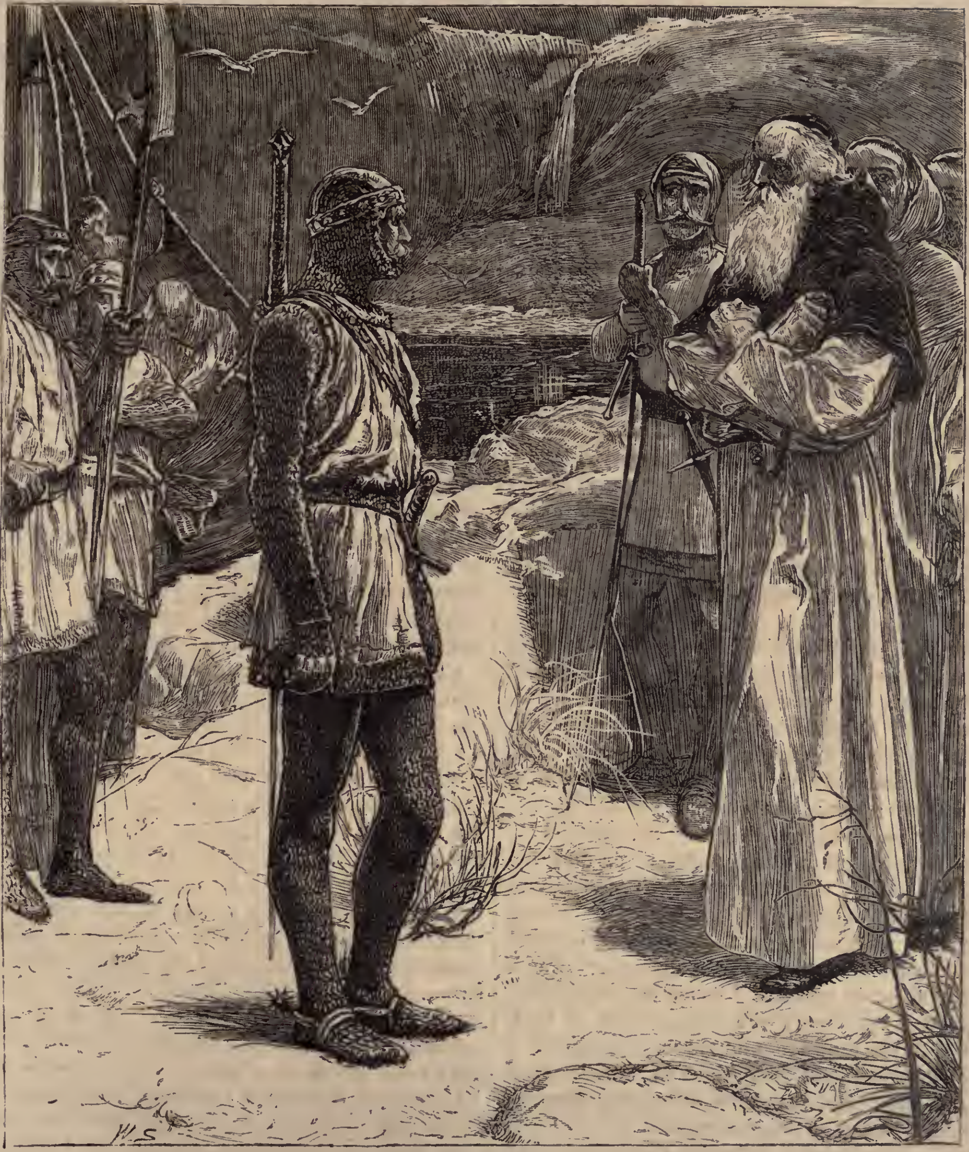
You bumpkin, who stare at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid,
And be joyful to think, when by death you're
laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go.
"Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!"

But a truce to this strain,—for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend.
Bear softly his bones over the stones,
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!

THE ABBOT AND ROBERT BRUCE.

[Sir Walter Scott. *See Page* 116.]

The abbot seemed, with eye severe,
The hardy chieftain's speech to hear;
Then on the monarch turned the monk,
But twice his courage came and sunk,
Confronted with the hero's look;
Twice fell his eye, his accents shook;
At length, resolved in tone and brow,
Sternly he questioned him—"And thou,
Unhappy! what hast thou to plead,
Why I denounce not on thy deed
That awful doom which canons tell
Shuts paradise and opens hell;
Anathema of power so dread,
It blends the living with the dead,
Bids each good angel soar away,
And every ill one claim his prey;
Expels thee from the Church's care,
And deafens heaven against thy prayer;
Arms every hand against thy life,
Bans all who aid thee in the strife;
Nay, each whose succour, cold and scant,
With meanest alms relieves thy want;
Haunts thee while living,—and, when dead,
Dwells on thy yet devoted head,
Rends Honour's scutcheon from thy hearse,
Stills o'er thy bier the holy verse,
And spurns thy corpse from hallowed ground,
Flung like vile carrion to the hound!
Such is the dire and desperate doom
For sacrilege, decreed by Rome;
And such the well-deservèd meed
Of thine unhallowed, ruthless deed."
"Abbot!" the Bruce replied, "thy charge,
It boots not to dispute at large.
This much, howe'er, I bid thee know,
No selfish vengeance dealt the blow,
For Comyn died his country's foe.
Nor blame I friends whose ill-timed speed
Fulfilled my soon repented deed,
Nor censure those from whose stern tongue
The dire anathema has rung.
I only blame mine own wild ire,
By Scotland's wrongs incensed to fire.
Heaven knows my purpose to atone,
Far as I may, the evil done,
And hears a penitent's appeal
From papal curse and prelate's zeal.
My first and dearest task achieved,
Fair Scotland from her thrall relieved,
Shall many a priest in cope and stole
Say requiem for Red Comyn's soul,
While I the blessèd cross advance.
And expiate this unhappy chance,
In Palestine, with sword and lance;
But, while content the Church should know
My conscience owns the debt I owe,
Unto De Argentine and Lorn
The name of traitor I return,
Bid them defiance stern and high,
And give them in their throats the lie!
These brief words spoke, I speak no more.
Do what thou wilt: my shrift is o'er."—
Like man by prodigy amazed,
Upon the king the abbot gazed;
Then o'er his pallid features glance
Convulsions of ecstatic trance.
His breathing came more thick and fast,
And from his pale blue eyes were cast
Strange rays of wild and wandering light;
Uprise his locks of silver white,
Flushed is his brow, through every vein
In azure tide the currents strain,
And undistinguished accents broke
The awful silence ere he spoke:—
"De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread
To speak my curse upon thy head,
And give thee as an outcast o'er
To him who burns to shed thy gore;
But, like the Midianite of old,
Who stood on Zophim, heaven-controlled,
I feel within mine aged breast
A power that will not be repressed.
It prompts my voice, it swells my veins,
It burns, it maddens, it constrains!—
De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe;
O'er-mastered yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be blest!"—
He spoke, and o'er the astonished throng
Was silence, awful, deep, and long.
Again that light has fired his eye,
Again his form swells bold and high,
The broken voice of age is gone,
'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty tone:—
"Thrice vanquished on the battle-plain,
Thy followers slaughtered, fled, or ta'en,
A hunted wanderer on the wild,
On foreign shores a man exiled,
Disowned, deserted, and distressed,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be blessed;



(*Drawn by* W. SMALL.)

Blessed in the hall and in the field,
Under the mantle as the shield.
Avenger of thy country's shame,
Restorer of her injured fame,
Blessed in thy sceptre and thy sword,
De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful lord,
Blessed in thy deeds and in thy fame,
What lengthened honours wait thy name!
In distant ages, sire to son
Shall tell thy tale of freedom won,
And teach his infants, in the use
Of earliest speech, to falter Bruce.
Go, then, triumphant! sweep along
Thy course, the theme of many a song!
The Power, whose dictates swell my breast,
Hath blessed thee, and thou shalt be blessed!—
Enough—my short-lived strength decays,
And sinks the momentary blaze.—
Heaven hath our destined purpose broke—
Not here must nuptial vow be spoke;
Brethren, our errand here is o'er,
Our task discharged.—Unmoor, unmoor!"—
His priests received the exhausted monk,
As breathless in their arms he sunk.
Punctual his orders to obey,
The train refused all longer stay,
Embarked, raised sail, and bore away.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

[Dr. **William Robertson**, born at Borthwick, 1721. First known as an historian in 1759. Died June 11, 1793.]

NEXT morning, being Friday, the 3rd day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention.

Upon the 1st of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error and discover the deceit. They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid, and extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship. From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction. They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea, but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind, which had hitherto been so favourable to their course, must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

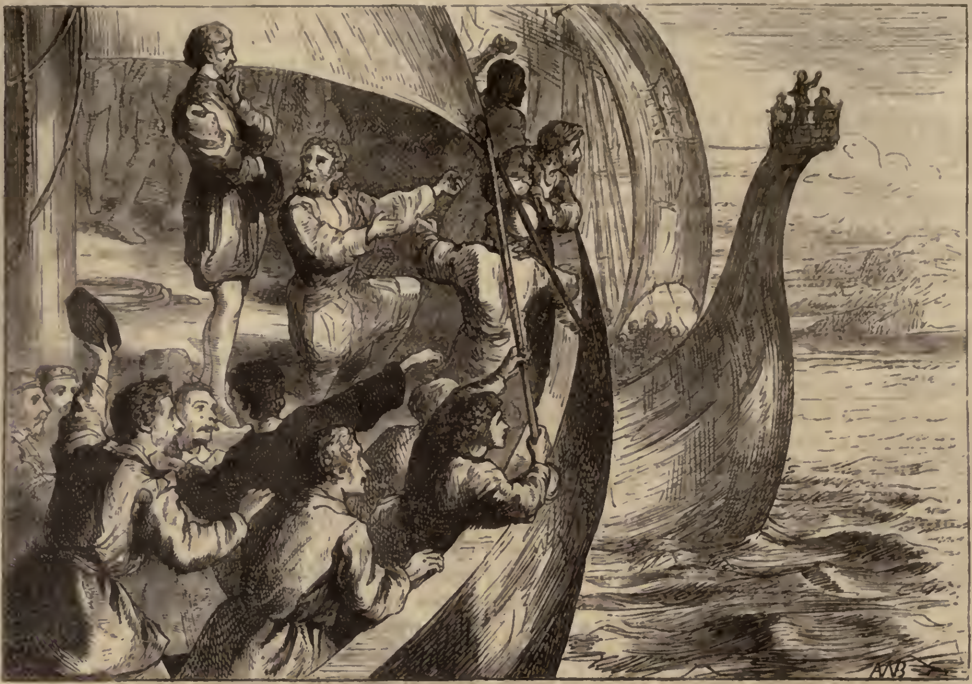
Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance and of fear in producing disaffection among his crew, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations. Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success. Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign if, by their dastardly behaviour, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation. Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if during that time land was not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding-line reached the bottom, and the soil that it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light in the distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutticrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of "Land! land!" was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next

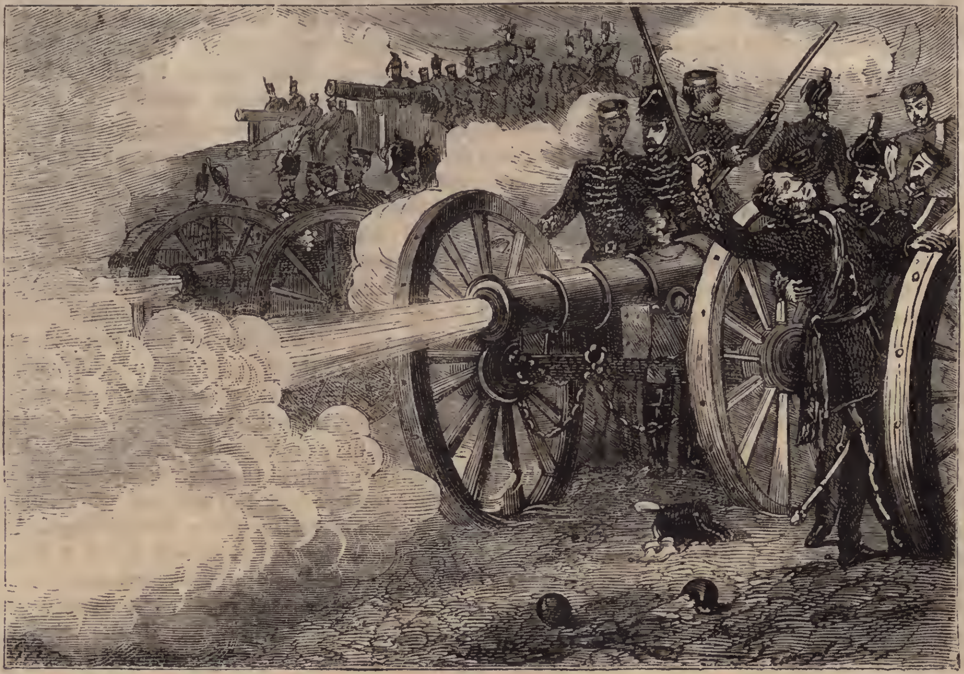


(*Drawn by* A. W. BAYES.)

erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the water with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper colour, their features singular rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and which, though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country!



(*Drawn by* E. HALL.)

BRINGING UP THE GUNS.

[MR. W. J. PROWSE was born on the 6th May, 1836, at Torquay, in Devonshire, a county which has produced many notable Englishmen. He has for some years contributed to the light literature of the day, but his time and labours have been chiefly devoted to journalism.]

"THE battle, they say, will be lost or won,
Ere our guns can be brought to the brow of the hill;
But, at least, we can try—so, forward all,
And work, my men, cheerily—work with a will!"

It was thus, on a beautiful morn in May,
That our ruddy-faced, white-haired colonel spoke.
The valley below us was bright with spring,
The hills above us were dim with smoke.

Then muscle and sinew we strained to the full;
We were panting, and grimy, and grim with sweat;
But ever our colonel cheered us on,
With "Courage, my lads, we shall reach them yet!"

All silently striving, we laboured along;
The noise of the battle was loud in our ears:
One, *one* more effort—the guns are up,
And the soldiers greet us with frantic cheers.

Ay, well they might! They were sorely pressed,
But our guns had speedily something to say;
And we watched our colonel quietly smile,
As he saw that his regiment saved the day.

Through the hostile columns we sent our shot;
We marked them waver, and break, and fly:—
Just then, our gallant old colonel fell,
And oh, 'twas a beautiful death to die!

THE TOURNAMENT.

[SIR WALTER SCOTT. *See Page* 116.]

THE Passage of Arms, as it was called, which was to take place at Ashby, in the county of Leicester, as champions of the first renown were to take the field in the presence of Prince John himself, who was expected to grace the lists, had attracted universal attention, and an immense confluence of persons of all ranks hastened upon the appointed morning to the place of combat.

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow, of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by straggling oak-trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial display which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was enclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form of the enclosure was an oblong square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience for the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists, accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men-at-arms for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen colours of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tents were of the same colour. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised as a salvage or silvan man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master, and the character he was pleased to assume during the game.* The central pavilion, as the place of honour, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose renown in all games of chivalry, no less than his connection with the knights who had undertaken this Passage of Arms, had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as their chief and leader, though he had so recently joined them. On one side of his tent were pitched those of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Richard de Malvoisin, and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Grantmesnil, a noble baron in the vicinity, whose ancestor had been Lord High Steward of England in the time of the Conqueror, and his son William Rufus. Ralph de Vipont, a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, who had some ancient possessions at a place called Heather, near Ashby-de-la-Zouche, occupied the fifth pavilion. From the entrance into the lists, a gently sloping passage, ten yards in breadth, led up to the platform on which the tents were pitched. It was strongly secured by a palisade on each side, as was the esplanade in front of the pavilions, and the whole was guarded by men-at-arms.

The northern access to the lists terminated in a similar entrance of thirty feet in breadth, at the extremity of which was a large enclosed space for such knights as might be disposed to enter the lists with the challengers, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with armourers, farriers, and other attendants, in readiness to give their services wherever they might be necessary.

The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries, spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend the tournament. A narrow space, betwixt these galleries and the lists, gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theatre. The promiscuous multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground, enabled them to overlook the galleries, and obtain a fair view into the lists. Besides the accommodation which these stations afforded, many hundreds had perched themselves on the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow; and even the steeple of a country church, at some distance, was crowded with spectators.

It only remains to notice respecting the general arrangement, that one gallery in the very centre of the eastern side of the lists, and consequently exactly opposite to the spot where the shock of the combat was to take place, was raised higher than the others, more richly decorated, and graced by a sort of throne and canopy, on which the royal arms were emblazoned. Squires, pages, and yeomen in rich liveries, waited around this place of honour, which was designed for Prince John and his attendants. Opposite to this royal gallery was another, elevated to the same height, on the western side of the lists; and more gaily, if less sumptuously decorated, than that destined for the prince himself. A train of pages and of young maidens, the most beautiful who could be selected, gaily dressed in fancy habits of green and pink, surrounded a throne decorated in the same colours. Among pennons and flags bearing wounded hearts, burning hearts, bleeding hearts, bows and quivers, and all the commonplace emblems of the triumphs of Cupid, a blazoned inscription informed the spectators, that this seat of honour was designed for "La Royne de la Beaulté et des Amours."

Morning arose in unclouded splendour, and ere the sun was much above the horizon, the idlest or the most eager of the spectators appeared on the common, moving to the lists as to a general centre, in order to secure a favourable situation for viewing the continuation of the expected games.

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* This sort of masquerade is supposed to have occasioned the introduction of supporters into the science of heraldry.

The marshals and their attendants appeared next on the field, together with the heralds, for the purpose of receiving the names of the knights who intended to joust, with the side which each chose to espouse. This was a necessary precaution, in order to secure equality betwixt the two bodies who should be opposed to each other.

According to due formality, the Disinherited Knight was to be considered as leader of the one body, while Brian de Bois-Guilbert, who had been rated as having done second-best in the preceding day, was named first champion of the other band. Those who had concurred in the challenge adhered to his party, of course, excepting only Ralph de Vipont, whom his fall had rendered unfit so soon to put on his armour. There was no want of distinguished and noble candidates to fill up the ranks on either side.

In fact, although the general tournament, in which all knights fought at once, was more dangerous than single encounters, they were, nevertheless, more frequented and practised by the chivalry of the age. Many knights, who had not sufficient confidence in their own skill to defy a single adversary of high reputation, were, nevertheless, desirous of displaying their valour in the general combat, where they might meet others with whom they were more upon an equality. On the present occasion, about fifty knights were inscribed as desirous of combating upon each side when the marshals declared that no more could be admitted, to the disappointment of several who were too late in preferring their claim to be included.

About the hour of ten o'clock, the whole plain was crowded with horsemen, horsewomen, and foot-passengers, hastening to the tournament; and shortly after, a grand flourish of trumpets announced Prince John and his retinue, attended, by many of those knights who meant to take share in the game, as well as others who had no such intention.

About the same time arrived Cedric the Saxon with the Lady Rowena, unattended, however, by Athelstane. This Saxon lord had arrayed his tall and strong person in armour, in order to take his place among the combatants; and, considerably to the surprise of Cedric, had chosen to enlist himself on the part of the Knight Templar. The Saxon, indeed, had remonstrated strongly with his friend upon the injudicious choice he had made of his party; but he had only received that sort of answer usually given by those who are more obstinate in following their own course, than strong in justifying it.

His best, if not his only reason, for adhering to the party of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, Athelstane had the prudence to keep to himself. Though his apathy of disposition prevented his taking any means to recommend himself to the Lady Rowena, he was, nevertheless, by no means insensible to her charms, and considered his union with her as a matter already fixed beyond doubt, by the assent of Cedric and her other friends. It had therefore been with smothered displeasure that the proud though indolent Lord of Coningsburgh beheld the victor of the preceding day select Rowena as the object of that honour which it became his privilege to confer. In order to punish him for a preference which seemed to interfere with his own suit, Athelstane, confident of his strength, and to whom his flatterers, at least, ascribed great skill in arms, had determined not only to deprive the Disinherited Knight of his powerful succour, but, if an opportunity should occur, to make him feel the weight of his battle-axe.

De Bracy, and other knights attached to Prince John, in obedience to a hint from him, had joined the party of the challengers, John being desirous to secure, if possible, the victory to that side. On the other hand, many other knights, both English and Norman, natives and strangers, took part against the challengers, the more readily that the opposite band was to be led by so distinguished a champion as the Disinherited Knight had approved himself.

As soon as Prince John observed that the destined Queen of the day had arrived upon the field, assuming that air of courtesy which sat well upon him when he was pleased to exhibit it, he rode forward to meet her, doffed his bonnet, and, alighting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle, while his followers uncovered at the same time, and one of the most distinguished dismounted to hold her palfrey.

"It is thus," said Prince John, "that we set the dutiful example of loyalty to the Queen of Love and Beauty, and are ourselves her guide to the throne which she must this day occupy.—Ladies," he said, "attend your Queen, as you wish in your turn to be distinguished by like honours."

So saying, the Prince marshalled Rowena to the seat of honour opposite his own, while the fairest and most distinguished ladies present crowded after her to obtain places as near as possible to their temporary sovereign.

No sooner was Rowena seated, than a burst of music, half-drowned by the shouts of the multitude, greeted her new dignity. Meantime, the sun shone fierce and bright upon the polished arms of the knights of either side, who crowded the opposite extremities of the lists, and held eager conference together concerning the best mode of arranging their line of battle, and supporting the conflict.

The heralds then proclaimed silence until the laws of the tourney should be rehearsed. These were calculated in some degree to abate the dangers of the day; a precaution the more necessary, as the conflict was to be maintained with sharp swords and pointed lances.

The champions were therefore prohibited to thrust with the sword, and were confined to striking. A knight, it was announced, might use a mace or battle-axe at pleasure, but the dagger was a prohibited weapon. A knight unhorsed might renew the fight on foot with any other on the opposite side in the same predicament; but mounted horsemen were in that case forbidden to assail him. When any knight could force his antagonist to the extremities of the lists, so as to touch the palisade with his person or arms, such opponent was obliged to yield himself vanquished, and his armour and horse were placed at the disposal of the conqueror. A knight thus overcome was not permitted to take further share in the combat. If any combatant was struck down, and unable to recover his feet, his squire or page might enter the lists, and drag his master out of the press; but in that case the knight was adjudged vanquished, and his arms and horse declared forfeited. The combat was to cease as soon as Prince John should throw down his leading-staff, or truncheon; another precaution usually taken to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood by the too long endurance of a sport so desperate. Any knight breaking the rules of the tournament, or otherwise transgressing the rules of honourable chivalry, was liable to be stripped of his arms, and having his shield reversed, to be placed in that posture astride upon the bars of the palisade, and exposed to public derision, in punishment of his unknightly conduct. Having announced these precautions, the heralds concluded with an exhortation to each good knight to do his duty, and to merit favour from the Queen of Beauty and of Love.

This proclamation having been made, the heralds withdrew to their stations. The knights, entering at either end of the lists in long procession, arranged themselves in a double file, precisely opposite to each other, the leader of each party being in the centre of the foremost rank, a post which he did not occupy until each had carefully arranged the ranks of his party, and stationed every one in his place.

It was a goodly, and at the same time an anxious sight, to behold so many gallant champions, mounted bravely and armed richly, stand ready prepared for an encounter so formidable, seated on their war-saddles like so many pillars of iron, and awaiting the signal of encounter with the same ardour as their generous steeds, which, by neighing and pawing the ground, gave signal of their impatience.

As yet the knights held their long lances upright, their bright points glancing in the sun, and the streamers with which they were decorated fluttering over the plumage of the helmets. Thus they remained while the marshals of the field surveyed their ranks with the utmost exactness, lest either party had more or fewer than the appointed number. The tale was found exactly complete. The marshals then withdrew from the lists, and William de Wyvil, with a voice of thunder, pronounced the signal-words—*Laissez aller!* The trumpets sounded as he spoke, the spears of the champions were at once lowered and placed in the rests, the spurs were dashed into the flanks of the horses, and the two foremost ranks of either party rushed upon each other in full gallop, and met in the middle of the lists with a shock, the sound of which was heard at a mile's distance. The rear rank of each party advanced at a slower pace to sustain the defeated, and follow up the success of the victors of their party.

The consequences of the encounter were not instantly seen, for the dust raised by the trampling of so many steeds darkened the air, and it was a minute ere the anxious spectators could see the fate of the encounter. When the fight became visible, half the knights on each side were dismounted, some by the dexterity of their adversary's lance, some by the superior weight and strength of opponents, which had borne down both horse and man; some lay stretched on the earth as if never more to rise; some had already regained their feet, and were closing hand to hand with those of their antagonists who were in the same predicament; and several on both sides, who had received wounds by which they were disabled, were stopping their blood with their scarfs, and endeavouring to extricate themselves from the tumult. The mounted knights, whose lances had been almost all broken by the fury of the encounter, were now closely engaged with their swords, shouting their war-cries and exchanging buffets, as if honour and life depended on the issue of the combat.

The tumult was presently increased by the advance of the second rank on either side, which, acting as a reserve, now rushed on to aid their companions. The followers of Brian de Bois-Guilbert shouted—"Ha! Beau-seant! Beau-seant!* For the Temple! For the Temple!" The opposite party shouted in answer—"Desdichado! Desdichado!" which watchword they took from the motto upon their leader's shield.

The champions thus encountering each other with the utmost fury, and with alternate success,

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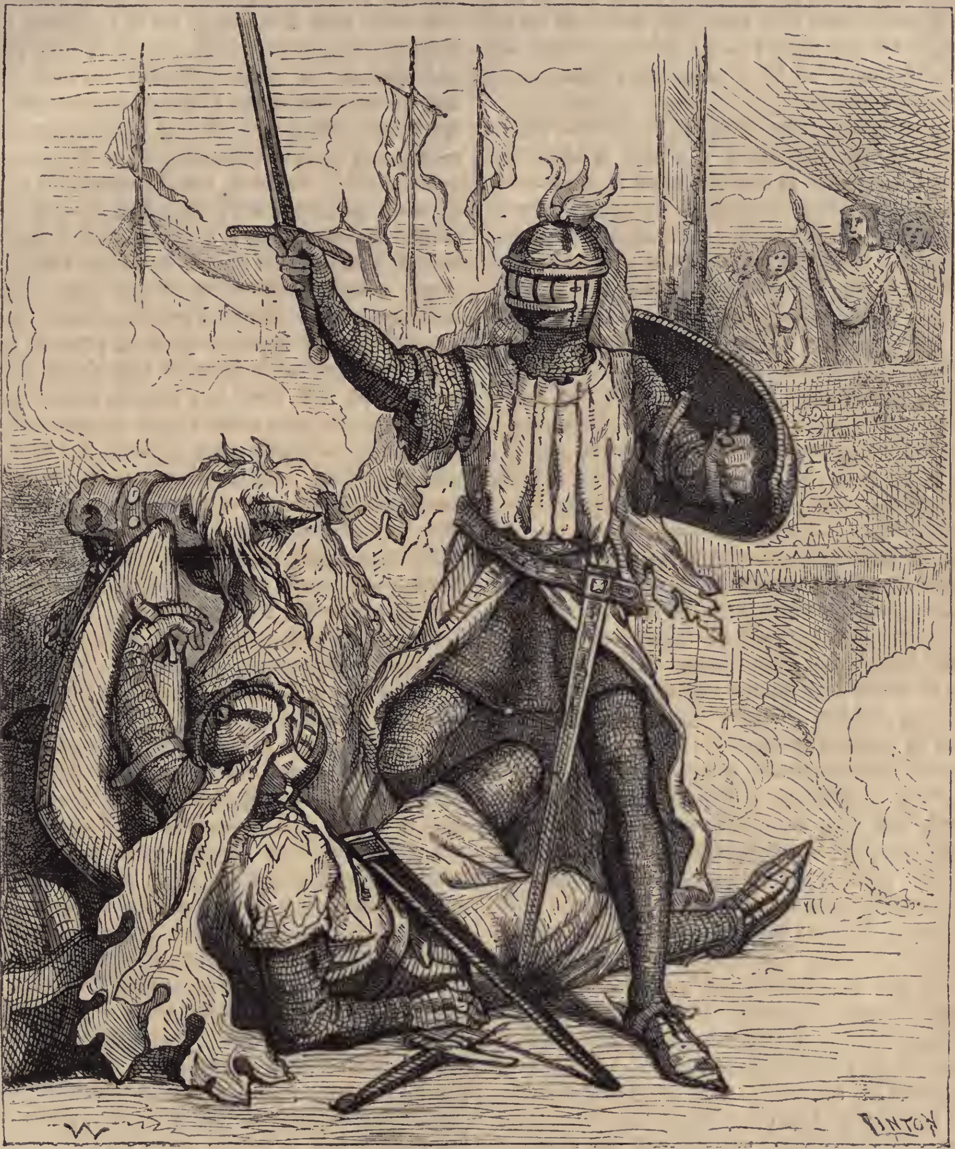
* *Beau-seant* was the name of the Templars' banner, which was half black, half white: to intimate, it was said, that they were candid and fair towards Christians, but black and terrible towards infidels.



(*Drawn by* E. WIEGAND.)

the tide of battle seemed to flow now towards the southern, now towards the northern extremity of the lists, as the one or the other party prevailed. Meantime the clang of the blows, and the shouts of the combatants, mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpets, and drowned the groans of those who fell and lay rolling defenceless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armour of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and battle-axe. The gay plumage, shorn from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snow-flakes. All that was beautiful and graceful in that martial array had disappeared, and what was now visible was only calculated to awake terror or compassion.

Yet such is the force of habit, that not only the vulgar spectators, who are naturally attracted by sights of horror, but even the ladies of distinction, who crowded the galleries, saw the conflict with a thrilling interest certainly, but without a wish to withdraw their eyes from a sight so terrible. Here and there indeed a fair cheek might turn pale, or a faint scream might be heard, as a lover, a brother, or a husband, was struck from his horse. But, in general, the ladies around encouraged the combatants, not only by clapping their hands and waving their veils and kerchiefs, but even by exclaiming, "Brave lance! Good sword!" when any successful thrust or blow took place under their observation.

Such being the interest taken by the fair sex in this bloody game, that of the men is the more easily understood. It showed itself in loud acclamations upon every change of fortune, while all eyes were so riveted on the lists, that the spectators seemed as if they themselves had dealt and received the blows which were there so freely bestowed. And between every pause was heard the voice of the heralds, exclaiming, "Fight on, brave knights! Man dies, but glory lives! Fight on—death is better than defeat! Fight on, brave knights! for bright eyes behold your deeds!"

Amid the varied fortunes of the combat, the eyes of all endeavoured to discover the leaders of each band, who, mingling in the thick of the fight, encouraged their companions both by voice and example. Both displayed great feats of gallantry, nor did either Bois-Guilbert or the Disinherited Knight find in the ranks opposed to them a champion who could be termed their unquestioned match. They repeatedly endeavoured to single out each other, spurred by mutual animosity, and aware that the fall of either leader might be considered as decisive of victory. Such, however, was the crowd and confusion, that, during the earlier part of the conflict, their efforts to meet were unavailing, and they were repeatedly separated by the eagerness of their followers, each of whom was anxious to win honour, by measuring his strength against the leader of the opposite party.

But when the field became thin by the numbers on either side who had yielded themselves vanquished, had been compelled to the extremity of the lists, or been otherwise rendered incapable of continuing the strife, the Templar and the Disinherited Knight at length encountered hand to hand, with all the fury that mortal animosity, joined to rivalry of honour, could inspire. Such was the address of each in parrying and striking, that the spectators broke forth into a unanimous and involuntary shout, expressive of their delight and admiration.

But at this moment the party of the Disinherited Knight had the worst; the gigantic arm of Front-de-Bœuf on the one flank, and the ponderous strength of Athelstane on the other, bearing down and dispersing those immediately exposed to them. Finding themselves freed from their immediate antagonists, it seems to have occurred to both these knights at the same instant that they would render the most decisive advantage to their party by aiding the Templar in his contest with his rival. Turning their horses, therefore, at the same moment, the Norman spurred against the Disinherited Knight on the one side, and the Saxon on the other. It was utterly impossible that the object of this unequal and unexpected assault could have sustained it, had he not been warned by a general cry from the spectators, who could not but take interest in one exposed to such disadvantage.

"Beware! beware, Sir Disinherited!" was shouted so universally, that the knight became aware of his danger; and, striking a full blow at the Templar, he reined back his steed in the same moment, so as to escape the charge of Athelstane and Front-de-Bœuf. These knights, therefore, their aim being thus eluded, rushed from opposite sides betwixt the object of their attack and the Templar, almost running their horses against each other ere they could stop their career. Recovering their horses, however, and wheeling them round, the whole three pursued their united purpose of bearing to the earth the Disinherited Knight.

Nothing could have saved him except the remarkable strength and activity of the noble horse which he had won on the preceding day.

This stood him in the more stead, as the horse of Bois-Guilbert was wounded, and those of Front-de-Bœuf and Athelstane were both tired with the weight of their gigantic masters, clad in complete armour, and with the preceding exertions of the day. The masterly horsemanship of the Disinherited Knight, and the activity of the noble animal which he mounted, enabled him for a few minutes to keep at sword's point his three antagonists, turning and wheeling with the agility of a hawk upon the wing, keeping his enemies as far separate as he could, and rushing now against the one, now against the other, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, without waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return.

But although the lists rang with the applauses of his dexterity, it was evident that he must at last be overpowered; and the nobles around Prince John implored him with one voice to throw down his warder, and to save so brave a knight from the disgrace of being overcome by odds.

"Not I, by the light of heaven!" answered Prince John; "this same springal, who conceals his name, and despises our proffered hospitality, has already gained one prize, and may now afford to let others have their turn." As he spoke thus, an unexpected incident changed the fortune of the day.

There was among the ranks of the Disinherited Knight a champion in black armour, mounted on a black horse, large in size, tall, and to all appearance powerful and strong, like the rider by whom he was mounted. This knight, who bore on his shield no device of any kind, had hitherto evinced very little interest in the event of the fight, beating off with seeming ease those combatants who attacked him, but neither pursuing his advantages, nor himself assailing any one. In short, he had hitherto acted the part rather of a spectator than of a party in the tournament, a circumstance which procured him among the spectators the name of "Le Noir Faineant," or the Black Sluggard.

At once this knight seemed to throw aside his apathy, when he discovered the leader of his party so hard bestead; for, setting spurs to his horse, which was quite fresh, he came to his assistance like a thunderbolt, exclaiming in a voice like a trumpet-call, "Desdichado, to the rescue!" It was high time; for, while the Disinherited Knight was pressing upon the Templar, Front-de-Bœuf had got nigh to him with his uplifted sword; but ere the blow could descend the Sable Knight dealt a stroke on his head, which, glancing from the polished helmet, lighted with violence scarcely abated on the chamfron of the steed, and Front-de-Bœuf rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the fury of the blow. "Le Noir Faineant" then turned his horse upon Athelstane of Coningsburgh; and his own sword having been broken in his encounter with Front-de-Bœuf, he wrenched from the hand of the bulky Saxon the battle-axe which he wielded, and, like one familiar with the use of the weapon, bestowed him such a blow upon the crest, that Athelstane also lay senseless on the field. Having achieved this double feat, for which he was the more highly applauded that it was totally unexpected from him, the knight seemed to resume the sluggishness of his character, returning calmly to the northern extremity of the lists, leaving his leader to cope as he best could with Brian de Bois-Guilbert. This was no longer matter of so much difficulty as formerly. The Templar's horse had bled much, and gave way under the shock of the Disinherited Knight's charge. Brian de Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field, encumbered with the stirrup, from which he was unable to draw his foot. His antagonist sprang from horseback, waved his fatal sword over the head of his adversary, and commanded him to yield himself; when Prince John, more moved by the Templar's dangerous situation than he had been by that of his rival, saved him the mortification of confessing himself vanquished, by casting down his warder, and putting an end to the conflict.

It was, indeed, only the relics and embers of the fight which continued to burn; for of the few knights who still continued in the lists, the greater part had, by tacit consent, forborne the conflict for some time, leaving it to be determined by the strife of the leaders.

The squires, who had found it a matter of danger and difficulty to attend their masters during the engagement, now thronged into the lists to pay their dutiful attendance to the wounded, who were removed with the utmost care and attention to the neighbouring pavilions.

Thus ended the memorable field of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, one of the most gallantly-contested tournaments of that age; for although only four knights, including one who was smothered by the heat of his armour, had died upon the field, yet upwards of thirty were desperately wounded, four or five of whom never recovered. Several more were disabled for life, and those who escaped best carried the marks of the conflict to the grave with them. Hence it is always mentioned in the old records as the Gentle and Joyous Passage of Arms of Ashby.

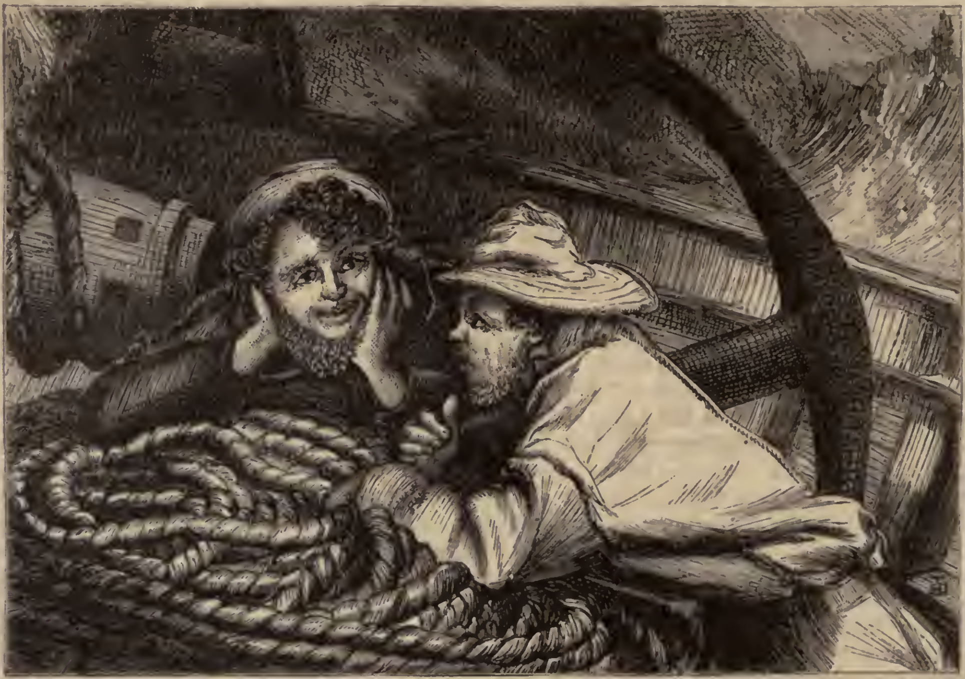
BOBADIL'S PLAN FOR SAVING THE EXPENSE OF AN ARMY.

[Ben Jonson. *See Page* 121.]

BOBADIL. I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to Her Majesty and the lords (observe me), I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one-half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be, of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passado, your montanto, till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us; well, we would kill them: challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand, forty times five: five times forty, two hundred days, kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.


(*Drawn by* T. G. Bowman.)

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

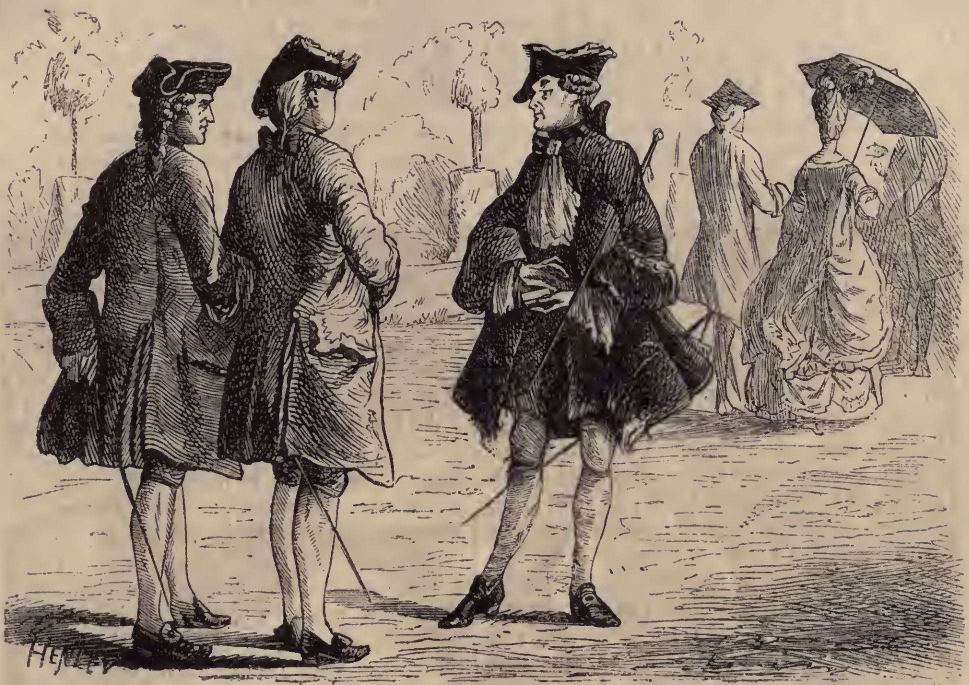
[William Pitt. Master attendant at Jamaica Dockyard, and afterwards at Malta. Died 1840.]

One night came on a hurricane,
  The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline slewed his quid,
  And said to Billy Bowline:
"A strong nor'-wester's blowing, Bill;
  Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
  Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Fool-hardy chaps as live in towns,
  What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
  For fear the roof should fall in:
Poor creaturs! how they envies us,
  And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
  To be upon the ocean!

"And as for them that's out all day,
  On business from their houses,
And late at night returning home,
  To cheer their babes and spouses;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
  Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
  About their heads are flying!

"Both you and I have ofttimes heard
  How men are killed and undone,
By overturns from carriages,
  By thieves, and fires in London.
We know what risks these landsmen run.
  From noblemen to tailors!
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
  That you and I are sailors."



(*Drawn by* L. C. Henley.)

BEAU TIBBS.

[Oliver Goldsmith. *See Page* 10.]

Though naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being marked by any, I join in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for awhile below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, my friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when stopping on a sudden, my friend caught me by the elbow and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed. We now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain: the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. "My dear Dry-bone," cries he, shaking my friend's hand, "where have you been hiding this half century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country." During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion: his hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance. "Psha, psha, Will!" cried the figure, "no more of that if you love me. You know I hate flattery, on my soul I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten. And yet faith I despise the great as much as you do; but there are a great many honest fellows among them, and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants weeding. If they were all such as my Lord Muddler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's; my lord was there. 'Ned,' says he to me, 'Ned,' says he, 'I'll hold gold to silver, I can tell where you were poaching last night.' 'Poaching, my lord,' said I, 'faith you have missed already, for I stayed at home.

"Ah, Tibbs!" thou art a happy fellow," cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity. "I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company."—"Improved!" replied the other; "you shall know; but let it go no farther—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with—my lord's word of honour for it. His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a tête-à-tête dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else."—"I fancy you forget, sir," cried I; "you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town!"—"Did I say so?" replied he, coolly; "to be sure if I said so it was so—dined in town; egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town; but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys, I ate two dinners. By-the-by, I am grown nice in my eating. I'll tell you a pleasant affair about that. We were, a select party of us, to dine at Lady Grogram's—an affected piece, but let it go no farther—a secret: well, there happened to be no asafœtida in the sauce to a turkey, upon which says I, 'I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that——' But, dear Dry-bone, you are an honest creature, lend me a half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—but, hark'e, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one that I forget to pay you."

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. "His very dress," cries my friend, "is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day, you find him in rags; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarcely a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor; and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery, and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence; but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all; condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright the children into obedience."

This afternoon my little beau of yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless, amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole walk, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at not less than him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of the procession, "Hang me!" cries he, with an air of vivacity, "I never saw the Park so thin in my life before; there's no company at all to-day. Not a single face to be seen."—"No company!" interrupted I, peevishly; "no company where there is such a crowd! why, man, there's too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?"—"La, my dear," returned he, with the utmost good-humour, "you seem immensely chagrined; but, hang me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at all the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke. But I see you are grave, and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with me and my wife to-day, I must insist on't. I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred—but that's between ourselves—under the inspection of the Countess of All-night. A charming body of voice, but no more of that; she will give us a song. You shall see my little girl, too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature: I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son—but that's in friendship, let it go no further; she's but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I'll make her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself, and learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret."

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every street. At last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which ever seemed to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative, "Then," says he, "I shall show you one of the most charming in the world out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip-top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always like to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may see me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney, and knocking at the door, a voice from within demanded, "Who's there?" My conductor answered that it was he. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old woman with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where was her lady? "Good troth," replied she, in a peculiar dialect, "she's washing your two shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer."—"My two shirts!" cries he, in a tone that faltered with confusion, "what does the idiot mean?"—"I ken what I mean well enough," replied the other; "she's washing your two shirts next door, because——"—"Fire and fury! no more of thy stupid explanations," cried he. "Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag to be for ever in the family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament-man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world: but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess and a mandarin without a head were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls, several paltry unframed pictures, which he observed were all his own drawing. "What do you think, sir, of that head in a corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? there's the true keeping in it; it's my own face, and though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me a hundred for its fellow: I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife at last made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night at the Gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. "And, indeed, my dear," added she, turning to her husband, "his lordship drank your health in a bumper."—"Poor Jack!" cries he, "a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me. But I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us—something elegant and little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a——"—"Or what do you think, my dear," interrupts the wife, "of a nice pretty bit of oxcheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?"—"The very thing," replies he, "it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat, that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life."

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails to render us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shown my respect to the house, according to the fashion of the English, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave. Mr. Tibbs assured me that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

SAVED.

[Walter Thornbury. *See Page* 54.]

I cannot hope to win her—I, uncouth,
With the stained scarlet ever on my back,
And voice all hoarse with bawling to the dogs
Through the thick covert—I, good lord, alack!
Not fit for such as her; and when I touch
Her hand, and wring it like a farmer's paw,
She strikes me with her fan, and cries, "Have done!"
And I am drunk, or stammer out, "Why, law!"

She flung the fox-brush in my stupid teeth,
That I thought trophy for a queen to wear;
I blew my horn to please her, and she cried,
"For that fool's flute!"—I frowned. Oh, ass and bear!
Look at them riding now across the chase!
How close their cheeks are—God! a loaded gun,
And I would stop that fooling. Curse his teeth!
How white they shine, a-twinkling in the sun.

Sound, for I see them just upon the crown
Of the park hill, and I must sally out.
Quick, ere the scent is found. A horse, a horse!
The fire-hot chestnut. Ah! they wheel about!
Now for a burst full in the trooper's face;
'Tis but a bullet sting, and then a groan.
Tell her I kissed this rose before I went,
And pray her come to see my burial-place.

I'll save the Jacobin—for life to me
Is a sucked orange that I fling away.
They may be happy—she will be the heir;
And when the trouble's gone, he'll have his way,
And wed the prettiest maid in Rutlandshire.
Well, sirs, to covert; give the horse a lash.
We ride as at a bullfinch. Yoicks! hurrah!
Yoicks! tally ho! yoicks! forward!—now the crash.

To face a rasper, man, or breast a gate,
To leap a yawner, clear a slapping brook,
We yield to none in Rutland; but a dunce
Am I in all this cursèd dance and music book,
Fal-lal and ribbons—know not how to smile
When I am hurt or stung, and do not know
How to well thank the fool who bruised my heart;
But long to tear his throat and blow for blow.

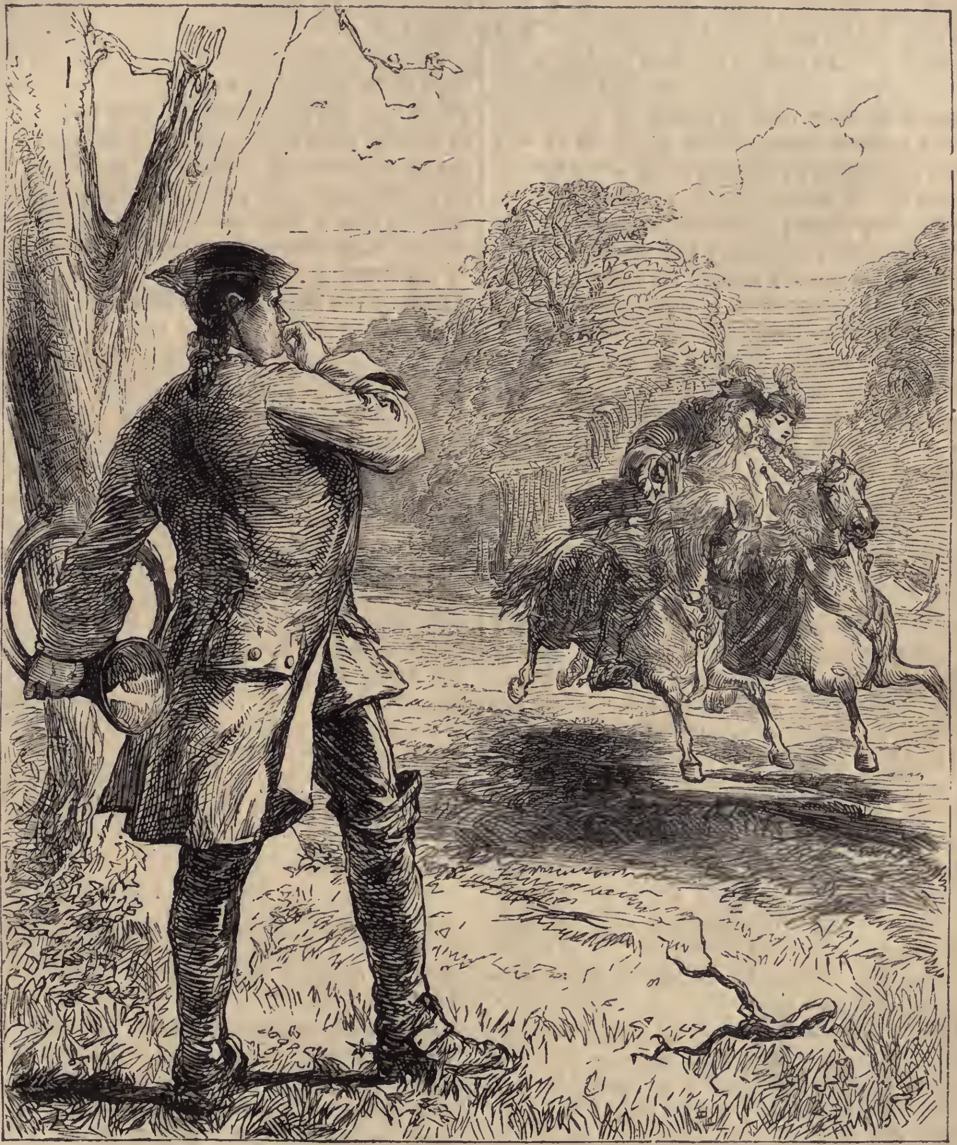
Troopers, by heaven! two, four, six—yes, eight.
And all fast coming through the avenue
After young Vernon—I'll be sworn he's trapped;
Not much love lost, all know, between us two;
Yet, still he loves her, and she him to death.
What, then, this white rose that the fellow dropped;
She kissed it first just at the staircase foot.
I stick it in my button-hole, pull down my hat,
Ride hotly out: they challenge me and shout.

CHARLES II.'S FLIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

[Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, born in Wiltshire in 1608. Educated at Oxford. Made Lord Chancellor by Charles II. Died 1674.]

AFTER some days' stay, and communication between the king and the Lord Wilmot by letters, the king came to know that Colonel Francis Windham lived within little more than a day's journey of the place where he was, of which he was very glad; for, besides the inclination he had to his eldest brother, whose wife had been his nurse, this gentleman had behaved himself very well during the war, and had been governor of Dunster Castle where the king had lodged when he was in the west. After the end of the war, and when all other places were surrendered in that county, he likewise surrendered that, upon fair conditions, and made his peace, and afterwards married a wife with a competent fortune, and lived, quietly, without any suspicion of having lessened his affection towards the king.

The king sent Wilmot to him, and acquainted him where he was, and "that he would gladly speak with him." It was not hard for him to choose a good place where to meet, and thereupon the day was appointed. After the king had taken his leave of Mrs. Lane, who remained with her cousin Norton, the king and the Lord Wilmot met the colonel; and in the way he met in a town through which they passed, Mr. Kirton, a servant of the king's, who well knew the Lord Wilmot, who had no other disguise than the hawk, but took no notice of him, nor suspected the king to be there; yet that day made the king more wary of having him in his company upon the way. At the place of meeting, they rested only one night, and then the king went to the colonel's house where he rested many days, whilst the colonel projected at what place the king might embark,



(*Drawn by* C. ROBINSON.)

SAVED.

and how they might procure a vessel to be ready there, which was not easy to find, there being so, great a fear possessing those who were honest, that it was hard to procure any vessel that was outward bound to take in any passengers.

There was a gentleman, one Mr. Ellison, who lived near Lyme, in Dorsetshire, and was well known to Colonel Windham, having been a captain in the king's army, and was still looked upon as a very honest man. With him the colonel consulted how they might get a vessel to be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, who were in danger to be arrested, and transport them into France. Though no man would ask who the persons were, yet it could not but be suspected who they were; at least they concluded that it was some of Worcester party. Lyme was generally as malicious and disaffected a town to the king's interest as any town in England could be, yet there was in it a master of a barque, of whose honesty this captain was very confident. This man was lately returned from France, and had unladen his vessel, when Ellison asked him "when he would make another voyage?" And he answered. "As soon as he could get lading for his ship." The other asked "whether he would undertake to carry over a couple of gentlemen, and land them in France, if he might be as well paid for his voyage as he used to be when he was freighted by the merchants?" In conclusion, he told him "he should receive fifty pounds for his fare." The large recompense had that effect, that the man undertook it; though he said "he must make his provision very secretly, for that he might be well suspected for going to sea again without being freighted, after he was so newly returned." Colonel Windham being advertised of this, came, together with the Lord Wilmot, to the captain's house, from whence the lord and the captain rid to a house near Lyme, where the master of the barque met them; and the Lord Wilmot being satisfied with the discourse of the man, and his wariness in foreseeing suspicions which would arise, it was resolved that on such a night, which upon consideration of the tides was agreed upon, the man should draw out his vessel from the pier, and, being at sea, should come to such a point about a mile from the town, where his ship should remain upon the beach when the water was gone, which would take it off again about break of day the next morning. There was very near that point, even in the view of it, a small inn, kept by a man who was reputed honest, to which the cavaliers of the country often resorted; and the London road passed that way, so that it was seldom without company. Into that inn the two gentlemen were to come in the beginning of the night, that they might put themselves on board. All things being thus concerted, and good earnest given to the master, the Lord Wilmot and the colonel returned to the colonel's house, above a day's journey from the place, the captain undertaking every day to look that the master should provide, and, if anything fell out contrary to expectation, to give the colonel notice at such a place where they intended the king should be the day before he was to embark.

The king being satisfied with these preparations, came at the time appointed to that house where he was to hear that all went as it ought to do; of which he received assurance from the captain, who found that the man had honestly put his provisions on board, and had his company ready, which were but four men, and that the vessel should be drawn out that night; so that it was fit for the two persons to come to the aforesaid inn: and the captain conducted them within sight of it, and then went to his own house, not distant a mile from it; the colonel remaining still at the house where they had lodged the night before, till he might hear the news of their being embarked.

They found many passengers in the inn, and so were to be contented with an ordinary chamber, which they did not intend to sleep long in. But as soon as there appeared any light, Wilmot went out to discover the barque, of which there was no appearance. In a word, the sun arose, and nothing like a ship in view. They sent to the captain, who was as much amazed; and he sent to the town, and his servant could not find the master of the barque, which was still in the pier. They suspected the captain, and the captain suspected the master. However, it being past ten of the clock, they concluded it was not fit for them to stay longer there, and so they mounted their horses again to return to the house where they had left the colonel, who, they knew, resolved to stay there till he were assured that they were gone.

The truth of the disappointment was this: the man meant honestly, and made all things ready for his departure; and the night he was to go out with his vessel he had stayed in his own house, and slept two or three hours; and the time of the tide being come that it was necessary to be on board, he took out of a cupboard some linen and other things, which he used to carry with him to sea. His wife had observed that he had been for some days fuller of thoughts than he used to be, and that he had been speaking with seamen who used to go with him, and that some of them had carried provisions on board the barque; of which she had asked her husband the reason, who had told her "that he was promised freight speedily, and therefore he would make all things ready." She was sure there was yet no lading in the ship, and therefore, when she saw her husband take all those materials with him, which was a sure sign that he meant to go to sea, and it being late in the night, she shut the door, and swore he should not go out of the house. He told her "he must go, and was engaged to go to sea that night, for which he should be well paid." His wife told him "she was sure he was doing somewhat that would undo him, and she was resolved he should not go out of his house; and if he should persist in it, she would tell the neighbours, and carry him before the mayor to be examined, that the truth might be found out." The poor man, thus mastered by the passion and violence of his wife, was forced to yield to her, that there might be no further noise, and so went into his bed.

And it was very happy that the king's jealousy hastened him from that inn. It was the solemn fast-day, which was observed in those times principally to inflame the people against the king, and all those who were loyal to him; and there was a chapel in that village over against that inn, where a weaver, who had been a soldier, used to preach, and utter all the villany imaginable against the old order of government: and he was then in the chapel preaching to his congregation when the king went from thence, and telling the people "that Charles Stuart was lurking somewhere in that country, and that they would merit from God Almighty if they could find him out." The passengers, who had lodged in the inn that night, had, as soon as they were up, sent for a smith to visit their horses, it being a hard frost. The smith, when he had done what he was sent for, according to the custom of that people, examined the feet of the other two horses, to find more work. When he had observed them, he told the host of the house, "that one of those horses had travelled far, and that he was sure that his four shoes had been made in four several counties;" which, whether his skill was able to discover or no, was very true. The smith, going to the sermon, told the story to some of his neighbours, and so it came to the ears of the preacher when his sermon was done. Immediately he sent for an officer, and searched the inn, and inquired for those horses; and being informed that they were gone, he caused horses to be sent to follow them, and to make inquiry after the two men who rid those horses, and positively declared "that one of them was Charles Stuart."

When they came again to the colonel, they presently concluded that they were to make no longer stay in those parts, nor any more to endeavour to find a ship upon that coast; and without any further delay, they rode back to the colonel's house, where they arrived in the night. Then they resolved to make their next attempt in Hampshire and Sussex, where Colonel Windham had no interest. They must pass through all Wiltshire before they came thither, which would require many days' journey; and they were first to consider what honest houses there were in or near the way, where they might securely repose; and it was thought very dangerous for the king to ride through any great town, as Salisbury, or Winchester, which might probably lie in their way.

There was, between that and Salisbury, a very honest gentleman, Colonel Robert Philips, a younger brother of a very good family, which had always been very loyal, and he had served the king during the war. The king was resolved to trust him, and so sent the Lord Wilmot to a place from whence he might send to Mr. Philips to come to him; and when he had spoken with him, Mr. Philips should come to the king, and Wilmot was to stay in such a place as they two should agree. Mr. Philips accordingly came to the colonel's house, which he could do without suspicion, they being nearly allied. The ways were very full of soldiers, which were sent now from the army to their quarters, and many regiments of horse and foot were assigned for the west, of which division Desborough was commander-in-chief. These marches were like to last for many days, and it would not be fit for the king to stay so long in that place. Thereupon he resorted to his old security of taking a woman behind him, a kinswoman of Colonel Windham, whom he carried in that manner to a place not far from Salisbury, to which Colonel Philips conducted him. In this journey he passed through the middle of a regiment of horse, and, presently after, met Desborough walking down a hill with three or four men with him, who had lodged in Salisbury the night before, all that road being full of soldiers.

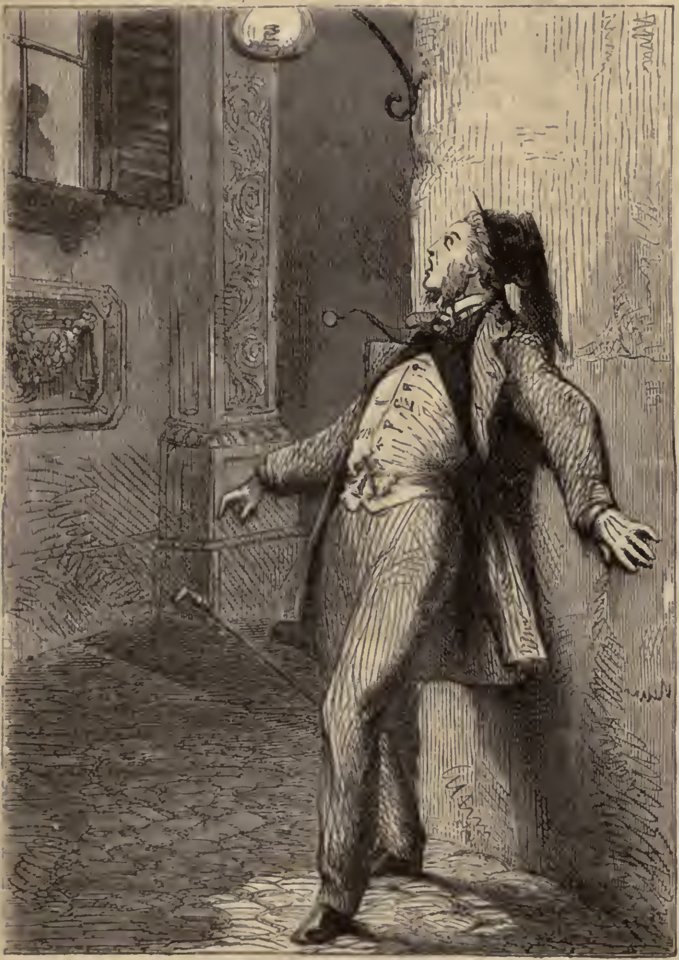
The next day, upon the plains, Dr. Hinchman, one of the prebends of Salisbury, met the king, the Lord Wilmot and Philips then leaving him to go to the sea-coast to find a vessel, the doctor conducting the king to a place called Heale, three miles from Salisbury, belonging then to Serjeant Hyde, who was afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and then in the possession of the widow of his elder brother—a house that stood alone from neighbours, and from any highway—where, coming in late in the evening, he supped with some gentlemen who accidentally were in the house, which could not well be avoided. But the next morning he went early from thence, as if he had continued his journey; and the widow, being trusted with the knowledge of her guest, sent her servants out of the way, and at an hour appointed received him again, and accommodated him in a little room, which had been made since the beginning of the troubles for the concealment of delinquents, the seat always belonging to a malignant family.

Here he lay concealed, without the knowledge of some gentlemen who lived in the house, and of others who daily resorted thither, for many days, the widow herself only attending him with such things as were necessary, and bringing him such letters as the doctor received from the Lord Wilmot and Colonel Philips. A vessel being at last provided upon the coast of Sussex, and notice thereof sent to Dr. Hinchman, he sent to the king to meet him at Stonehenge, upon the plains, three miles from Heale, whither the widow took care to direct him; and being there met, he attended him to the place where Colonel Philips received him. He, the next day, delivered him to the Lord Wilmot, who went with him to a house in Sussex recommended by Colonel Gunter, a gentleman of that country, who had served the king in the war, who met him there, and had provided a little barque at Brighthelmstone, a small fisher town, where he went early on board, and, by God's blessing, arrived safely in Normandy.

SHADOWS.

[From the *Lantern*, a comic paper, published at New York, and edited by Mr. John Brougham, the well-known actor and dramatist.]

Yes; I own I start at shadows;
  Listen—I will tell you why
(Life itself is but a taper,
  Casting shadows till we die).



(*Drawn by* C. A. Birch.)

Once in Italy, at Florence,
  I a radiant girl adored;
When she came, she saw, she conquered;
  And by Cupid I was floored.

"Mia cara Mandolina!
  Are we not, indeed," I cried,
"All the world to one another?"
  Mandolina smiled and sighed.

Earth was Eden—she an angel—
  I a Jupiter enshrined:
Till one night I saw a fatal
  Double shadow on the blind.

"Fire and fury! Double shadows
  On their window curtains ne'er
To my knowledge have been cast by
  Ladies virtuous as fair.

"False and fickle Mandolina!
  Fare thee well for evermore.
"Vengeance!" shrieked I, "vengeance, vengeance!"
  And I thundered at the door.

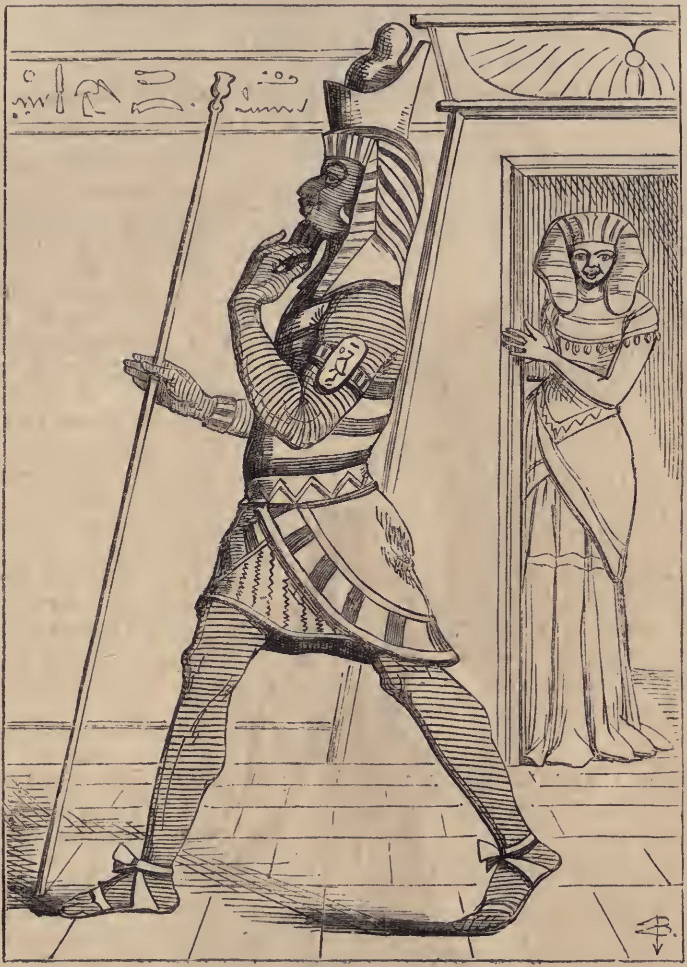
This event occurred next morning:—
  Mandolina staring sat,
Stark-amazed, as out I stumbled,
  Raving mad without a hat.

Six weeks after I'd a letter,
  On its road six weeks delayed,
With a dozen re-directions,
  From the lost one. And it said—

"Foolish, wicked, cruel Albert!
  Base, suspicious doubt resign.
Double lights throw double shadows.—
  Mandolina, ever thine!"

"Heavens, what an ass!" I muttered
  "Not before to think of that."
And again I rushed excited
  To the rail without my hat.

"Mandolina, Mandolina!"
  Rushing to her house I cried.
"Pardon, dearest A.," she answered,
  "I'm the Russian Consul's bride!"



(*Drawn by* W. Brunton.)

AN ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

[Horace Smith. *See Page* 30.]

And thou hast walked about, (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,—
Not like thin ghosts, or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade,—
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled;
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself,
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen? what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations,
The Roman Empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,—
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold;
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled.
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh, immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescense,
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

THE MONK OF ST. ANTHONY.

[H. W. Longfellow. *See Page* 14.]

In times of old, there lived in the city of Rouen a tradesman named Martin Franc, who, by a series of misfortunes, had been reduced from opulence to poverty. But poverty, which generally makes men humble and laborious, only served to make him proud and lazy: and in proportion as he grew poorer and poorer, he grew also prouder and lazier. He contrived, however, to live along from day to day, by now and then pawning a silken robe of his wife, or selling a silver spoon, or some other trifle saved from the wreck of his better fortunes; and passed his time pleasantly enough in loitering about the market-place, and walking up and down on the sunny side of the street.

The fair Marguerite, his wife, was celebrated through the whole city for her beauty, her wit, and her virtue. She was a brunette, with the blackest eye, the whitest teeth, and the ripest nut-brown cheek in all Normandy; her figure was tall and stately, her hands and feet most delicately moulded, and her swimming gait like the motion of a swan. In happier days she had been the delight of the richest tradesmen in the city, and the envy of the fairest dames.

The friends of Martin Franc, like the friends of many a ruined man before and since, deserted him in the day of adversity. Of all that had eaten his dinners, and drunk his wine, and flattered his wife, none sought the narrow alley and humble dwelling of the broken tradesman save one, and that one was Friar Gui, the sacristan of the abbey of St. Anthony. He was a little, jolly, red-faced friar, with a leer in his eye, and rather a doubtful reputation; but as he was a kind of travelling gazette, and always brought the latest news and gossip of the city, and besides, was the only person that condescended to visit the house of Martin Franc,—in fine, for the want of a better, he was considered in the light of a friend.

In these constant assiduities, Friar Gui had his secret motives, of which the single heart of Martin Franc was entirely unsuspicious. The keener eye of his wife, however, soon discovered two faces under the hood; but she persevered in misconstruing the friar's intentions, and in dexterously turning aside any expressions of gallantry that fell from his lips. In this way Friar Gui was for a long time kept at bay; and Martin Franc preserved in the day of poverty and distress that consolation of all this world's afflictions—a friend. But, finally, things came to such a pass, that the honest tradesman opened his eyes, and wondered he had been asleep so long. Whereupon he was irreverent enough to thrust Friar Gui into the street by the shoulders.

Meanwhile, the times grew worse and worse. One family relic followed another,—the last silken robe was pawned, the last silver spoon sold; until at length beggary stared him full in the face. But the fair Marguerite did not even then despair. In those days a belief in the immediate guardianship of the saints was much more strong and prevalent than in these degenerate times; and as there seemed no great probability of improving their condition by any lucky change which could be brought about by mere human agency, she determined to try what could be done by intercession with the patron saint of her husband. Accordingly, she repaired one evening to the abbey of St. Anthony, to place a votive candle and offer her prayer at the altar, which stood in the little chapel dedicated to St. Martin.

It was already sunset when she reached the church, and the evening service of the Virgin had commenced. A cloud of incense floated before the altar of the Madonna, and the organ rolled its deep melody along the dim arches of the church. Marguerite mingled with the kneeling crowd, and repeated the responses in Latin, with as much devotion as the most learned clerk of the convent. When the service was over, she repaired to the chapel of St. Martin, and lighting her votive taper at the silver lamp which burned before his altar, knelt down in a retired part of the chapel, and, with tears in her eyes, besought the saint for aid and protection. While she was thus engaged, the church became gradually deserted, till she was left, as she thought, alone. But in this she was mistaken; for, when she arose to depart, the portly figure of Friar Gui was standing close to her elbow!

"Good evening, fair Marguerite," said he; "St. Martin has heard your prayer, and sent me to relieve your poverty."

"Then," replied she, "the good saint is not very fastidious in the choice of his messengers."

"Nay, good wife," answered the friar, not at all abashed by this ungracious reply, "if the tidings are good, what matters it who the messenger may be? And how does Martin Franc these days?"

"He is well," replied Marguerite; "and were he present, I doubt not would thank you heartily for the interest you still take in him and his poor wife."

"He has done me wrong," continued the friar. "But it is our duty to forgive our enemies; and so let the past be forgotten. I know that he is in want. Here, take this to him, and tell him I am still his friend."

So saying, he drew a small purse from the sleeve of his habit, and proffered it to his companion. I know not whether it was a suggestion of St. Martin, but true it is that the fair wife of Martin Franc seemed to lend a more willing ear to the earnest whispers of the friar. At length she said—

"Put up your purse; to-day I can neither deliver your gift nor your message. Martin Franc has gone from home."

"Then keep it for yourself."

"Nay, Sir Monk," replied Marguerite, casting down her eyes; "I can take no bribes here in the church, and in the very chapel of my husband's patron saint. You shall bring it to me at my house, if you will."

The friar put up his purse, and the conversation which followed was in a low and indistinct undertone, audible only to the ears for which it was intended. At length the interview ceased; and—O woman!—the last words that the virtuous Marguerite uttered as she glided from the church were—

"To-night—when the abbey-clock strikes twelve; remember!"

It would be useless to relate how impatiently the friar counted the hours and the quarters as they chimed from the ancient tower of the abbey, while he paced to and fro along the gloomy cloister. At length the appointed hour approached; and just before the convent-bell sent forth its summons to call the friars of St. Anthony to their midnight devotions, a figure, with a cowl, stole out of a postern-gate, and, passing silently along the deserted streets, soon turned into the little alley which led to the dwelling of Martin Franc. It was none other than the Friar Gui. He rapped softly at the tradesman's door, and casting a look up and down the street, as if to assure himself that his motions were unobserved, slipped into the house.

"Has Martin Franc returned?" inquired he, in a whisper.

"No," answered the sweet voice of his wife; "he will not be back to-night."

"Then all good angels befriend us!" continued the monk, endeavouring to take her hand.

"Not so, good monk," said she, disengaging herself. "You forget the conditions of our meeting."

The friar paused a moment; and then, drawing a heavy leathern purse from his girdle, he threw it upon the table; at the same moment a footstep was heard behind him, and a heavy blow from a club threw him prostrate upon the floor. It came from the strong arm of Martin Franc himself!

It is hardly necessary to say that his absence was feigned. His wife had invented the story to decoy the monk, and thereby to keep her husband from beggary, and to relieve herself, once for all, from the importunities of a false friend. At first, Martin Franc would not listen to the proposition; but at length he yielded to the urgent entreaties of his wife; and the plan finally agreed upon was, that Friar Gui, after leaving his purse behind him, should be sent back to the convent with a severer discipline than his shoulders had ever received from any penitence of his own.

The affair, however, took a more serious turn than was intended; for, when they tried to raise the friar from the ground, he was dead. The blow aimed at his shoulders fell upon his shaven crown; and, in the excitement of the moment, Martin Franc had dealt a heavier stroke than he intended. Amid the grief and consternation which followed this discovery, the quick imagination of his wife suggested an expedient of safety. A bunch of keys at the friar's girdle caught her eye. Hastily unfastening the ring, she gave the keys to her husband, exclaiming—

"For the Holy Virgin's sake, be quick! One of these keys doubtless unlocks the gate of the convent-garden. Carry the body thither, and leave it among the trees!"

Martin Franc threw the dead body of the monk across his shoulders, and with a heavy heart took the way to the abbey. It was a clear, starry night; and though the moon had not yet risen, her light was in the sky, and came reflected down in a soft twilight upon earth. Not a sound was heard through all the long and solitary streets, save at intervals the distant crowing of a cock, or the melancholy hoot of an owl from the lofty tower of the abbey. The silence weighed like an accusing spirit upon the guilty conscience of Martin Franc. He started at the sound of his own breathing, as he panted under the heavy burden of the monk's body; and if, perchance, a bat flitted near him on drowsy wings, he paused, and his heart beat audibly with terror. At length he reached the garden-wall of the abbey, opened the postern-gate with the key, and, bearing the monk into the garden, seated him upon a stone bench by the edge of the fountain, with his head resting against a column, upon which was sculptured an image of the Madonna. He then replaced the bunch of keys at the monk's girdle, and returned home with hasty steps.

When the prior of the convent, to whom the repeated delinquencies of Friar Gui were but too well known, observed that he was again absent from his post at midnight prayers, he waxed exceedingly angry: and no sooner were the duties of the chapel finished, than he sent a monk in pursuit of the truant sacristan, summoning him to appear immediately at his cell. By chance it happened that the monk chosen for this duty was an enemy of Friar Gui; and very shrewdly supposing that the sacristan had stolen out of the garden-gate on some midnight adventure, he took that direction in pursuit. The moon was just climbing the convent-wall, and threw its silvery light through the trees of the garden, and on the sparkling waters of the fountain, that fell with a soft lulling sound into the deep basin below. As the monk passed on his way, he stopped to quench his thirst with a draught of the cool water, and was turning to depart, when his eye caught the motionless form of the sacristan, sitting erect in the shadow of the stone column.

"How is this, Friar Gui?" quoth the monk. "Is this a place to be sleeping at midnight, when the brotherhood are all at their prayers?"

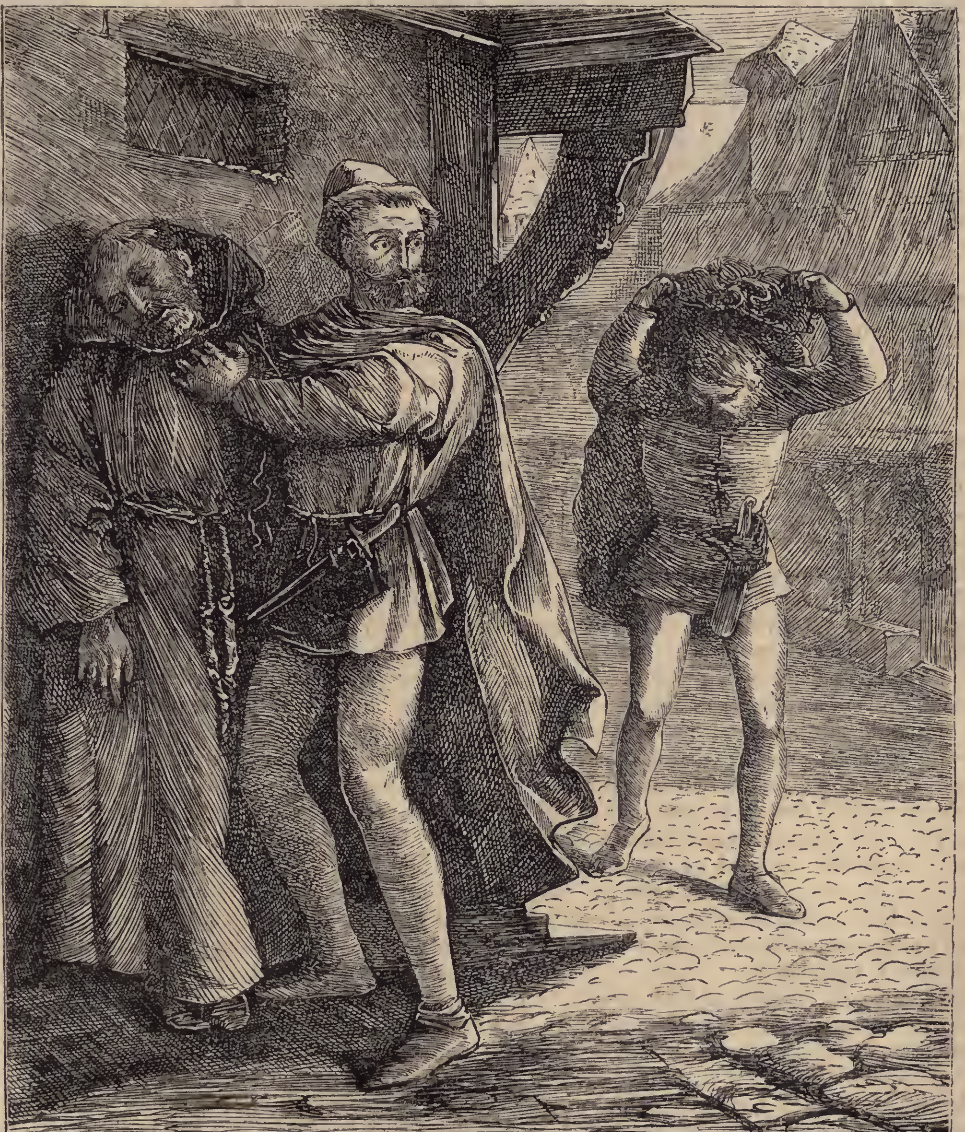
Friar Gui made no answer.

"Up, up! thou eternal sleeper, and do penance for thy negligence. The prior calls for thee at his cell!" continued the monk, growing angry, and shaking the sacristan by the shoulder.

But still no answer.

"Then, by St. Anthony, I'll wake thee!"

And saying this, he dealt the sacristan a heavy box on the ear. The body bent slowly forward from its erect position, and, giving a headlong plunge, sank with a heavy splash into the basin of the fountain. The monk waited a few moments in expectation of seeing Friar Gui rise dripping from his cold bath; but he waited in vain; for he lay motionless at the bottom of the basin,—his eyes open, and his ghastly face distorted by the ripples of the water. With a beating heart the monk stooped down, and grasping the skirt of the sacristan's habit, at length succeeded in drawing him from the water. All efforts, however, to resuscitate him were unavailing. The monk was filled with terror, not doubting that the friar had died untimely by his hand; and as the animosity between them was no secret in the convent, he feared, that, when the deed was known, he should be accused of murder. He therefore looked round for an expedient to relieve himself from the



(*Drawn by* SYDNEY SMITH.)

dead body; and the well-known character of the sacristan soon suggested one. He determined to carry the body to the house of the most noted beauty of Rouen, and leave it on the door-step; so that all suspicion of the murder might fall upon the shoulders of some jealous husband. The beauty of Martin Franc's wife had penetrated even the thick walls of the convent. Accordingly, the dead body of Friar Gui was laid upon the monk's brawny shoulders, carried back to the house of Martin Franc, and placed in an erect position against the door. The monk knocked loud and long; and then, gliding through a bye-lane, stole back to the convent.

A troubled conscience would not suffer Martin Franc and his wife to close their eyes; but they lay awake, lamenting the doleful events of the night. The knock at the door sounded like a death-knell in their ears. It still continued at intervals, rap—rap—rap!—with a dull low sound, as if something heavy were swinging against the panel; for the wind had risen during the night, and every angry gust that swept down the alley swung the arms of the lifeless sacristan against the door. At length Martin Franc mustered courage enough to dress himself and go down, while his wife followed him with a lamp in her hand; but no sooner had he lifted the latch, than the ponderous body of Friar Gui fell stark and heavy into his arms.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Marguerite, crossing herself; "here is the monk again!"

"Yes, and dripping wet, as if he had just been dragged out of the river."

"Oh! we are betrayed!" exclaimed Marguerite, in agony.

"Then the Evil One himself has betrayed us," replied Martin Franc, disengaging himself from the embrace of the sacristan; "for I met not a living being; the whole city was as silent as the grave."

"St. Martin defend us!" continued his terrified wife. "Here, take this scapulary to guard you from the Evil One; and lose no time. You must throw the body into the river, or we are lost! Holy Virgin! How bright the moon shines!"

Saying this, she threw round his neck a scapulary, with the figure of a cross on one end, and an image of the Virgin on the other; and Martin Franc again took the dead friar upon his shoulders, and with fearful misgivings departed on his dismal errand. He kept as much as possible in the shadow of the houses, and had nearly reached the quay, when suddenly he thought he heard footsteps behind him. He stopped to listen; it was no vain imagination; they came along the pavement, tramp, tramp! and every step grew louder and nearer. Martin Franc tried to quicken his pace, but in vain; his knees smote together, and he staggered against the wall. His hand relaxed its grasp, and the monk slid from his back and stood ghastly and straight beside him, supported by chance against the shoulder of his bearer. At that moment a man came round the corner, tottering beneath the weight of a huge sack. As his head was bent downwards, he did not perceive Martin Franc till he was close upon him; and when, on looking up, he saw two figures standing motionless in the shadow of the wall, he thought himself waylaid, and, without waiting to be assaulted, dropped the sack from his shoulders and ran off at full speed. The sack fell heavily on the pavement, and directly at the feet of Martin Franc. In the fall the string was broken; and out came the bloody head, not of a dead monk, as it first seemed to the excited imagination of Martin Franc, but of a dead hog! When the terror and surprise caused by this singular event had a little subsided, an idea came into the mind of Martin Franc, very similar to what would have come into the mind of almost any person in similar circumstances. He took the hog out of the sack, and, putting the body of the monk into its place, secured it well with the remnants of the broken string, and then hurried homeward with the animal upon his shoulders.

He was hardly out of sight when the man with the sack returned, accompanied by two others. They were surprised to find the sack still lying on the ground, with no one near it, and began to jeer the former bearer, telling him he had been frightened at his own shadow on the wall. Then one of them took the sack upon his shoulders, without the least suspicion of the change that had been made in its contents, and all three disappeared.

Now it happened that the city of Rouen was at the time infested by three street robbers, who walked in darkness like the pestilence, and always carried the plunder of their midnight marauding to the "Tête-de-Bœuf," a little tavern in one of the darkest and narrowest lanes of the city. The host of the "Tête-de-Bœuf" was privy to all their schemes, and had an equal share in the profits of their nightly excursions. He gave a helping hand, too, by the length of his bills, and by plundering the pockets of any chance traveller that was luckless enough to sleep under his roof.

On the night of the disastrous adventure of Friar Gui, this little marauding party had been prowling about the city until a late hour, without finding anything to reward their labours. At length, however, they chanced to spy a hog hanging under a shed in a butcher's yard, in readiness for the next day's market; and as they were not very fastidious in selecting their plunder, but, on the contrary, rather addicted to taking whatever they could lay their hands on, the hog was straightway purloined, thrust into a large sack, and sent to the "Tête-de-Bœuf" on the shoulders of one of the party, while the other two continued their nocturnal excursions. It was this person who had been so terrified at the appearance of Martin Franc and the dead monk; and as this encounter had interrupted any further operations of the party, the dawn of day being near at hand, they all repaired to their gloomy den in the "Tête-de-Bœuf." The host was impatiently waiting their return; and asking what plunder they had brought with them, proceeded without delay to remove it from the sack. The first thing that presented itself, on untying the string, was the monk's hood.

"Hang it!" cried the host, as he opened the neck of the sack, "what's this? Your hog wears a cowl!"

"The poor brute has become disgusted with the world, and turned monk!" said he who held the light, a little surprised at seeing the head covered with a coarse grey cloth.

"Sure enough he has!" exclaimed another, starting back in dismay, as the shaven crown and ghastly face of the friar appeared. "Holy St. Benedict be with us! It is a monk stark dead!"

"A dead monk, indeed!" said a third, with an incredulous shake of the head; "how could a dead monk get into this sack? No, no; there is some diablerie in this. I have heard it said that Satan can take any shape he pleases; and you may rely upon it this is Satan himself, who has taken the shape of a monk to get us all hanged. My advice is, to take him to the butcher's yard, and hang him up in the place where we found the hog."

This proposition so pleased the others that it was executed without delay. They carried the friar to the butcher's house, and, passing a strong cord round his neck, suspended him to a beam in the shade, and there left him.

When the night was at length past, and daylight began to peep into the eastern windows of the city, the butcher arose, and prepared himself for market. He was casting up in his mind what the hog would bring at his stall, when, looking upward, lo! in its place he recognised the dead body of Friar Gui.

"By St. Denis!" quoth the butcher, "I always feared that this friar would not die quietly in his cell; but I never thought I should find him hanging under my own roof. This must not be; it will be said that I murdered him, and I shall pay for it with my life. I must contrive some way to get rid of him."

So saying, he called his man, and, showing him what had been done, asked him how he should dispose of the body, so that he might not be accused of murder. The man, who was of a ready wit, reflected a moment, and then answered—

"This is indeed a difficult matter; but there is no evil without its remedy. We will place the body on horseback as well as we may, and bind it fast with cords; and then set the horse loose in the street, and pursue him, crying out that the monk has stolen the horse. Thus all who meet him will strike him with their staves as he passes, and it will be thought that he came by his death that way."

Though this seemed to the butcher rather a mad project, yet, as no better one offered itself at the moment, and there was no time for reflection, mad as the project was, they determined to put it into execution. Accordingly, the butcher's horse was brought out, and the friar was bound upon his back, and with much difficulty fixed in an upright position. The butcher then gave the horse a blow upon the crupper with his staff, which set him into a smart gallop down the street, and he and his man joined in pursuit, crying—

"Stop thief! Stop thief! The friar has stolen my horse."

As it was now sunrise, the streets were full of people,—peasants driving their goods to market, and citizens going to their daily avocations. When they saw the friar dashing at full speed down the street, they joined in the cry of "Stop thief!—Stop thief!" and many who endeavoured to seize the bridle, as the friar passed them at full speed, were thrown upon the pavement, and trampled under foot; others joined in the halloo and the pursuit; but this only served to quicken the gallop of the frightened steed, who dashed down one street and up another like the wind, with two or three mounted citizens clattering in full cry at his heels. At length they reached the market-place. The people scattered right and left in dismay; and the steed and rider dashed onward, overthrowing in their course men and women, and stalls, and piles of merchandise, and sweeping away like a whirlwind. Tramp—tramp—tramp!—they clattered on; they had distanced all pursuit. They reached the quay; the wide pavement was cleared at a bound,—one more wild leap,—and splash!—both horse and rider sank into the rapid current of the river,—swept down the stream,—and were seen no more!

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

[From Byrd's Collection of "Psalms, Sonnets, etc.," published in 1588.]

My mind to me a kingdom is,
  Such perfect joy therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
  That God or Nature hath assigned:
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

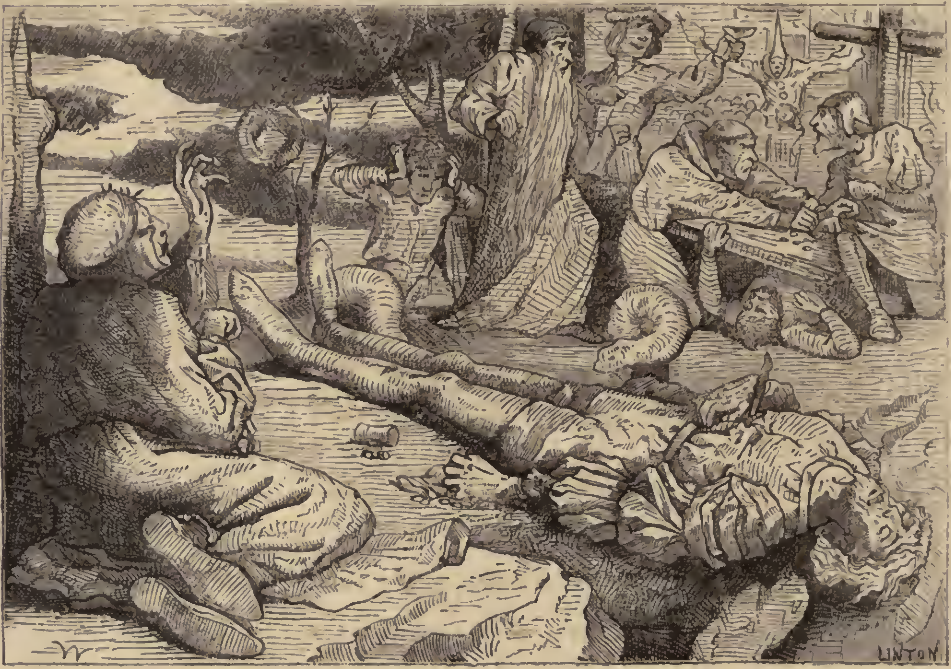
No princely port, nor wealthy store,
  Nor force to win a victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
  No shape to win a loving eye:
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind despiseth all.

I see that plenty surfeits oft,
  And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as are aloft,
  Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil, and keep with fear:
Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway;
  I wish no more than may suffice;
I do no more than well I may,
  Look what I want, my mind supplies:
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
My mind's content with anything.

I laugh not at another's loss,
  Nor grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
  I brook that is another's bane;
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
  And conscience clear my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
  Nor by desert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all do so as well as I!



(*Drawn by* E. Wiegand)

THE CONQUEROR WORM.

[E. A. Poe. *See Page* 8.]

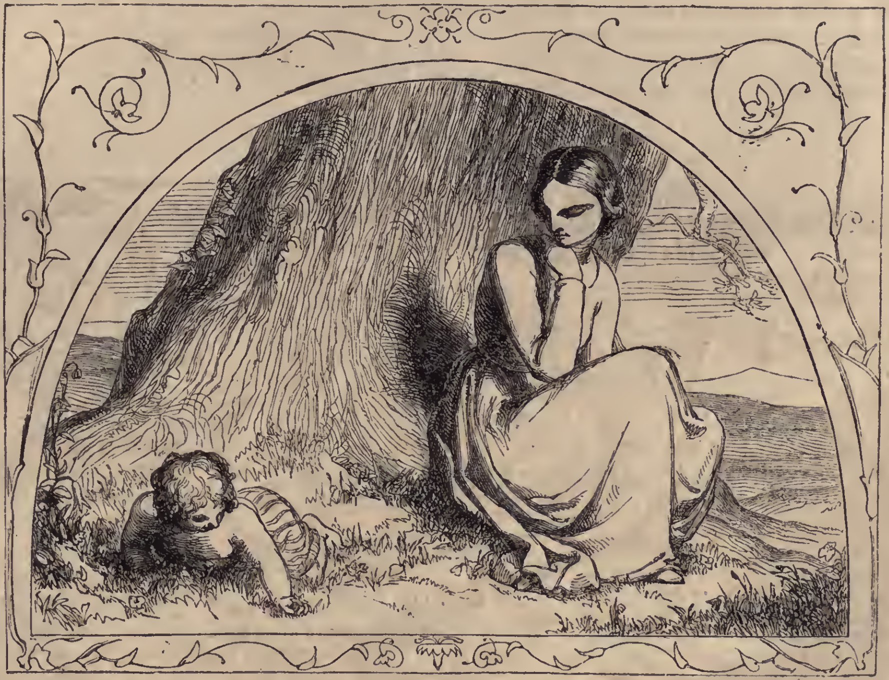
Lo! 'tis a gala night
  Within the lonesome latter years!
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
  In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre, to see
  A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
  The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
  Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly;
  Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
  That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their condor wings
  Invisible Woe!

That motley drama—oh, be sure
  It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased for evermore,
  By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
  To the selfsame spot;
And much of Madness, and more of Sin
  And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout
  A crawling shape intrude!
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
  The scenic solitude!
It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal pangs
  The mimes become its food,
And the angels sob at vermin fangs
  In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!
  And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
  Comes down with the rush of a storm;
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
  Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
  And its hero the Conqueror Worm.



ON SEEING CHARLIE AT PLAY.

[Edward Capern. *See Page* 8.]

Ere thy locks of golden light
Change to winter's snowy white,
And old Care has passed his plough
O'er the sunshine of thy brow;
Ere a troop of sorrows march
O'er thy pretty eyebrows' arch,
And each brow reversèd wears
Footprints of the woes of years;
Whilst thine eyes, like sable sloes,
Each with lustrous beauty glows,
Whilst they sparkle forth their glee
At the shout of revelry;
Ere those orbs that, wondering, stand
Looking out on fairy land,
To cavernous shades retire,
Sullen with their wasted fire,
Shrinking from each ray of hope,
Like a peevish misanthrope;
Ere the rose has fled thy cheek,
Whilst thy coral lips are sleek,
And sweet smiles around them play,
Sportive as a dancing fay,
Whilst thine ears to bend are slow
To the tenderest tale of woe;
Whilst thy parent's fondest strain
Lures thee to the daisied plain;
Whilst sweet music tunes thy breath,
And thy thoughts are free from death;
Like the lark, go dance and sing,
Making all the welkin ring;
As the butterfly and bee,
Let thy wanderings be free,
And, throughout thy May-time hours,
Live upon the sweetest flowers;
Happy, happy days for thee,
Days of love and poesy.

ABOUT HUSBANDS.

[John G. Saxe. *See Page* 78.]

Johnson was right. I don't agree to all
  The solemn dogmas of the rough old stager:
But very much approve what one may call
  The minor morals of the "Ursa Major."

Johnson was right. Although some men adore
  Wisdom in woman, and with learning cram her,
There isn't one in ten but thinks far more
  Of his own grub than of his spouse's grammar.

I know it is the greatest shame in life;
  But who among them (save, perhaps, myself),
Returning hungry home, but asks his wife
  What beef—not books—she has upon her shelf?

Though Greek and Latin be the lady's boast,
  They're little valued by her loving mate;
The kind of tongue that husbands relish most
  Is modern, boiled, and served upon a plate.

Or if, as fond ambition may command,
  Some home-made verse the happy matron show him,
What mortal spouse but from her dainty hand
  Would sooner see a pudding than a poem?

Young lady—deep in love with Tom or Harry—
  'Tis sad to tell you such a tale as this;
But here's the moral of it: don't ye marry;
  Or, marrying, take your lover as he is—

A very man, with something of the brute
  (Unless he prove a sentimental noddy),
With passions strong, and appetite to boot—
  A thirsty soul within a hungry body!

A very man—not one of Nature's clods—
  With human feelings, whether saint or sinner;
Endowed, perhaps, with genius from the gods,
  But apt to take his temper from his dinner.

THE PRESENT TO THE PRIEST.*

[Mr. Samuel Lover was born in Dublin in 1797. He began life as a painter, and was a member of the Royal Hibernian Society of Arts. But literature speedily claimed him; and, as poet, novelist, dramatist, and musician, he has delighted, and still lives to delight, thousands.]

"Why, thin, I'll tell you," said Rory. "I promised my mother to bring a present to the priest from Dublin, and I could not make up my mind rightly what to get all the time I was there. I thought of a pair o' top-boots; for, indeed, his reverence's is none of the best, and only you *know* them to be top-boots, you would not *take* them to be top-boots, bekase the bottoms has been put in so often that the tops is wore out intirely, and is no more like top-boots than my brogues. So I wint to a shop in Dublin, and picked out the purtiest pair o' top-boots I could see—(whin I say purty, I don't mane a flourishin' taarin' pair, but sitch as was fit for a priest, a respectable pair o' boots)—and with that, I pulled out my good money to pay for thim, whin jist at that minit, remembering the thricks o' the town, I bethought o' myself, and says I, 'I suppose these are the right thing?' says I to the man.—'You can thry them,' says he.—'How can I thry them?' says I.—'Pull them on you,' says he.—'Throth, an' I'd be sorry,' says I, 'to take sitch a liberty with them,' says I.—'Why, aren't you goin' to ware thim?' says he.—'Is it me?' says I, 'me ware top-boots? Do you think it's takin' lave of my sinsis I am?' says I.—'Then what do you want to buy them for?' says he.—'For his reverence, Father Kinshela,' says I. 'Are they the right sort for him?'—'How should I know?' says he.—'You're a purty bootmaker,' says I, 'not to know how to make a priest's boot!'—'How do I know his size?' says he.—'Oh, don't be comin' off that way,' says I. 'There's no sitch great differ betune priests and other min!'"

"I think you were very right there," said the pale traveller.

"To be sure, sir," said Rory; "and it was only jist a *come off* for his own ignorance.'—'Tell me his size,' says the fellow, 'and I'll fit him.'—'He's betune five and six fut,' says I.—'Most men are,' says he, laughin' at me. He was an impidint fellow.—'It's not the five, nor six, but his *two* feet I want to know the size of,' says he. So I persaived he was jeerin' me, and says I, 'Why, thin, you respectful vagabone o' the world, you Dublin jackeen! do you mane to insinivate that Father Kinshela ever wint barefutted in his life, that I could know the size of his fut,' says I, and with that I threw the boots in his face. 'Take that,' says I, 'you dirty thief o' the world! you impidint vagabone o' the world! you ignorant citizen o' the world!' And with that I left the place." * * *

"It is their usual practice," said the traveller, "to take measure of their customers."

"Is it, thin?"

"It really is."

"See that, now!" said Rory, with an air of triumph. "You would think that they wor cleverer in the town than in the counthry; and they ought to be so, by all accounts; but in the regard of what I towld you, you see, we're before them intirely."

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* By kind permission of Messrs. Routledge and Sons.

"How so?" said the traveller.

"Arrah! bekase they never throuble people in the counthry at all with takin' their measure; but you jist go to a fair, and bring your fut along with you, and somebody else dhrives a cartful o' brogues into the place, and there you sarve yourself; and so the man gets his money and you get your shoes, and every one's plazed." * * *

"But what I mane is—where did I lave off tellin' you about the present for the priest?—wasn't it at the bootmaker's shop?—yes, that was it. Well, sir, on laving the shop, as soon as I kem to myself afther the fellow's impidence, I begun to think what was the next best thing I could get for his reverence; and with that, while I was thinkin' about it, I seen a very respectable owld gintleman goin' by, with the most beautiful stick in his hand I ever set my eyes on, and a goolden head to it that was worth its weight in goold; and it gev him such an iligant look altogether, that says I to myself, 'It's the very thing for Father Kinshela, if I could get sitch another."

And so I wint lookin' about me every shop I seen as I wint by, and at last, in a sthreet they call Dame Sthreet—and, by the same token, I didn't know why they called it Dame Sthreet till I ax'd; and I was towld they called it Dame Sthreet bekase the ladies were so fond o' walkin' there; and lovely craythurs they wor! and I can't b'lieve that the town is such an onwholesome place to live in, for most o' the ladies I seen there had the most beautiful rosy cheeks I ever clapt my eyes upon—and the beautiful rowlin' eyes o' them! Well, it was in Dame Sthreet, as I was sayin', that I kem to a shop where there was a power o' sticks, and so I wint in and looked at thim; and a man in the place kem to me, and ax'd me if I wanted a cane? 'No,' says I, 'I don't want a cane; it's a stick I want,' says I. 'A cane, you *mane*,' says he. 'No,' says I, 'it's a stick'—for I was determined to have no cane, but to stick to the stick. 'Here's a nate one,' says he. 'I don't want a *nate* one,' says I, 'but a responsible one,' says I. 'Faith!' says he, 'if an Irishman's stick was responsible, it would have a great dale to answer for'—and he laughed a power. I didn't know myself what he meant, but that's what he said."

"It was because you asked for a responsible stick," said the traveller.

"And why wouldn't I," said Rory, "when it was for his reverence I wanted it? Why wouldn't he have a nice-lookin', respectable, responsible stick?"

"Certainly," said the traveller.

"Well, I picked out one that looked to my likin'—a good substantial stick, with an ivory top to it—for I seen that the goold-headed ones was so dear I couldn't come up to them; and so says I, 'Give me a howld o' that,' says I—and I tuk a grip iv it. I never was so surprised in my life. I thought to get a good, brave handful of a solid stick, but, my dear, it was well it didn't fly out o' my hand a'most, it was so light. 'Phew!' says I, 'what sort of a stick is this?' 'I tell you it's not a stick, but a cane,' says he. 'Faith! I b'lieve you,' says I. 'You see how good and light it is,' says he. Think o' that, sir!—to call a stick good and light—as if there could be any good in life in a stick that wasn't heavy, and could sthreck a good blow! 'Is it jokin' you are?' says I. 'Don't you feel it yourself?' says he. 'Throth, I can hardly feel it at all,' says I. 'Sure that's the beauty of it,' says he. Think o' the ignorant vagabone!—to call a stick a beauty that was as light a'most as a bulrush! 'And so you can hardly feel it!' says he, grinnin'. 'Yis, indeed,' says I; 'and what's worse, I don't think I could make any one else feel it either.' 'Oh! you want a stick to bate people with!' says he. 'To be sure,' says I; 'sure that's the use of a stick.' 'To knock the sinsis out o' people!' says he, grinnin' again. 'Sartinly,' says I, 'if they're saucy'—lookin' hard at him at the same time. 'Well, these is only walkin'-sticks,' says he. 'Throth, you may say *runnin'*-sticks,' says I, 'for you daren't stand before any one with sich a *thraneen* as that in your fist.' 'Well, pick out the heaviest o' them you plaze,' says he; 'take your choice.' So I went pokin' and rummagin' among them, and, if you believe me, there wasn't a stick in their whole shop worth a kick in the shins—divil a one!"

"But why did you require such a heavy stick for the priest?"

"Bekase there is not a man in the parish wants it more," says Rory.

"Is he so quarrelsome, then?" said the traveller.

"No, but the greatest o' pacemakers," says Rory.

"Then what does he want the heavy stick for?"

"For wallopin' his flock, to be sure," said Rory.

"Walloping!" said the traveller, choking with laughter.

"Oh! you may laugh," said Rory, "but 'pon my sowl! you wouldn't laugh if you wor undher his hand, for he has a brave heavy one, bless him and spare him to us!"

"And what is all this walloping for?"

"Why, sir, whin we have a bit of a fight, for fun, or the regular faction one, at the fair, his reverence sometimes hears of it, and comes av coorse."

"Good heaven!" said the traveller, in real astonishment, "does the priest join the battle?"

"No, no, no, sir! I see you're quite a sthranger in the counthry. The priest join it!—Oh! by no manes. But he comes and stops it! and, av coorse, the only way he can stop it is, to ride into thim, and wallop thim all round before him, and disparse thim—scatther thim like chaff before the wind; and it's the best o' sticks he requires for that same."

"But might he not use his heavy stick for that purpose, and make use of a lighter one on other occasions?"

"As for that matther, sir," said Rory, "there's no knowin' the minit he might want it, for he is often necessiated to have recoorse to it. It might be, going through the village, the public-house is too full, and in he goes and dhrives thim out. Oh! it would delight your heart to see the style he clears a public-house in, in no time!"

"But wouldn't his speaking to them answer the purpose as well?"

"Oh, no! he doesn't like to throw away his discoorse on thim; and why should he?—he keeps that for the blessed althar on Sunday, which is a fitter place for it: besides, he does not like to be sevare on us."

"Severe!" said the traveller, in surprise; "why, haven't you said that he thrashes you round on all occasions?"

"Yis, sir; but what o' that?—sure that's nothin' to his tongue—his words is like swoords or razhors, I may say: we're used to a lick of a stick every day, but not to sich language as his reverence sometimes murthers us with whin we displaze him. Oh! it's terrible, so it is, to have the weight of his tongue on you! Throth! I'd rather let him bate me from this till to-morrow, than have one angry word with him."

"I see, then, he must have a heavy stick," said the traveller.

"To be sure he must, sir, at all times; and that was the raison I was so particular in the shop."

"But about the gridiron?"

"Sure I'm tellin' you about it," said Rory; "only I'm not come to it yet. You see," continued he, "I was so disgusted with them shop-keepers in Dublin, that my heart was fairly broke with their ignorance, and I seen they knew nothin' at all about what I wanted, and so I came away without anything for his reverence, though it was on my mind all this day on the road; and comin' through the last town in the middle o' the rain, I thought of a gridiron."

"A very natural thing to think of in a shower of rain," said the traveller.

"No, 'twasn't the rain made me think of it—I think it was God put a gridiron in my heart, seein' that it was a present for the priest I intended; and when I thought of it, it came into my head afther, that it would be a fine thing to sit on, for to keep one out of the rain, that was ruinatin' my cordheroys on the top o' the coach; so I kept my eye out as we dhrove along up the sthreet, and sure enough what should I see at a shop half way down the town but a gridiron hanging up at the door; and so I went back to get it."

"But isn't a gridiron an odd present?—hasn't his reverence one already?"

"He had, sir, before it was bruk—but that's what I remembered, for I happened to be up at his place one day, sittin' in the kitchen, when Molly was brilin' some mate an it for his reverence; and while she jist turned about to get a pinch o' salt to shake over it, the dog that was in the place made a dart at the gridiron on the fire, and threw it down, and up he whips the mate, before one of us could stop him. With that Molly whips up the gridiron, and says she, 'Bad luck to you, you disrespectful baste! would nothin' sarve you but the priest's dinner?' and she made a crack o' the gridiron at him. 'As you have the mate, you shall have the gridiron too,' says she; and with that she gave him such a rap on the head with it, that the bars flew out of it, and his head went though it, and away he pulled it out of her hands, and ran off with the gridiron hangin' round his neck like a necklace; and he went mad a'most with it; for though a kettle to a dog's tail is nath'rel, a gridiron round his neck is 'very surprisin' to him; and away he tatthered over the country, till there wasn't a taste o' the gridiron left together."

THE BATTLE OF LAKE REGILLUS.*

[Lord Macaulay. *See Page* 129.]

North looked the Dictator,
North looked he long and hard,
And spake to Caius Cossus,
The captain of the guard:
"Caius, of all the Romans
Thou hast the keenest sight;
Say what, through yonder storm of dust,
Comes from the Latian right?"

Then answered Caius Cossus,
"I see an evil sight,—
The banner of proud Tusculum
Comes from the Latian right;
I see the plumèd horsemen,
And far before the rest,
I see the dark grey charger,
I see the purple vest;

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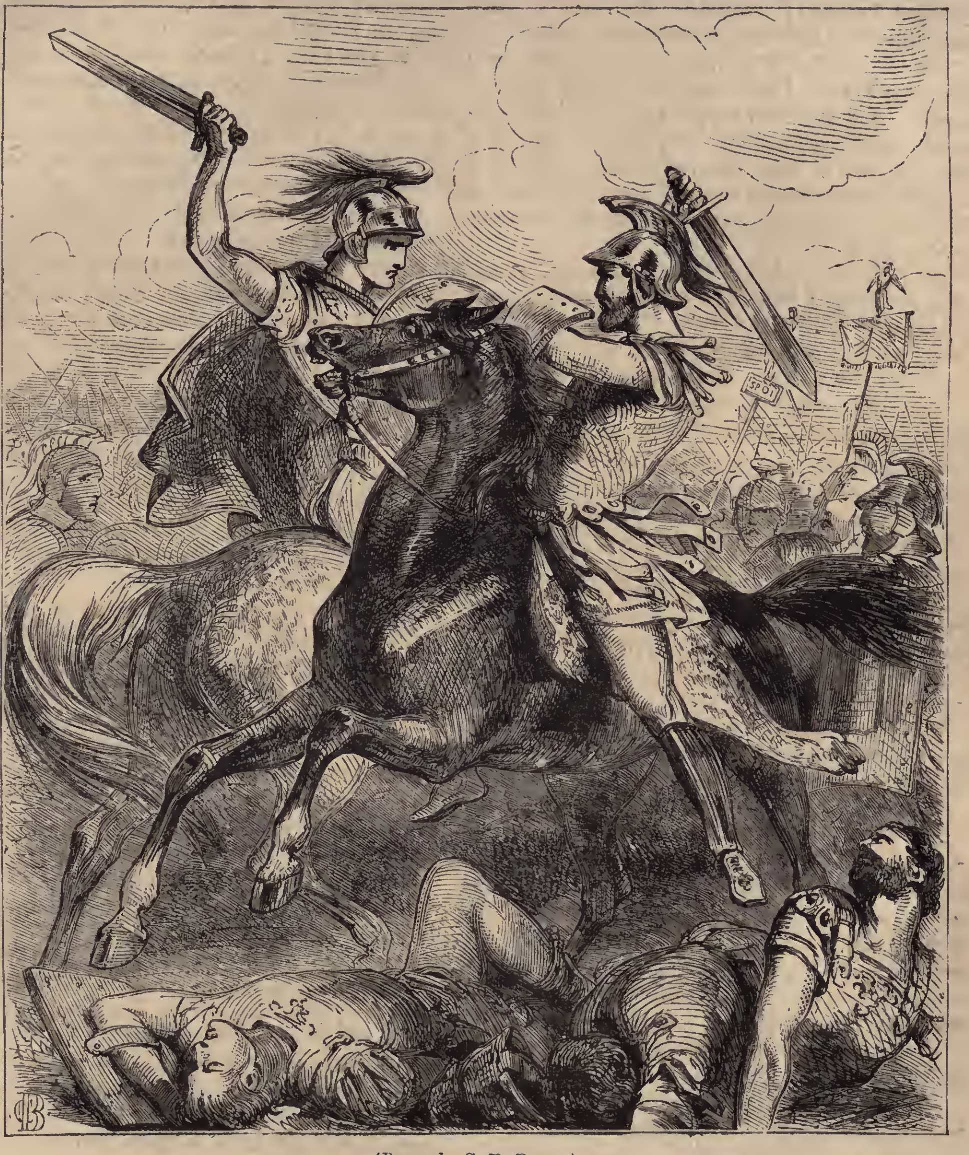
* By kind permission of Messrs. Longman and Co.



(*Drawn by* C. E. Birch.)

I see the golden helmet
  That shines far off like flame—
So ever rides Mamilius,
  Prince of the Latian name."

"Now hearken, Caius Cossus,
  Spring on thy horse's back—
Ride, as the wolves of Apennine
  Were all upon thy track!
Haste to our southward battle,
  And never draw thy rein,
Until thou find Herminius,
  And bid him come amain!"

So Aulus spake, and turned him
  Again to that fierce strife;
And Caius Cossus mounted,
  And rode for death and life.
So came he far to southward,
  Where fought the Roman host
Against the banners of the marsh,
  And banners of the coast.

"Herminius, Aulus greets thee,
  He bids thee come with speed,
To help our central battle,
  For sore is there our need.

There wars the youngest Tarquin,
And there the crest of flame,
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.
Valerius hath fallen, fighting
In front of our array,
And Aulus, of the seventy fields,
Alone upholds the day!"

Herminius beat his bosom,
But never word he spake,
He clapped his hand on Auster's mane,
He gave the reins a shake:
Away, away went Auster,
Like an arrow from the bow;
Black Auster was the fleetest steed
From Aufidus to Po.

Right glad were all the Romans,
Who in that hour of dread,
Against great odds bore up the war
Around Valerius dead,
When from the south the cheering
Rose, with a mighty swell—
"Herminius comes—Herminius,
Who kept the bridge so well!"

Mamilius spied Herminius,
And dashed across the way:
"Herminius, I have sought thee
Through many a bloody day.
One of us too, Herminius,
Shall never more go home;
I will lay on for Tusculum,
And lay thou on for Rome!"

All round them paused the battle,
While met in mortal fray,
The Roman and the Tusculan,
The horses black and gray.
Herminius smote Mamilius
Through breast-plate and through breast,
And fast flowed out the purple blood
Over the purple vest.
Mamilius smote Herminius
Through head-piece and through head,
And side by side those chiefs of pride
Together fell down dead.

Down fell they dead together,
In a great lake of gore,
And still stood all who saw them fall,
While men might count a score.

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
The dark grey charger fled;
He burst through ranks of fighting men,
He sprang o'er heaps of dead.
His bridle far out-streaming,
His flanks all blood and foam,
He sought the southern mountains,
The mountains of his home.
The pass was steep and rugged,
The wolves they howled and whined;
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
And he left the wolves behind.

Through many a startled hamlet
Thundered his flying feet;
He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,
He rushed up the long white street;
He rushed by tower and temple,
And paused not from his race
Till he stood before his master's door
In the stately market-place.

But, like a graven image,
Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he gazed
Into his master's face;
The raven mane that daily,
With pats and fond caresses,
The young Herminia washed and combed
And twined in even tresses,
And decked with coloured ribbons
From her own gay attire,
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
In carnage and in mire.

And Aulus, the Dictator,
Stroked Auster's raven mane,
With heed he looked unto the girths,
With heed unto the rein,
"Now bear me well, black Auster,
Into yon thick array,
And thou and I will have revenge
For thy good lord this day!"

TELL ME NOT, SWEET.

[Colonel Lovelace. *See Page 160.*]

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,—
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON.

[Daniel Defoe. *See Page* 111.]

MUCH about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river and among the ships. Musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked awhile also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First, I asked him how people did thereabouts. "Alas! sir," says he, "almost desolate; all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village"—pointing at Poplar—"where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick." Then, pointing to one house: "There they are all dead," said he, "and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief," says he, "ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too last night." Then he pointed to several other houses. "There," says he, "they are all dead—the man and his wife and five children."

"Why," says I, "what do you here all alone?"

"Why," says he, "I am a poor desolate man: it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead."

"How do you mean, then," said I, "that you are not visited?"

"Why," says he, "that is my house"—pointing to a very little low boarded house—"and there my poor wife and two children live," said he, "if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them." And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

"But," said I, "why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?"

"Oh, sir," says he, "the Lord forbid. I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want."

"Well," says I, "honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?"

"Why, sir," says he, "I am a waterman, and there is my boat," says he; "and the boat serves me for a house: I work in it in the day, and sleep in it in the night; and what I get I lay it down upon that stone," says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; "and then," says he, "I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it."

"Well, friend," says I, "but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?"

"Yes, sir," says he, "in the way I am employed, there does. Do you see there," says he, "five ships lie at anchor?"—pointing down the river a good way below the town—"and do you see," says he, "eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?"—pointing above the town. "All those ships have families on board, of their merchants, and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, and carry letters; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ships, and there I sleep by myself; and, blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto."

"Well," said I, "friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?"

Why, as to that," said he, "I very seldom go up the ship-side; I deliver what I bring to their boat, but lie by the side, and they hoist it on board."

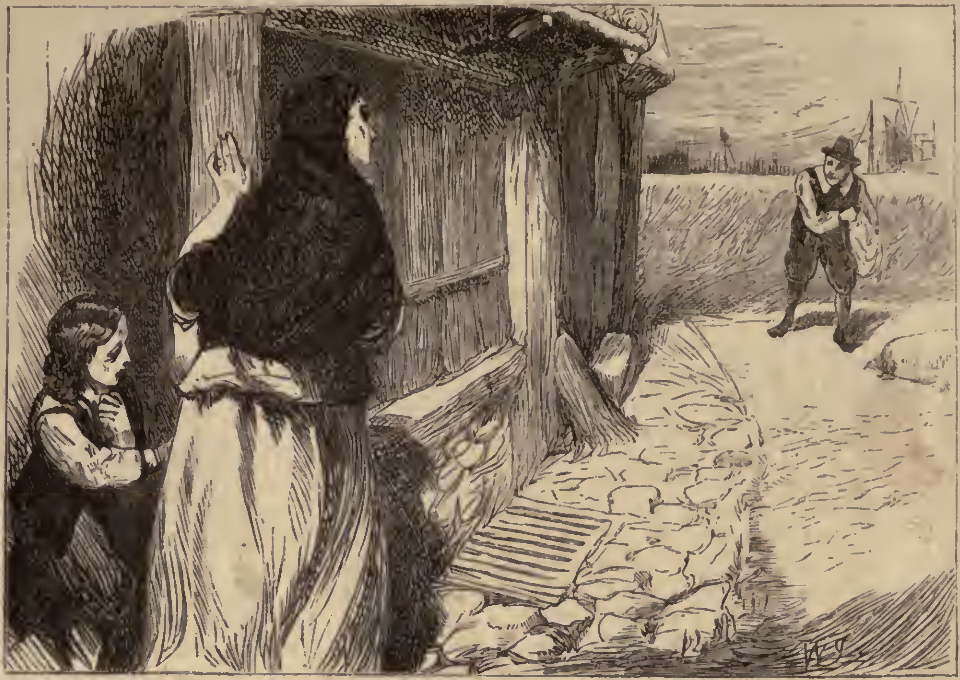
"Nay," says I, "but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody."

"That is true," added he; "but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down to Woolwich, and buy there. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night."

"Poor man!" said I; "and how much hast thou gotten for them?"

"I have gotten four shillings," said he, "which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out."

"Well," said I, "and have you given it them yet?"



(*Drawn by* W. JONES.)

"No," said he, "but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet; but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman!" says he, "she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord!" Here he stopped, and wept very much.

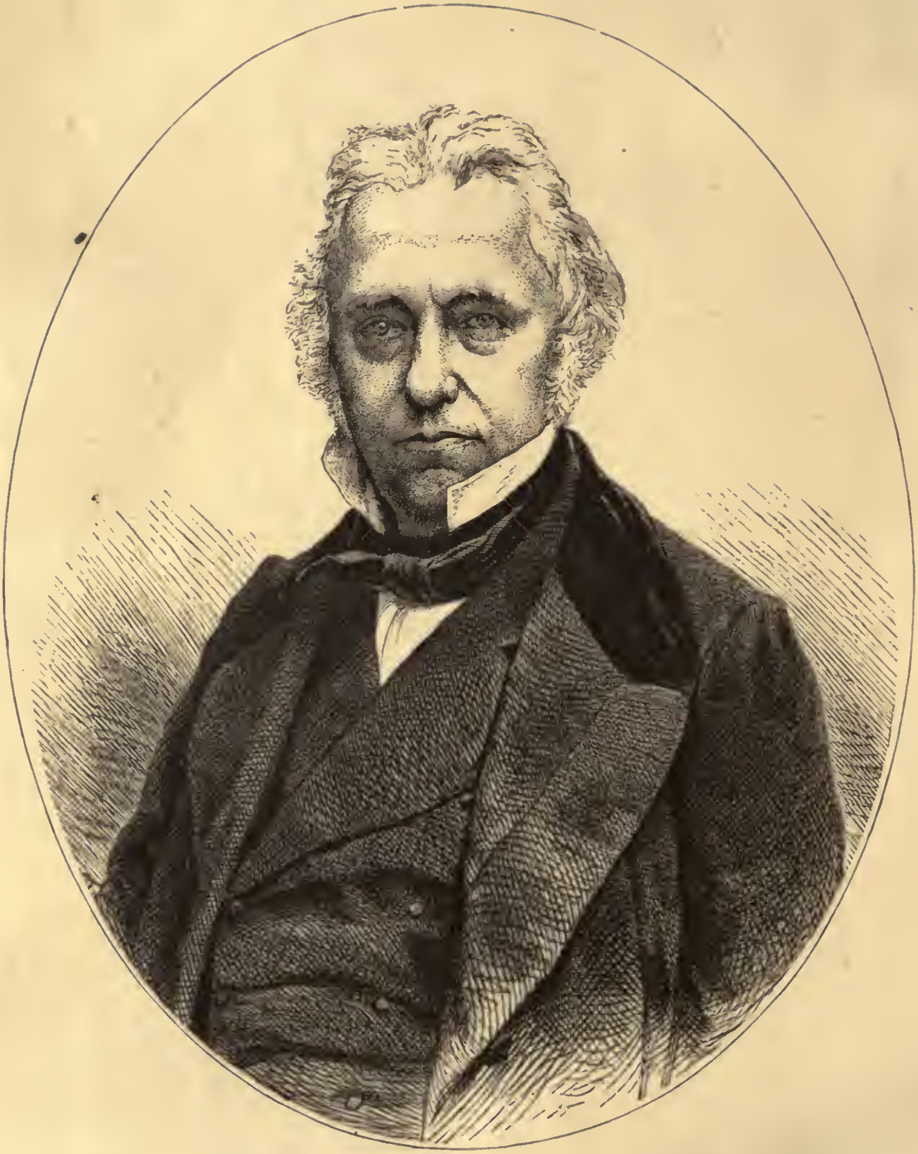
At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called "Robert, Robert;" he answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack, in which were the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he hallooed again; then he went to the great stone which he showed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called, and said, such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end adds: "God has sent it all; give thanks to him." When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it.

"Well, but," says I to him, "did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?"

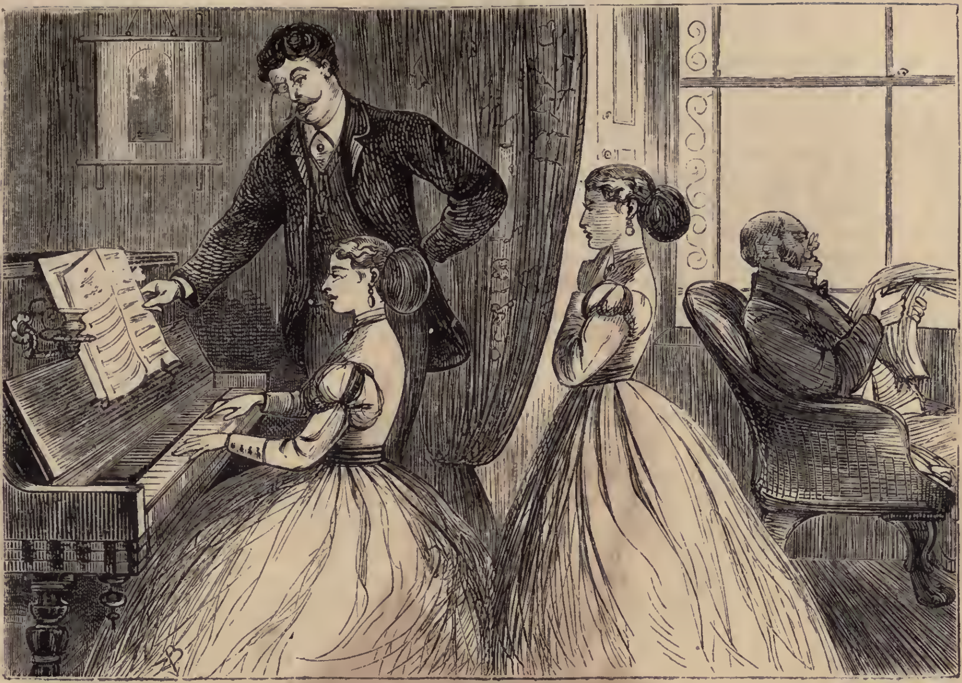
"Yes, yes," says he; "you shall hear her own it." So he calls again: "Rachel, Rachel"—which it seems was her name—"did you take up the money?" "Yes," said she. "How much was it?" said he. "Four shillings and a groat," said she. "Well, well," says he, "the Lord keep you all;" and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain from contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him. "Hark thee, friend," said I, "come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee;" so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before, "Here," says I, "go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me; God will never forsake a family that trust in him as thou dost:" so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.



LORD MACAULAY.



(Drawn by W. BRUNTON.)

"WITH MUSICAL SOCIETY."*

[MR. HENRY S. LEIGH is a well-known contributor of sparkling *vers de société* to the magazines.]

I LOOKED for lodgings long ago,
  Away from London's fogs and fusses;
Some rustic Paradise, you know,
  Within a walk of trains or busses.
I made my choice, and settled down
  In quite a lovely situation,
About a dozen miles from town,
  And very near a railway station.

Within this pastoral retreat
  No creditor, no care intruded;
My happiness was quite complete,
  (The "comforts of a home" included.)
I found the landlord most polite;
  His wife—if possible—politer.
Their two accomplished daughters quite
  Electrified the present writer.

A nicer girl than Fanny Lisle
  To sing a die-away duet with—
Say something in the Verdi style—
  Upon my life, I never met with.
And yet I wavered in my choice,
  For I believe I'm right in saying
That nothing equalled Fanny's voice,
  Unless it was Maria's playing.

If music be the food of love,
  That was the house for Cupid's diet;
For those two gushing girls, by Jove!
  Were never for one instant quiet.
I own that Fanny's voice was sweet;
  I own Maria's touch was pearly;
But music's not at all a treat
  For those that get it late and early.

The charms that soothe a savage breast
  Have got a *vice versâ* fashion
Of putting folks who have the best
  Of tempers in an awful passion.
And when it reached a certain stage,
  I must confess I couldn't stand it;
I positively scowled with rage,
  And frowned like any Surrey bandit.

I paid my rent on quarter-day;
  Packed up my traps in quite a hurry,
And quick as lightning fled away
  To other lodgings down in Surrey.
I'm warned at last, and not in vain;
  For one resolve that I have made is
Never to trust myself again
  With any musical young ladies!

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* By kind permission of the Author.

ADVENTURES OF GULLIVER IN BROBDINGNAG.

[JONATHAN SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick's. Born in Dublin, 1667. Educated at Trinity College. Took orders, 1692. Was chaplain to Sir W. Temple. Towards the end of a chequered and miserable life his reason gave way. He died 19th Oct., 1745.]

I SHOULD have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents, some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together near some dwarf apple trees, I must need show my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it doth in ours. Whereupon the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plat to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it struck to the ground; and when I was down, the hail-stones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all-fours, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face, on the lee-side of a border of lemon thyme, but so bruised from head to foot that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because Nature in that country observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hail-stone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had but me in a secure place, which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay; the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright; he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called: she severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court; for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger, and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe in those solitary walks that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about me, within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an England swan.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business, or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency, As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other; whereat, although I were much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box, but the monkey looking in at every side put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which being made of that country's silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet-door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking on three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted; that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chops, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat; but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle. Yet I was so weak, and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health, and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach. He desired to know what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country. I told his majesty that in Europe we had no monkeys except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt as I spoke) when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else besides loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return, where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

THE LEPER.

[NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS. Born at Portland, Maine, January 20, 1807. Educated at Boston and Yale College. Best known in England as author of "Pencillings by the Way." He died January 20th, 1867.]

"Room for the leper! Room!" And, as he came,
The cry passed on—"Room for the leper! Room!"
Sunrise was slanting on the city gates
Rosy and beautiful, and from the hills
The early risen poor were coming in,
Duly and cheerfully to their toil, and up
Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
Of moving wheels and multitudes astir,
And all that in a city murmur swells—
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
Aching with night's dull silence, or the sick
Hailing the welcome light and sounds that chase
The death-like images of the dark away.
"Room for the leper!" And aside they stood—
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A leper, with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering, stepping painfully and slow,
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!"

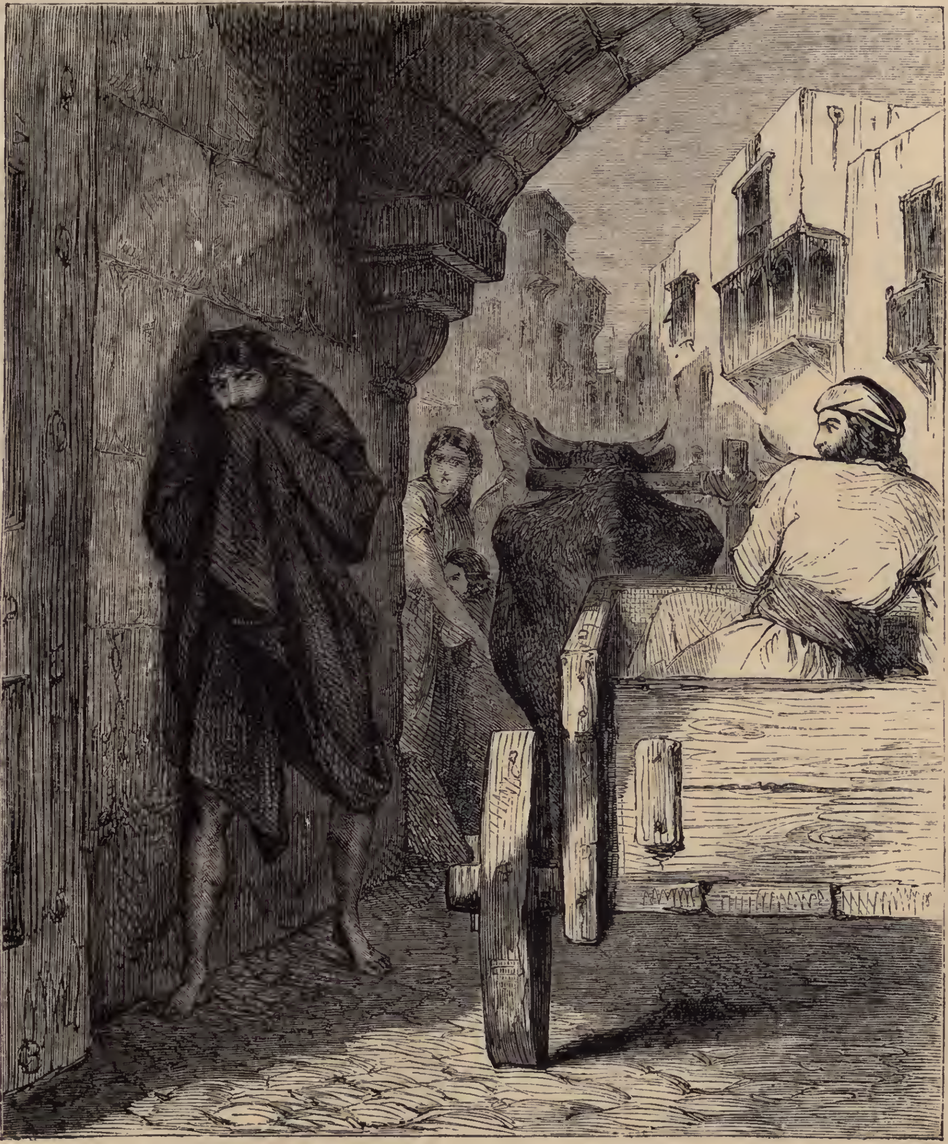
'Twas now the first
Of the Judæan autumn, and the leaves,
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
Of Judah's palmiest noble. He was young,
And eminently beautiful, and life
Mantled in eloquent fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance: and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that every eye
Followed with benisons—and this was he!
With the soft airs of summer there had come
A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
Of the bold huntsman's horn, nor aught that stirs
The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
The blood beat not as wont within his veins;
Dimness crept o'er his eye: a drowsy sloth
Fettered his limbs like palsy, and his mien,
With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld.
Even his voice was changed; a languid moan
Taking the place of the clear silver key;
And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light
And very air were steeped in sluggishness.
He strove with it awhile, as manhood will,
Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise
The arrowy jereed like an aspen shook.
Day after day he lay, as if in sleep.
His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales,
Circled with livid purple, covered him.
And then his nails grew black, and fell away
From the dull flesh about them, and the hues
Deepened beneath the hard unmoistened scales,
And from their edges grew the rank white hair—
And Helon was a leper!

Day was breaking,
When at the altar of the temple stood
The holy priest of God. The incense lamp
Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
Swelled through the hollow arches of the roof
Like an articulate wail, and there, alone,
Wasted to ghastly thinness, Helon knelt.
The echoes of the melancholy strain
Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head
Unto the sprinkled ashes, and put off
His costly raiment for the leper's garb:
And with the sackcloth round him, and his lip
Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still,
Waiting to hear his doom:—

Depart! depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!
For He has smote thee with His chastening rod;
And to the desert wild,
From all thou lovest away, thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague His people may be free.

Depart! and come not near
The busy mart, the crowded city, more;
Nor set thy foot a human threshold o'er,
And stay thou not to hear
Voices that call thee in the way; and fly
From all who in the wilderness pass by.

Wet not thy burning lip
In streams that to a human dwelling glide;
Nor rest thee where the covert fountains hide;
Nor kneel thee down to dip



(*Drawn by* C. A. BIRCH.)

The water where the pilgrim bends to drink,
By desert well or river's grassy brink;

And pass thou not between
The weary traveller and the cooling breeze;
And lie not down to sleep beneath the trees
Where human tracks are seen;
Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain,
Nor pluck the standing corn, or yellow grain.

And now, depart! and when
Thy heart is heavy, and thine eyes are dim,
Lift up thy prayer beseechingly to Him
Who, from the tribes of men,
Selected thee to feel His chastening rod.
Depart! O Leper! and forget not God!

And he went forth—alone! not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of the heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea—he went his way,
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone—to die!
For God had cursed the leper!

It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,

Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
Footsteps approached, and, with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the Stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name—
"Helon!" The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon! arise!" and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye
As he beheld the Stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at His back, nor in His hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear—yet in His mien
Command sat throned serene, and if He smiled,
A kingly condescension graced His lips,
The lion would have crouched to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and His sandals worn;
His stature modelled with a perfect grace;
His countenance the impress of a God,
Touched with the open innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; His hair unshorn
Fell to His shoulders; and His curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if His heart were moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in His hand,
And laved the sufferer's brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and his lips
The dewy softness of an infant's stole.
His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipped Him.

THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

[Washington Irving. *See Page* 1.]

The village was one of those sequestered spots which still retain some vestiges of old English customs. It had its rural festivals and holiday pastimes, and still kept up some faint observance of the once popular rites of May. These, indeed, had been promoted by its present pastor, who was a lover of old customs, and one of those simple Christians that think their mission fulfilled by promoting joy on earth and good-will among mankind. Under his auspices the May-pole stood from year to year in the centre of the village green; on May-day it was decorated with garlands and streamers; and a queen or lady of the May was appointed, as in former times, to preside at the sports, and distribute the prizes and rewards. The picturesque situation of the village, and the fancifulness of its rustic fêtes, would often attract the notice of casual visitors. Among these, on one May-day, was a young officer, whose regiment had been recently quartered in the neighbourhood. He was charmed with the native taste that pervaded this village pageant; but, above all, with the dawning loveliness of the Queen of May. It was the village favourite, who was crowned with flowers, and blushing and smiling in all the beautiful confusion of girlish diffidence and delight. The artlessness of rural habits enabled him readily to make her acquaintance; he gradually won his way into her intimacy; and paid his court to her in that unthinking way in which young officers are too apt to trifle with rustic simplicity.

There was nothing in his advances to startle or alarm. He never even talked of love; but there are modes of making it more eloquent than language, and which convey it subtilly and irresistibly to the heart. The beam of the eye, the tone of voice, the thousand tendernesses which emanate from every word, and look, and action—these form the true eloquence of love, and can always be felt and understood, but never described. Can we wonder that they should readily win a heart young, guileless, and susceptible? As to her, she loved almost unconsciously; she scarcely inquired what was the growing passion that was absorbing every thought and feeling, or what were to be its consequences. She, indeed, looked not to the future. When present, his looks and words occupied her whole attention; when absent, she thought but of what had passed at their recent interview. She would wander with him through the green lanes and rural scenes of the vicinity. He taught her to see new beauties in nature; he talked in the language of polite and cultivated life, and breathed into her ear the witcheries of romance and poetry.

Perhaps there could not have been a passion, between the sexes, more pure than this innocent girl's. The gallant figure of her youthful admirer, and the splendour of his military attire, might at first have charmed her eye; but it was not these that had captivated her heart. Her attachment had something in it of idolatry. She looked up to him as to a being of a superior order. She felt in his society the enthusiasm of a mind naturally delicate and poetical, and now first awakened to a keen perception of the beautiful and grand. Of the sordid distinctions of rank and fortune, she thought nothing; it was the difference of intellect, of demeanour, of manners, from those of the rustic society to which she had been accustomed, that elevated him in her opinion.

Her lover was equally impassioned; but his passion was mingled with feelings of a coarser nature. He had begun the connection in levity; for he had often heard his brother officers boast of their village conquests, and thought some triumph of the kind necessary to his reputation as a man of spirit. But he was too full of youthful fervour. His heart had not yet been rendered sufficiently cold and selfish by a wandering and a dissipated life: it caught fire from the very flame it sought to kindle; and before he was aware of the nature of his situation, he became really in love.

What was he to do? There were the old obstacles which so incessantly occur in these heedless attachments. His rank in life—the prejudices of titled connections—his dependence upon a proud and unyielding father—all forbad him to think of matrimony; but when he looked down upon this innocent being, so tender and confiding, there was a purity in her manners, a blamelessness in her life, and a beseeching modesty in her looks, that awed down every unworthy feeling. In vain did he try to fortify himself by a thousand heartless examples of men of fashion; and to chill the glow of generous sentiment, with that cold derisive levity with which he had heard them talk of female virtue. Whenever he came into her presence she was still surrounded by that mysterious, but impassive charm of virgin purity, in whose hallowed sphere no guilty thought can live.

The sudden arrival of orders for the regiment to repair to the Continent completed the confusion of his mind. He remained for a short time in a state of the most painful irresolution; he hesitated to communicate the tidings, until the day for marching was at hand, when he gave her the intelligence in the course of an evening ramble.

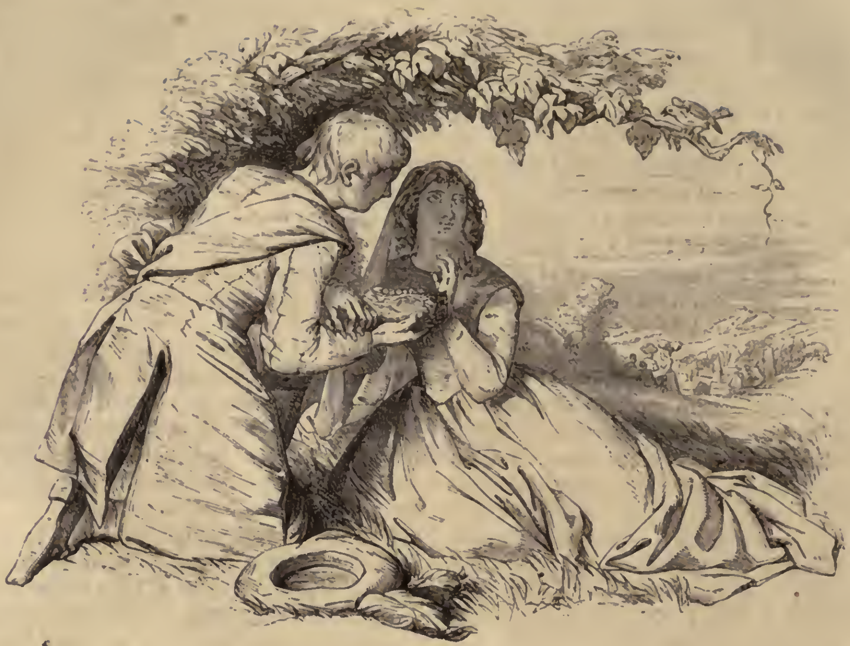
The idea of parting had never before occurred to her. It broke in at once upon her dream of felicity; she looked upon it as a sudden and insurmountable evil, and wept with the guileless simplicity of a child. He drew her to his bosom, and kissed the tears from her soft cheek; nor did he meet with a repulse; for there are moments of mingled sorrow and tenderness, which hallow the caresses of affection. He was naturally impetuous: and the sight of beauty, apparently yielding in his arms; the confidence of his power over her, and the dread of losing her for ever, all conspired to overwhelm his better feeling: he ventured to propose that she should leave her home, and be the companion of his fortunes.

He was quite a novice in seduction, and blushed and faltered at his own baseness; but so innocent of mind was his intended victim, that she was at first at a loss to comprehend his meaning; and why she should leave her native village, and the humble roof of her parents. When at last the nature of his proposal flashed upon her pure mind the effect was withering. She did not weep—she did not break forth into reproach—she said not a word—but she shrunk back aghast as from a viper; gave him a look of anguish that pierced to his very soul; and clasping her hands in agony, fled, as if for refuge, to her father's cottage.

The officer retired, confounded, humiliated, and repentant. It is uncertain what might have been the result of the conflict of his feelings, had not his thoughts been diverted by the bustle of departure. New scenes, new pleasures, and new companions, soon dissipated his self-reproach, and stifled his tenderness; yet, amidst the stir of camps, the revelries of garrisons, the array of armies, and even the din of battles, his thoughts would sometimes steal back to the scene of rural quiet and village simplicity—the white cottage—the footpath along the silver brook and up the hawthorn hedge, and the little village maid loitering along it leaning on his arm.

The shock which the poor girl had received, in the destruction of all her ideal world, had indeed been cruel. Faintings and hysterics had at first shaken her tender frame, and were succeeded by a settled and pining melancholy. She had beheld from her window the march of the departing troops. She had seen her faithless lover borne off, as if in triumph, amidst the sound of drum and trumpet, and the pomp of arms. She strained a last aching gaze after him, as the morning sun glittered about his figure, and his plume waved in the breeze: he passed away like a bright vision from her sight, and left her all in darkness.

It would be trite to dwell on the particulars of her after-story. It was like other tales of love-melancholy. She avoided society, and wandered out alone in the walks she had most frequented with her lover. She sought, like the stricken deer, to weep in silence and loneliness, and brood over the barbed sorrow that rankled in her soul. Sometimes she would be seen late of an evening sitting in the porch of the village church; and the milkmaids, returning from the fields, would now and then overhear her singing some plaintive ditty in the hawthorn walk.



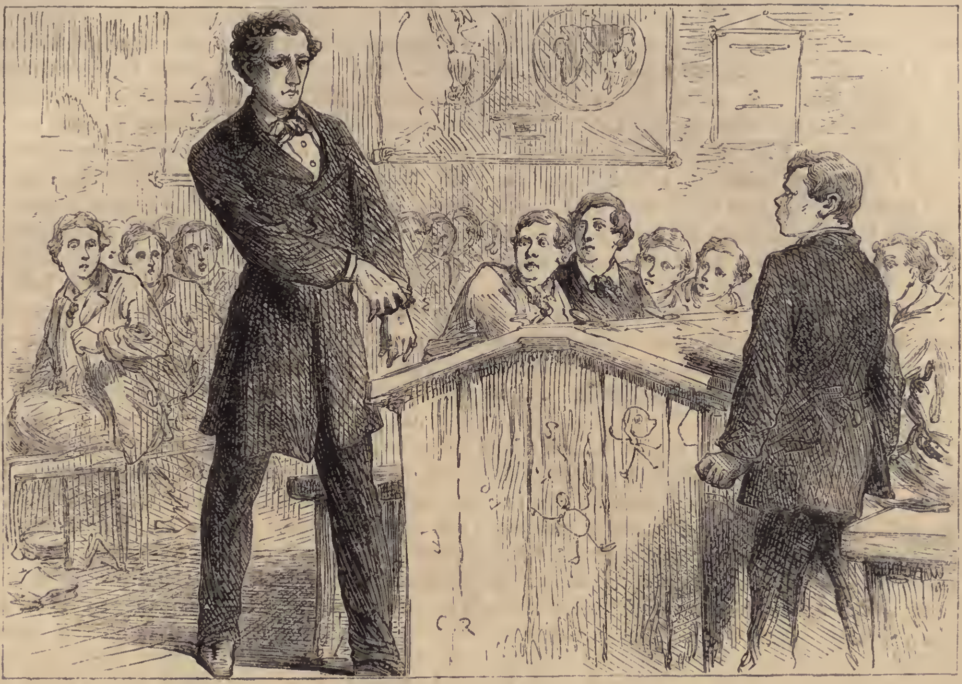
She felt a conviction that she was hastening to the tomb, but looked forward to it as a place of rest. The silver cord that had bound her to existence was loosed, and there seemed to be no more pleasure under the sun. If ever her gentle bosom had entertained resentment against her lover, it was extinguished. She was incapable of angry passions; and in a moment of saddened tenderness she penned him a farewell letter. It was couched in the simplest language, but touching from its very simplicity. She told him that she was dying, and did not conceal from him that his conduct was the cause. She even depicted the sufferings which she had experienced; but concluded with saying that she could not die in peace until she had sent him her forgiveness and her blessing.

By degrees her strength declined, that she could no longer leave the cottage. She could only totter to the window, where, propped up in her chair, it was her enjoyment to sit all day and look out upon the landscape. Still she uttered no complaint, nor imparted to any one the malady that was preying on her heart. She never even mentioned her lover's name; but would lay her head on her mother's bosom and weep in silence. Her poor parents hung, in mute anxiety, over this fading blossom of their hopes, still flattering themselves that it might again revive to freshness, and that the bright unearthly bloom which sometimes flushed her cheek might be the promise of returning health.

In this way she was seated between them one Sunday afternoon; her hands were clasped in theirs, the lattice was thrown open, and the soft air that stole in brought with it the fragrance of the clustering honeysuckle which her own hands had trained round the window.

Her father had just been reading a chapter in the Bible: it spoke of the vanity of worldly things, and of the joys of heaven. It seemed to diffuse comfort and serenity through her bosom. Her eye was fixed on the distant village church; the bell had tolled for the evening service; the last villager was lagging into the porch; and everything had sunk into that hallowed stillness peculiar to the day of rest. Her parents were gazing on her with yearning hearts. Sickness and sorrow, which pass so roughly over some faces, had given to hers the expression of a seraph's. A tear trembled in her soft blue eye. Was she thinking of her faithless lover, or were her thoughts wandering to that distant churchyard, into whose bosom she might soon be gathered?

Suddenly the clang of hoofs was heard. A horseman galloped to the cottage—he dismounted before the window. The poor girl gave a faint exclamation, and sunk back in the chair: it was her repentant lover! He rushed into the house, and flew to clasp her to his bosom; but her wasted form—her deathlike countenance—so wan, yet so lovely in its desolation, smote him to the soul, and he threw himself in an agony at her feet. She was too faint to rise—she attempted to extend her trembling hand—her lips moved as if she spoke, but no word was articulated; she looked down upon him with a smile of unutterable tenderness, and closed her eyes for ever.



(*Drawn by* C. Robinson.)

PIGWACKET CENTRE SCHOOL.

[Oliver Wendell Holmes. *See Page* 30.]

The truth was, that District No. 1, Pigwacket Centre, had had a good deal of trouble of late with its schoolmasters. The committee had done their best, but there were a number of well-grown and pretty rough young fellows who had got the upper hand of the masters, and meant to keep it. Two dynasties had fallen before the uprising of this fierce democracy. This was a thing that used not to be very uncommon; but in so "intelligent" a community as that of Pigwacket Centre, in an era of public libraries and lyceum-lectures, it was portentous and alarming.

The advent of Master Langdon to Pigwacket Centre created a much more lively sensation than had attended that of either of his predecessors. Looks go a good way all the world over, and though there were several good-looking people in the place, and Major Bush was what the natives of the town called a "hahnsome mahn," that is, big, fat, and red, yet the sight of a really elegant young fellow, with the natural air which grows up with carefully-bred young persons, was a novelty. The Brahmin blood which came from his grandfather as well as from his mother, a direct descendant of the old Flynt family, well known by the famous tutor, Henry Flynt (see Cat. Harv. Anno 1693), had been enlivened and enriched by that of the Wentworths, which has had a good deal of ripe old Madeira and other generous elements mingled with it, so that it ran to gout sometimes in the old folks, and to high spirit, warm complexion, and curly hair in some of the younger ones. The soft curling hair Mr. Bernard had inherited,—something, perhaps, of the high spirit; but that we shall have a chance of finding out by-and-by. But the long sermons and the frugal board of his Brahmin ancestry, with his own habits of study, had told upon his colour, which was subdued to something more of delicacy than one would care to see in a young fellow with rough work before him. This, however, made him look more interesting, or, as the young ladies at Major Bush's said, "interéstin'."

Monday came, and the new schoolmaster was in his chair at the upper end of the schoolhouse, on the raised platform. The rustics looked at his handsome face, thoughtful, peaceful, pleasant, cheerful, but sharply cut round the lips and proudly lighted about the eyes. The ringleader of the mischief-makers, the young butcher, looked at him stealthily, whenever he got a chance to study him unobserved; for the truth was, he felt uncomfortable whenever he found the large dark eyes fixed on his own little, sharp, deep-set grey ones. But he managed to study him pretty well,—first his face, then his neck and shoulders, the set of his arms, the narrowing at the loins, the make of his legs, and the way he moved. In short, he examined him as he would have examined a steer, to see what he could do and how he would cut up. If he could only have gone to him and felt his muscles, he would have been entirely satisfied. He was not a very wise youth, but he did know well enough, that, though big arms and legs are very good things, there is something besides size that goes to make a man; and he had heard stories of a fighting-man, called "The Spider," from his attenuated proportions, who was yet a terrible hitter in the ring, and had whipped many a big-limbed fellow in and out of the roped arena.

Presently the draughtsman of the school set a caricature in circulation, labelled, to prevent mistakes, with the schoolmaster's name. An immense bell-crowned hat, and a long, pointed, swallow-tailed coat showed that the artist had in his mind the conventional dandy, as shown in prints of thirty or forty years ago, rather than any actual human aspect of the time. One morning, on going to the schoolroom, Master Langdon found an enlarged copy of this sketch, with its label, pinned on the door. He took it down, smiled a little, put it into his pocket, and entered the schoolroom. An insidious silence prevailed, which looked as if some plot were brewing. The boys were ripe for mischief, but afraid. They had really no fault to find with the master, except that he was dressed like a gentleman, which a certain class of fellows always consider a personal insult to themselves. But the older ones were evidently plotting, and more than once the warning *a'h'm!* was heard, and a dirty little scrap of paper rolled into a wad shot from one seat to another. One of these happened to strike the stove-funnel, and lodged on the master's desk. He was cool enough not to seem to notice it. He secured it, however, and found an opportunity to look at it, without being observed by the boys. It required no *immediate* notice.

He who should have enjoyed the privilege of looking upon Mr. Bernard Langdon the next morning, when his toilet was about half finished, would have had a very pleasant gratuitous exhibition. First, he buckled the strap of his trousers pretty tightly. Then he took up a pair of heavy dumb-bells, and swung them for a few minutes; then two great "Indian clubs," with which he enacted all sorts of impossible-looking feats. His limbs were not very large, nor his shoulders remarkably broad; but if you knew as much of the muscles as all persons who look at statues and pictures with a critical eye ought to have learned—if you knew the *trapezius*, lying diamond-shaped over the back and shoulders like a monk's cowl—or the *deltoid*, which caps the shoulder like an epaulette—or the *triceps*, which furnishes the *calf* of the upper arm—or the hard-knotted *biceps*—any of the great sculptural landmarks, in fact—you would have said there was a pretty show of them, beneath the white satiny skin of Mr. Bernard Langdon. And if you had seen him, when he had laid down the Indian clubs, catch hold of a leather strap that hung from the beam of the old-fashioned ceiling, and lift and lower himself over and over again by his left hand alone, you might have thought it a very simple and easy thing to do, until you tried to do it yourself.—Mr. Bernard looked at himself with the eye of an expert. "Pretty well!" he said;—"not so much fallen off as I expected." Then he set up his bolster in a very knowing sort of way, and delivered two or three blows straight as rulers and swift as winks. "That will do," he said. Then, as if determined to make a certainty of his condition, he took a dynamometer from one of the drawers in his old veneered bureau. First, he squeezed it with his two hands. Then he placed it on the floor and lifted, steadily, strongly. The springs creaked and cracked; the index swept with a great stride far up into the high figures of the scale; it was a good lift. He was satisfied. He sat down on the edge of his bed, and looked at his cleanly-shaped arms. "If I strike one of those boobies, I am afraid I shall spoil him," he said. Yet this young man, when weighed with his class at the college, could barely turn one hundred and forty-two pounds in the scale,—not a heavy weight, surely; but some of the middle weights seem to be of a far finer quality of muscle than the bulkier fellows.

Master Langdon took his seat, and began the exercises of his school. The smaller boys recited their lessons well enough, but some of the larger ones were negligent and surly. He noticed one or two of them looking toward the door, as if expecting somebody or something in that direction. At half-past nine o'clock, Abner Briggs, junior, who had not yet shown himself, made his appearance. He was followed by his "yallah dog," without his muzzle, who squatted down very grimly near the door, and gave a wolfish look round the room, as if he were considering which was the plumpest boy to begin with. The young butcher, meanwhile, went to his seat, looking somewhat flushed, except round the lips, which were hardly as red as common, and set pretty sharply.

"Put out that dog, Abner Briggs!" The master spoke as the captain speaks to the helmsman, when there are rocks foaming at the lips, right under his lee.

Abner Briggs answered as the helmsman answers, when he knows he has a mutinous crew round him that mean to run the ship on the reef, and is one of the mutineers himself. "Put him aout y'rself, 'f ye a'n't afeard on him!"

The master stepped into the aisle. The great cur showed his teeth, and the devilish instincts of his old wolf-ancestry looked out of his eyes, and flashed from his sharp tusks, and yawned in his wide mouth and deep red gullet.

The movements of animals are so much quicker than those of human beings commonly are, that they avoid blows as easily as one of us steps out of the way of an ox-cart. It must be a very stupid dog that lets himself be run over by a fast driver in his gig; he can jump out of the wheel's way after the tire has already touched him. So, while one is lifting a stick to strike or drawing back his foot to kick, the beast makes his spring, and the blow or the kick comes too late.

It was not so this time. The master was a fencer, and something of a boxer; he had played at single-stick, and was used to watching an adversary's eye and coming down on him without any of those premonitory symptoms by which unpractised persons show long beforehand what mischief they meditate.

"Out with you!" he said, fiercely, and explained what he meant by a sudden flash of his foot that clashed the yellow dog's white teeth together like the springing of a bear-trap. The cur knew he had found his master at the first word and glance, as low animals on four legs, or a smaller number, always do; and the blow took him so by surprise, that it curled him up in an instant, and he went bundling out of the open schoolhouse-door with a most pitiable yelp, and his stump of a tail shut down as close as his owner ever shut the short, stubbed blade of his jack-knife.

It was time for the other cur to find who his master was.

"Follow your dog, Abner Briggs!" said Master Langdon.

The stout butcher-youth looked round, but the rebels were all cowed, and sat still.

"I'll go when I'm ready," he said,—"'n' I guess I won't go afore I'm ready."

"You're ready now," said Master Langdon, turning up his cuffs so that the little boys noticed the yellow gleam of a pair of gold sleeve-buttons, once worn by Colonel Percy Wentworth, famous in the Old French War.

Abner Briggs, junior, did not apparently think he was ready, at any rate; for he rose up in his place, and stood with clenched fists, defiant, as the master strode towards him. The master knew the fellow was really frightened, for all his looks, and that he must have no time to rally. So he caught him suddenly by the collar, and, with one great pull, had him out over his desk and on the open floor. He gave him a sharp fling backwards, and stood looking at him.

The rough-and-tumble fighters all *clinch*, as everybody knows; and Abner Briggs, junior, was one of that kind. He remembered how he had floored Master Weeks, and he had just pluck enough left in him to try to repeat his former successful experiment on the new master. He sprang at him, open-handed, to clutch him. So the master had to strike—once, but very hard, and just in the place to tell. No doubt, the authority that doth hedge a schoolmaster added to the effect of the blow; but the blow was itself a neat one, and did not require to be repeated.

"Now go home," said the master, "and don't let me see you or your dog here again." And he turned his cuffs down over the gold sleeve-buttons.

This finished the great Pigwacket Centre School rebellion. What could be done with a master who was so pleasant as long as the boys behaved decently, and such a terrible fellow when he got "riled," as they called it? In a week's time everything was reduced to order, and the school-committee were delighted.

ON THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

[Joseph Addison. *See Page* 79.]

Menippus the philosopher was a second time taken up into heaven by Jupiter, when, for his entertainment, he lifted up a trap-door that was placed by his footstool. At its rising, there issued through it such a din of cries as astonished the philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, Jupiter told him that they were the prayers that were sent up to him from the earth. Menippus, amidst the confusion of voices, which was so great that nothing less than the ear of Jove could distinguish them, heard the words "riches, honour," and "long life," repeated in several different tones and languages. When the first hubbub of sounds was over, the trap-door being left open, the voices came up more separate and distinct. The first prayer was an odd one; it came from Athens, and desired Jupiter to increase the wisdom and the beard of his humble supplicant. Menippus knew it by the voice to be the prayer of his friend Licander the philosopher. This was succeeded by the petition of one who had just laden a ship, and promised Jupiter, if he took care of it, and returned it home again full of riches, he would make him an offering of a silver cup. Jupiter thanked him for nothing; and, bending down his ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a voice complaining to him of the cruelty of an Ephesian widow, and begged him to breed compassion in her heart. "This," says Jupiter, "is a very honest fellow. I have received a great deal of incense from him: I will not be so cruel to him as to hear his prayers." He was then interrupted with a whole volley of vows which were made for the health of a tyrannical prince by his subjects who prayed for him in his presence. Menippus was surprised, after having listened to prayers offered up with so much ardour and devotion, to hear low whispers from the same assembly, expostulating with Jove for suffering such a tyrant to live, and asking him how his thunder could lie idle? Jupiter was so offended with these prevaricating rascals, that he took down the first vows, and puffed away the last. The philosopher seeing a great crowd mounting upwards, and making its way directly to the trap-door, inquired of Jupiter what it meant. "This," says Jupiter, "is the smoke of a whole hecatomb that is offered me by the general of an army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off a hundred thousand men that are drawn up in array against him. What does the impudent wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a sacrifice of so many mortals as good as himself, and all this to his glory, forsooth? But hark!" says Jupiter, "there is a voice I never heard but in time of danger: 'tis a rogue that is shipwrecked in the Ionian sea. I saved him on a plank but three days ago, upon his promise to mend his manners; the scoundrel is not worth a groat, and yet has the impudence to offer me a temple, if I will keep him from sinking. But yonder," says he, "is a special youth for you; he desires me to take his father, who keeps a great estate from him, out of the miseries of human life. The old fellow shall live till he makes his heart ache, I can tell him that for his pains." This was followed by the soft voice of a pious lady, desiring Jupiter that she might appear amiable and charming in the sight of her emperor. As the philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary petition, there blew a gentle wind through the trap-door, which he at first mistook for a gale of zephyrs, but afterwards found it to be a breeze of sighs. They smelt strongly of flowers and incense, and were succeeded by most passionate complaints of wounds and torments, fires and arrows, cruelty, despair, and death. Menippus fancied that such lamentable cries arose from some general execution, or from wretches lying under the torture; but Jupiter told him that they came up to him from the isle of Paphos, and that he every day received complaints of the same nature from that whimsical tribe of mortals who are called lovers. "I am so trifled with," says he, "by this generation of both sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their petitions, that I shall order a western wind for the future to intercept them in their passage, and blow them at random upon the earth." The last petition he heard was from a very aged man, of near a hundred years old, begging but for one year more life, and then promised to die contented. "This is the rarest old fellow!" says Jupiter; "he has made this prayer to me for above twenty years together. When he was but fifty years old, he desired only that he might live to see his son settled in the world. I granted it. He then begged the same favour for his daughter, and afterward that he might see the education of a grandson. When all this was brought about, he puts up a petition, that he might live to finish a house he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old cur, and never wants an excuse; I will no more of him." Upon which he flung down the trap-door in a passion, and was resolved to give no more audiences that day.

DICK O' THE DIAMOND.*

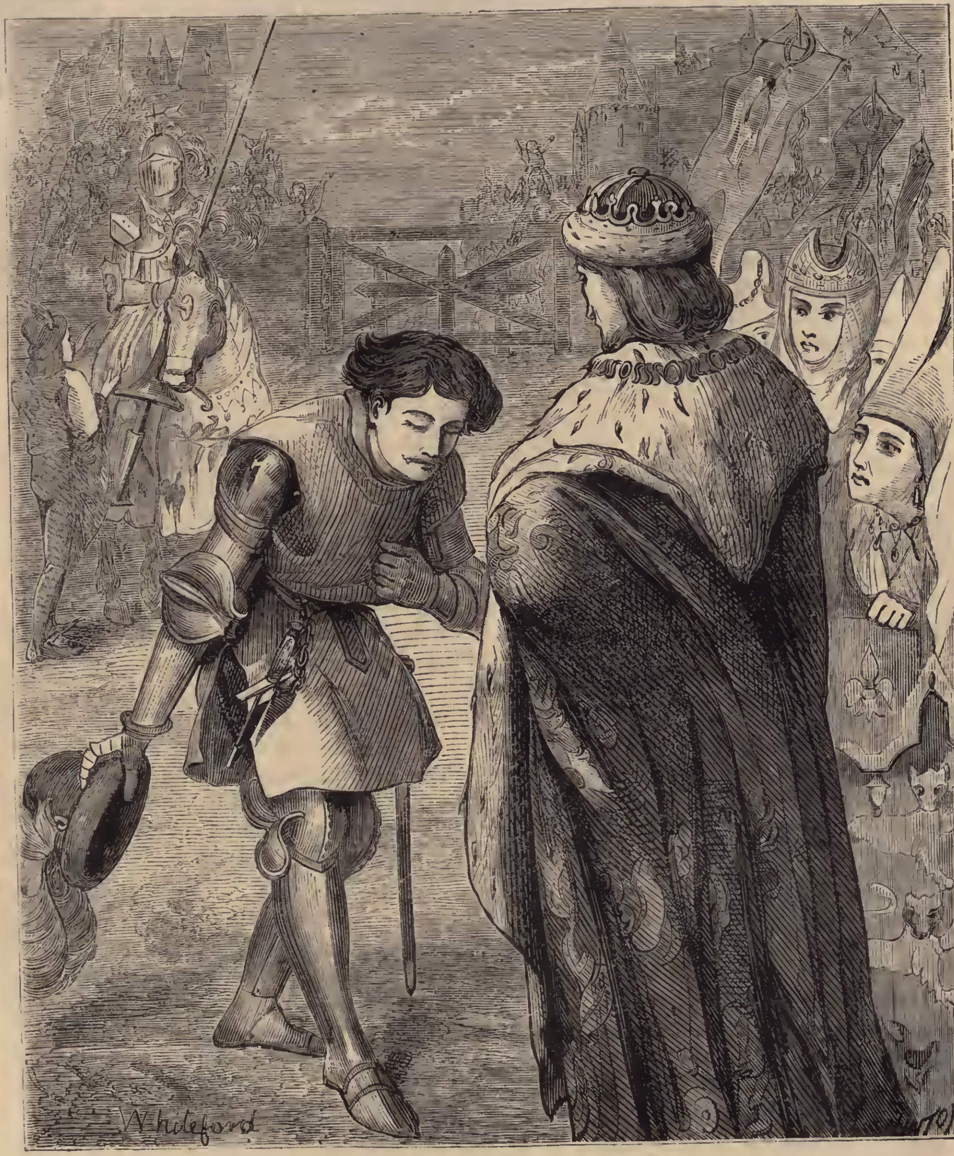
[Walter Thornbury. *See Page* 54.]

The lad with the bonny blue feather,
  That bore away jewel and ring;
That struck down Sir Walter de Tracey,
  Before the proud eyes of the king.
Tawny-yellow his doublet of satin,
  His hat was looped up with a stone,
His scarf was a flutter of crimson,
  As he leaped like a prince on his roan.

The heralds their trumpets of silver
  Blew loud at the multitude's shout;
I saw the brave charger curvetting,
  As Richard wound prancing about.
But silent they grew when Sir Tracey
  (A gold mine could scarce glitter more)
Galloped into the lists, cold and sullen,
  Fool! eyeing the jewels he wore.

There were diamonds on hat and on feather,
  Diamonds from crest unto heel;
Collars of diamonds and sapphires,
  Hiding the iron and steel.
His housings were silver and purple,
  All blazoned with legend and crest:
But seamed by the sword of no battle,
  For Sir Walter de Tracey loved rest.

* By kind permission of the Author.



(*Drawn by* S. WHITEFORD.)

The lad with the bonny blue feather
  Was a page and a gentleman born;
But Sir Walter, a Knight of the Garter,
  Curled his thin lip in anger and scorn.
Shall he, who the lion at Bullen
  Helped trample the tall fleur-de-lys,
Compete for the prize of the jewel
  With such a mere stripling as this?

"No, no!" cried the crowd of his varlets,
  Waving with yellow and gold,
All shaking their colours and ribbons,
  And tossing their banner's fringed fold.
To heighten the insolent clamour,
  The drummers beginning to beat,
Bid the trumpet sound quick for the mounting;
  Never sound to my ear was so sweet.

For the varlets were flocking round Richard,
  To hurry him down from his seat;
I saw him look fierce at the rabble,
  Disdaining to back or retreat.
That moment the drums and the trumpets
  Made all the proud ears of them ring,
As slowly, his cheek flushed with anger,
  Rode into the tilt-yard the King.

Pale grew the lips of the vassals,
Sir Tracey turned colour and frowned;
But the people, with scorn of oppression,
Hissed, and the hisses flew round.
Then the King waved his hand as for silence,
Stamped loud on the step of his throne,
And bade the two rivals together
Dismount, and their errors disown.

"Ah! this page is a rival for any,
And fit to break lance with his king;
Let the gallants first meet in the tourney,
And afterwards ride for the ring."
Dick stood at the feet of the monarch,
And bowed till his plume swept the ground;
Then, clapping on helmet and feather,
Rode into the lists with a bound.

Sir Walter was silently waiting;
He shone like a statue of gold;
Blue heads of big pearls, like a netting,
Fell over his housings' red fold.
On his helmet a weathercock glittered,
A device of his errantry showing—
To prove he was ready to ride
Any way that the wind might be blowing.

Dick lifted his eyes up and smiled;
Oh, it brought the blood hot to my cheek!
I could see from his lips he was praying
That God would look down on the weak.
He seemed to be grown to his saddle—
I felt my brain tremble and reel;
He moved like a fire-ruling spirit,
Blazing from helmet to heel.

The King gave the sign, and the trumpet
Seemed to madden the horses, and drive
Them fast as the leaves in a tempest,
With a shock that tough iron would rive.
Both lances flew up, and the shivers
Leaped over the banners and flags,
As the champions, reining their chargers,
Sat holding the quivering jags.

"Fresh lances!" God's blessing on Dicky
A blast, and in flashes they go;
Well broken again on his scutcheon—
Again the wood snaps with a blow.
Alas for Sir Walter de Tracey!
His spear has flown out of his hand,
While over his bright, gilded crupper,
He stretches his length on the sand.

One start, he is up in a moment,
His sword waves, a torch, in his grasp;
Dick leaps from his foam-covered charger,
And springs with a clash to his clasp.
Sir Walter is shorn of his splendour;
His weathercock beaten to dust;
His armour has lost all its glitter,
And is dented with hammer and thrust.

He reels, and Dick presses him sorely,
And smites him as smiths do a forge;
He reels like an axe-stricken cedar;
He falls—yea, by God and St. George!
Then, oh! for the clamour and cheering
That rang round the circling ring,
As Dick, his blue feather gay blowing,
Knelt down at the foot of the King!

Then the King took the brightest of diamonds
That shone on his finger that day;
He gave it to bonny blue feather,
And made him the Baron of Bray.
Then the varlets bore off their Sir Walter,
The jewels beat out of his chains,
His armour all battered and dusty,
With less of proud blood in his veins.

Then they caught his mad, froth-covered charger,
That had torn off its housings of pearl;
They gathered up ribbons and feathers,
And downcast his banner they furl.
I was still looking down on the bearers,
When Dick o' the Diamond sprang in,
And, without a good-morrow or greeting,
He kissed me from brow unto chin.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

[WASHINGTON IRVING. *See Page* 1.]

ON one of those sober and rather melancholy days in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey.

As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavouring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eye was attracted to three figures rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots; the epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times (Vitalis . Abbas . 1082, and Gislebertus Crispinus . Abbas . 1114, and Laurentius . Abbas . 1176). I remained some little while musing over these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been and had perished; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monumens will cease to be a memorial. Whilst I was yet looking down upon these gravestones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of departed time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave. I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eye gazes with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches springing from them to such an amazing height; and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown.

And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition to see how they are crowded together and jostled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a little portion of earth, to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy.

I passed some time in Poets' Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple, for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakespeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remain longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure; but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever new, active, and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown, for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory, for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

JEMMY DAWSON.

[William Shenstone. Born at the Leasowes, Halesowen, Shropshire. Educated at Pembroke College, Oxford. Died February 11, 1763.]

Come listen to my mournful tale,
  Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
  Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
  Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
  And pity every plaint but mine.

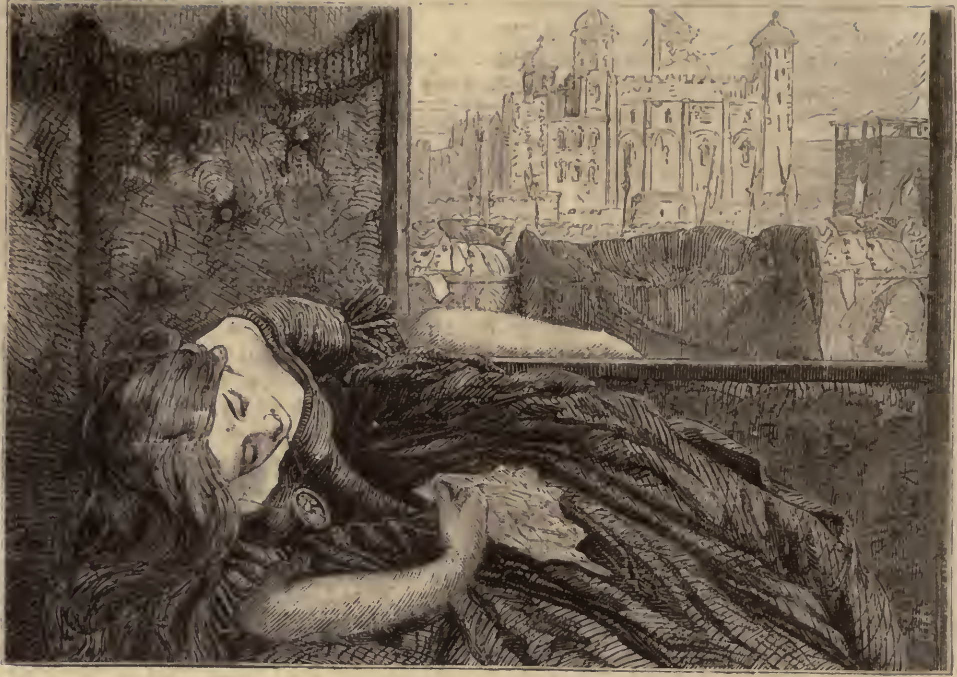
Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
  A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he loved one charming maid,
  And dearly was he loved again.

One tender maid she loved him dear,
  Of gentle blood the damsel came;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
  And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
  That led the favoured youth astray;
The day the rebel clans appeared,
  Oh, had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
  And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
  Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true love's cheek,
  When Jemmy's sentence reached her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
  So pale or yet so chill appear.



(*Drawn by* J. Gordon.)

With faltering voice she weeping said,
  "Oh, Dawson, monarch of my heart!
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
  For thou and I will never part.

"Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
  And bring relief to Jemmy's woes:
Oh, George! without a prayer for thee
  My orisons should never close.

"The gracious prince that gave him life
  Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
  Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

"But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragged
  To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
  To share thy bitter fate with thee."

Oh, then her mourning-coach was called,
  The sledge moved slowly on before;
Though borne in her triumphal car,
  She had not loved her favourite more.

She followed him, prepared to view
  The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes,
  With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
  Which she had fondly loved so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
  Which in her praise had sweetly sung:

And severed was that beauteous neck,
  Round which her arms had fondly closed;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
  On which her love-sick head reposed:

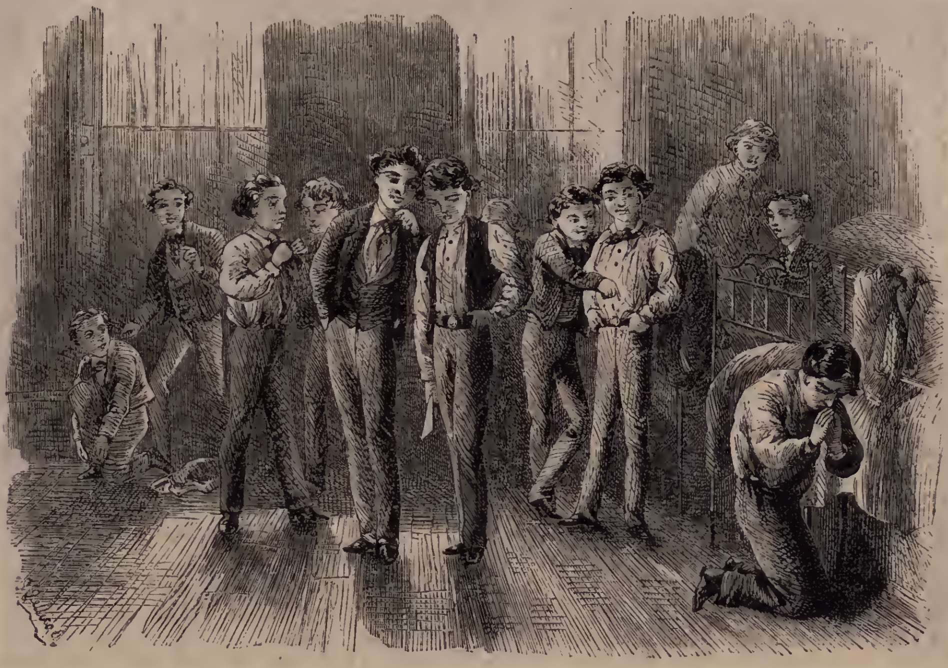
And ravished was that constant heart,
  She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
  'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
  She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas mouldered into dust,
  "Now, now," she cried, "I follow thee.

"My death, my death alone can show
  The pure and lasting love I bore:
Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
  And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
  The lover's mournful hearse retired;
The maid drew back her languid head,
  And, sighing forth his name, expired.

Though justice ever must prevail,
  The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
  So sad, so tender, and so true.



(*Drawn by* J. JELLICOE.)

TOM BROWN AT SCHOOL.*

[MR. T. HUGHES, M.P. *See Page* 100.]

THE school-house prayers were the same on the first night as on the other nights, save for the gaps caused by the absence of those boys who came late, and the line of new boys, who stood all together at the further table—of all sorts and sizes, like young bears with all their troubles to come, as Tom's father had said to him when he was in the same position. He thought of it as he looked at the line, and poor little slight Arthur standing with them, and as he was leading him upstairs to Number 4, directly after prayers, and showing him his bed. It was a huge, high, airy room, with two large windows looking on to the school close. There were twelve beds in the room. The one in the furthest corner by the fire-place occupied by the sixth-form boy, who was responsible for the discipline of the room, and the rest by boys in the lower-fifth and other junior forms, all fags, for the fifth-form boys, as has been said, slept in rooms by themselves. Being fags, the eldest of them was not more than about sixteen years old, and were all bound to be up and in bed by ten; the sixth-form boys came to bed from ten to a quarter-past (at which time the old verger came round to put the candles out), except when they sat up to read.

Within a few minutes, therefore, of their entry, all the other boys who slept in Number 4 had come up. The little fellows went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to each other in whispers; while the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your washhand-stand, under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning, if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his washhand-stand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

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* By kind permission of the Author. This acknowledgment was inadvertently omitted at page 100.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child, and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown! what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good night, genl'm'n."

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leaped, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room. Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father, before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he laid down gently, and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

It was no light act of courage in those days, my dear boys, for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school, the tables turned; before he died, in the school-house at least, and I believe in the other houses, the rule was the other way. But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow. Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it didn't matter whether he was kneeling or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom, as with all who will not confess their Lord before men; and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling which was like to break his heart, was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed was brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could he bear it? And then the poor little weak boy, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do. The first dawn of comfort came to him in swearing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night. Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning. The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip. Several times he faltered, for the devil showed him, first, all his old friends calling him "Saint" and "Square-toes," and a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motives would be misunderstood, and he would only be left alone with the new boy; whereas it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number. And then came the more subtle temptation, "Shall I not be showing myself braver than others by doing this? Have I any right to begin it now? Ought I not rather to pray in my own study, letting other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public at least I should go on as I have done?" However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept, tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

Next morning he was up, and washed, and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes' bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say—the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room—what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world. It was not needed; two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with a glimmering of another lesson in his heart—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world; and that other one which the old prophet learned in the cave in Mount Horeb, when he hid his face, and the still small voice asked, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"—that however we may fancy ourselves alone on the side of good, the King and Lord of men is nowhere without his witnesses; for in every society, however seemingly corrupt and godless, there are those who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead. I fear that this was in some measure owing to the fact, that Tom could probably have thrashed any boy in the room except the prepositor; at any rate, every boy knew that he would try upon very slight provocation, and didn't choose to run the risk of a hard fight because Tom Brown had taken a fancy to say his prayers. Some of the small boys of Number 4 communicated the new state of things to their chums, and in several other rooms the poor little fellows tried it on; in one instance or so, where the prepositor heard of it and interfered very decidedly, with partial success; but in the rest, after a short struggle, the confessors were bullied or laughed down, and the old state of things went on for some time longer. Before either Tom Brown or Arthur left the school-house, there was no room in which it had not become the regular custom. I trust it is so still, and that the old heathen state of things has gone out for ever.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

[Lord Byron, born in London, January 22, 1788. Educated at Dulwich and Harrow, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. His life was an unhappy one. He went to Greece to aid the struggle for independence. Died at Missolonghi, January 4, 1824.]

The lists are oped, the spacious area cleared,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
No vacant space for lated wight is found:
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound:
Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound:
None through their cold disdain are doomed to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad archery.

Hushed is the din of tongues—on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold-spur, and light-poised lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists advance;
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance;
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
Best prize for better acts, they bear away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed,
But all afoot, the light-limbed matadore
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds, but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed:
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can men achieve without the friendly steed—
Alas! too oft condemned for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe:
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fixed: away,
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear:
Now is thy time to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career:

With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear:
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud bellowings speak his woes.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretched a mangled corse;
Another, hideous sight! unseamed appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharmed he bears.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand:
Once more through all he bursts his thundering way—
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand!

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline:
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

EMMET'S SONG TO ERIN.

[Thomas Moore. *See Page 62.*]

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep, and, however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

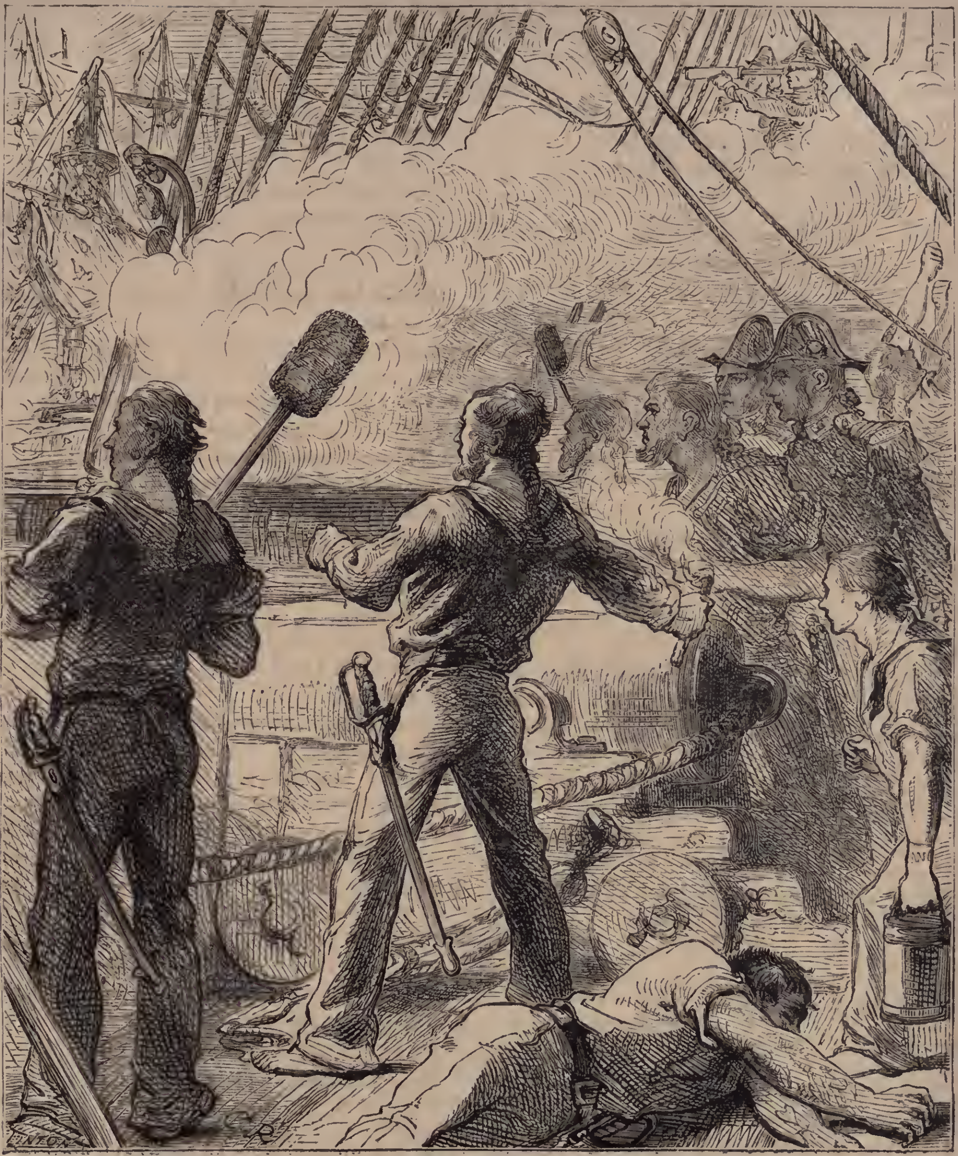
[Thomas Campbell. *See Page 110.*]

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone:
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold, determined hand;
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
O'er the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime,
As they drifted on their path;
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed,
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feebler cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased, and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.



(*Drawn by* C. Robinson.)

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! we are men!
And we conquer but to save:
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise,
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;

And yet amidst that joy and uproar
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their
grave;
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.

THE STORY OF THE CHINESE MATRON.

[OLIVER GOLDSMITH. *See Page* 10.]

CHOANG was the fondest husband, and Hansi the most endearing wife in all the kingdom of Korea; they were a pattern of conjugal bliss; the inhabitants of the country around saw and envied their felicity. Wherever Choang came, Hansi was sure to follow; and in all the pleasures of Hansi Choang was admitted a partner. They walked hand-in-hand wherever they appeared, showing every mark of mutual satisfaction; embracing, kissing, their mouths were for ever joined, and, to speak in the language of anatomy, it was with them one perpetual anastomosis.

Their love was so great, that it was thought nothing could interrupt their mutual peace; when an accident happened which, in some measure, diminished the husband's assurance of his wife's fidelity; for love so refined as his was subject to a thousand little disquietudes.

Happening to go one day alone among the tombs that lay at some distance from his house, he there perceived a lady dressed in the deepest mourning (being clothed all over in white), fanning the wet clay that was raised over one of the graves with a large fan, which she held in her hand. Choang, who had early been taught wisdom in the school of Lao, was unable to assign a cause for her present employment; and coming up, civilly demanded the reason. "Alas," replied the lady, her eyes bathed in tears, "how is it possible to survive the loss of my husband, who lies buried in this grave? He was the best of men, the tenderest of husbands; with his dying breath he bid me never marry again till the earth over his grave should be dry; and here you see me steadily resolving to obey his will, and endeavouring to dry it with my fan. I have employed two whole days in fulfilling his commands, and am determined not to marry till they are punctually obeyed, even though his grave should take up four days in drying."

Choang, who was struck with the widow's beauty, could not, however, avoid smiling at her haste to be married; but concealing the cause of his mirth, civilly invited her home, adding that he had a wife who might be capable of giving her some consolation. As soon as he and his guest were returned, he imparted to Hansi in private what he had seen, and could not avoid expressing his uneasiness that such might be his own case if his dearest wife should one day happen to survive him.

It is impossible to describe Hansi's resentment at so unkind a suspicion. As her passion for him was not only great, but extremely delicate, she employed tears, anger, frowns, and exclamations, to chide his suspicions: the widow herself was inveighed against; and Hansi declared she was resolved never to sleep under the same roof with a wretch who, like her, could be guilty of such barefaced inconstancy. The night was cold and stormy; however, the stranger was obliged to seek another lodging, for Choang was not disposed to resist, and Hansi would have her way.

The widow had scarce been gone an hour, when an old disciple of Choang's, whom he had not seen for many years, came to pay him a visit. He was received with the utmost ceremony, placed in the most honourable seat at supper, and the wine began to circulate with great freedom. Choang and Hansi exhibited open marks of mutual tenderness, and unfeigned reconciliation: nothing could equal their apparent happiness; so fond a husband, so obedient a wife, few could behold without regretting their own infelicity. When, lo! their happiness was at once disturbed by a most fatal accident. Choang fell lifeless in an apoplectic fit upon the floor. Every method was used, but in vain, for his recovery. Hansi was at first inconsolable for his death: after some hours, however, she found spirits to read his last will. The ensuing day, she began to moralise and talk wisdom; the next day, she was able to comfort the young disciple; and, on the third, to shorten a long story, they both agreed to be married.

There was now no longer mourning in the apartments; the body of Choang was now thrust into an old coffin, and placed in one of the meanest rooms, there to lie unattended until the time prescribed by law for his interment. In the meantime Hansi and the young disciple were arrayed in the most magnificent habits; the bride wore in her nose a jewel of immense price, and her lover was dressed in all the finery of his former master, together with a pair of artificial whiskers that reached down to his toes. The hour of their nuptials was arrived; the whole family sympathised with their approaching happiness; the apartments were brightened up with lights that diffused the most exquisite perfume, and a lustre more bright than noonday. The lady expected her youthful lover in an inner apartment with impatience; when his servant, approaching with terror in his countenance, informed her that his master was fallen into a fit, which would certainly be mortal, unless the heart of a man lately dead could be obtained, and applied to his breast. She scarcely waited to hear the end of his story, when, tucking up her clothes, she ran with a mattock in her hand to the coffin where Choang lay, resolving to apply the heart of her dead husband as a cure for the living. She therefore struck the lid with the utmost violence. Soon the coffin flew open, when the body, which to all appearance had been dead, began to move. Terrified at the sight, Hansi dropped the mattock, and Choang walked out, astonished at his own situation, his wife's unusual magnificence, and her more amazing surprise. He went among the apartments, unable to conceive the cause of so much splendour. He was not long in suspense before his domestics informed him of every transaction since he first became insensible. He could scarcely believe what they told him, and went in pursuit of Hansi herself in order to receive more certain information, or to reproach her infidelity. But she prevented his reproaches: he found her weltering in blood; for she had stabbed herself to the heart, being unable to survive her shame and disappointment.

Choang, being a philosopher, was too wise to make any loud lamentations: he thought it best to bear his loss with serenity; so, mending up the old coffin where he had lain himself, he placed his faithless spouse in his room; and unwilling that so many nuptial preparations should be expended in vain, he the same night married the widow with the large fan.

As they both were apprised of the foibles of each other beforehand, they knew how to excuse them after marriage. They lived together for many years in great tranquillity, and not expecting rapture, made a shift to find content-ment,

THE THREE WARNINGS.

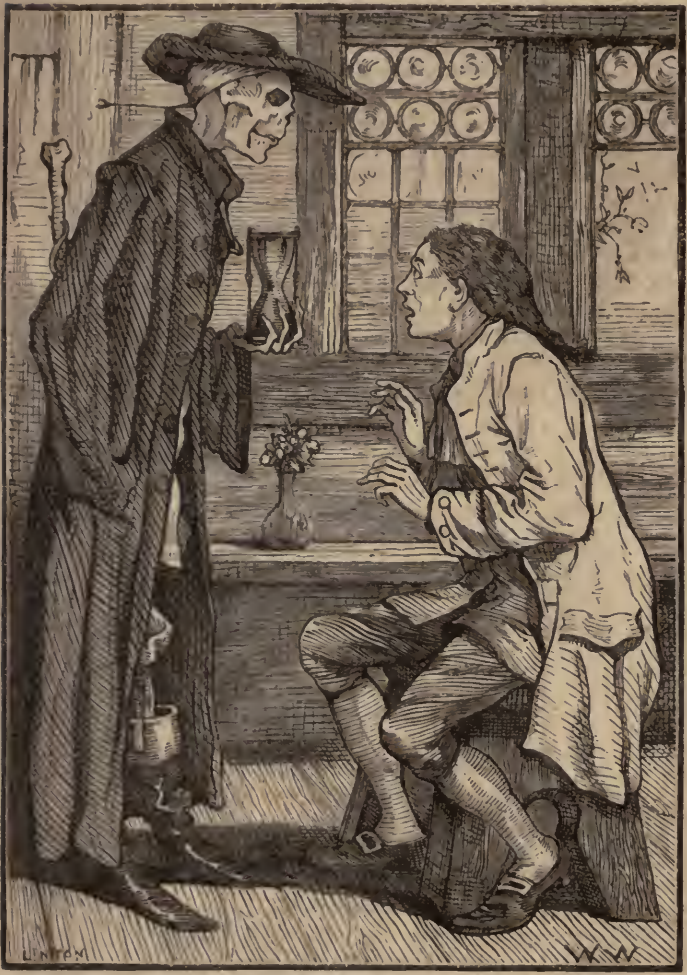
[Mrs. Thrale (afterwards Mrs. Piozzi). Born at Bodville, Carmarthen, in 1740. A great friend of Dr. Johnson. Died at Clifton, 1822.]

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
  That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
  The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave—"You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!" the hapless husband cried.
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day, you know."
What more he urged I have not heard,
  His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
  And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
"Neighbour," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave;
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
  And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say;
But, when I call again this way,
  Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,

How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near:
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.



(*Drawn by* W. WIEGAND.)

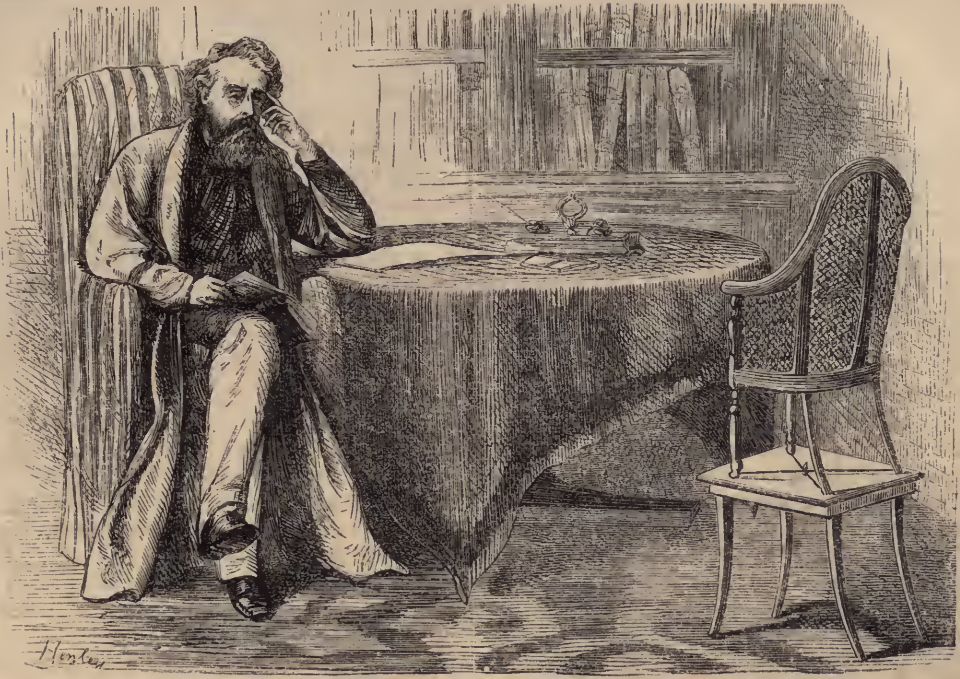
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."
"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal:
And your authority—is't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides, you promised me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings:
But for that loss of time and ease
I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best
I seldom am a welcome guest:
But don't be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

"Hold!" says the farmer; "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And, sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;
But still there's comfort left for you:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings;
So come along; no more we'll part,"
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.



(*Drawn by* L. C. Henley.)

THE CHANGELING.

[J. R. Lowell. *See Page* 41.]

I had a little daughter,
  And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
  To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
  Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of His infinite patience
  To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
  But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
  Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
  And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
  On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
  Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
  And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
  And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
  Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
  And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
  Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zincali
  But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door,
  My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
  A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
  And smiles as she never smiled.
When I wake in the morning, I see it
  Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
  Alone 'neath the awful sky;

As weak, yet as trustful also;
  For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
  Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander and dews drip earthward,
  Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
  A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
  I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly,
  And bliss it upon my breast;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
  And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
  Transfigures its golden hair.

CHARLES XII.

[Dr. Samuel Johnson, born September 18, 1709. Had a severe struggle to obtain recognition in literature. Died December 13, 1784.]

ON what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold, surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:
"Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain;
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the Polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of frost;
He comes, not want and cold his course delay;
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy supplicant to wait;
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand:
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

THE COLUBRIAD.

[William Cowper. *See Page* 39. The "Lines on the Death of a Favourite Cat," erroneously attributed to Cowper at page 105, are by Gray.]

Close by the threshold of a door nailed fast,
Three kittens sat; each kitten looked aghast.
I, passing swift and inattentive by,
At the three kittens cast a careless eye;
Not much concerned to know what they did there,
Nor deeming kittens worth a poet's care.
But presently, a loud and furious hiss
Caused me to stop, and to exclaim, "What's this?"
When lo! upon the threshold met my view,
With head erect, and eyes of fiery hue,
A viper long as Count de Grasse's queue.
Forth from his head his forkëd tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose;
Who, never having seen, in field or house,
The like, sat still and silent as a mouse;
Only projecting, with attention due,
Her whiskered face, she asked him, "Who are you?"
On to the hall I went, with pace not slow
But swift as lightning, for a long Dutch hoe:
With which, well armed, I hastened to the spot
To find the viper, but I found him not.
And turning up the leaves and shrubs around,
Found only that he was not to be found;
But still the kittens, sitting as before,
Sat watching close the bottom of the door.
"I hope," said I, "the villain I would kill
Has slipt between the door and the door-sill;
And if I make dispatch, and follow hard,
No doubt but I shall find him in the yard."
(For long ere now it should have been rehearsed.
'Twas in the garden that I found him first).
E'en there I found him: there the full-grown cat
His head with velvet paw did gently pat;
As curious as the kittens erst had been
To learn what this phenomenon might mean.
Filled with heroic ardour at the sight,
And fearing every moment he would bite,
And rob our household of our only cat
That was of age to combat with a rat;
With outstretched hoe I slew him at the door,
And taught him never to come there no more!

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM.

[E. A. Poe. *See Page* 8.]

I was sick—sick unto death with that long agony; and when they at length unbound me, and I was permitted to sit, I felt that my senses were leaving me. The sentence—the dread sentence of death—was the last of distinct accentuation which reached my ears. After that, the sound of the inquisitorial voices seemed merged in one dreamy indeterminate hum. It conveyed to my soul the idea of *revolution*—perhaps from its association in fancy with the burr of a mill-wheel. This only for a brief period; for presently I heard no more. Then silence, and stillness, and night were the universe.

I had swooned, but still will not say that all of consciousness was lost. What of it there remained I will not attempt to define, or even to describe; yet all was not lost. In the deepest slumber—no! In delirium—no! In a swoon—no! In death—no! Even in the grave all *is not* lost. Else there is no immortality for man.

Very suddenly there came back to my soul motion and sound—the tumultuous motion of the heart, and in my ears the sound of its beating. Then a pause in which all is blank. Then again sound, and motion, and touch—a tingling sensation pervading my frame. Then the mere consciousness of existence, without thought—a condition which lasted long. Then, very suddenly, *thought*, and shuddering terror, and earnest endeavour to comprehend my true state. Then a strong desire to lapse into insensibility. Then a rushing revival of soul and a successful effort to move. And now a full memory of the trial, of the judges, of the sable draperies, of the sentence, of the sickness, of the swoon. Then entire forgetfulness of all that followed—of all that a later day and much earnestness of endeavour have enabled me vaguely to recall.

So far, I had not opened my eyes. I felt that I lay upon my back, unbound. I reached out my hand, and it fell heavily upon something damp and hard. There I suffered it to remain for many minutes, while I strove to imagine where and *what* I could be. I longed, yet dared not to employ my vision. I dreaded the first glance at objects around me. It was not that I feared to look upon things horrible, but that I grew aghast lest there should be *nothing* to see. At length, with a wild desperation at heart, I quickly unclosed my eyes. My worst thoughts then were confirmed. The blackness of eternal night encompassed me. I struggled for breath. The intensity of the darkness seemed to oppress and stifle me. The atmosphere was intolerably close. I still lay quietly, and made effort to exercise my reason. I brought to mind the inquisitorial proceedings, and attempted from that point to deduce my real condition. The sentence had passed, and it appeared to me that a very long interval of time had since elapsed. Yet not for a moment did I suppose myself actually dead. Such a supposition, notwithstanding what we read in fiction, is altogether inconsistent with real existence: but where and in what state was I? The condemned to death, I knew, perished usually at the "auto-da-fés," and one of these had been held on the very night of the day of my trial. Had I been remanded to my dungeon to await the next sacrifice, which would not take place for many months? This I at once saw could not be. Victims had been in immediate demand. Moreover, my dungeon, as well as all the condemned cells at Toledo, had stone floors, and light was not altogether excluded.

A fearful idea now suddenly drove the blood in torrents upon my heart, and, for a brief period, I once more relapsed into insensibility. Upon recovering, I at once started to my feet, trembling convulsively in every fibre. I thrust my arms wildly above and around me in all directions. I felt nothing; yet dreaded to move a step, lest I should be impeded by the walls of a *tomb*. Perspiration burst from every pore, and stood in cold big beads upon my forehead. The agony of suspense grew at length intolerable, and I cautiously moved forward, with my arms extended, and my eyes straining from their sockets, in the hope of catching some faint ray of light. I proceeded for many paces; but still all was blackness and vacancy. I breathed more freely. It seemed evident that mine was not, at least, the most hideous of fates.

And now, as I still continued to step cautiously onward, there came thronging upon my recollection a thousand vague rumours of the horrors of Toledo. Of the dungeons there had been strange things narrated—fables I had always deemed them—but yet strange and too ghastly to repeat, save in a whisper.

My outstretched hands at length encountered some solid obstruction. It was a wall, seemingly of stone masonry—very smooth, slimy, and cold. I followed it up; stepping with all the careful distrust with which certain antique narratives had inspired me. This process, however, afforded me no means of ascertaining the dimensions of my dungeon; as I might make its circuit, and return to the point whence I set out, without being aware of the fact; so perfectly uniform seemed the wall. I therefore sought the knife which had been in my pocket when led to the inquisitorial chamber. But it was gone; my clothes had been exchanged for a wrapper of coarse serge. I had thought of forcing the blade in some minute crevice of the masonry, so as to identify my point of departure. The difficulty, nevertheless, was but trivial; although, in the disorder of my fancy, it seemed at first insuperable. I tore a part of the hem from the robe, and placed the fragment at full length, and at right angles to the wall. In groping my way around the prison, I could not fail to encounter this rag upon completing the circuit. So, at least, I thought; but I had not counted upon the extent of the dungeon, or upon my own weakness. The ground was moist and slippery. I staggered onward for some time, when I stumbled and fell. My excessive fatigue induced me to remain prostrate, and sleep soon overtook me as I lay.

Upon awaking, and stretching forth an arm, I found beside me a loaf and a pitcher with water.

I was too much exhausted to reflect upon this circumstance, but ate and drank with avidity. Shortly afterward I resumed my tour around the prison, and, with much toil, came at last upon the fragment of the serge. Up to the period when I fell, I had counted fifty-two paces, and, upon resuming my walk, had counted forty-eight more when I arrived at the rag. There were in all, then, a hundred paces; and, admitting two paces to the yard, I presumed the dungeon to be fifty yards in circuit. I had met, however, with many angles in the wall, and thus I could form no guess at the shape of the vault—for vault I could not help supposing it to be.

I had little object—certainly no hope—in these researches; but a vague curiosity prompted me to continue them. Quitting the wall, I resolved to cross the area of the enclosure. At first I proceeded with extreme caution, for the floor, although seemingly of solid material, was treacherous with slime. At length, however, I took courage, and did not hesitate to step firmly—endeavouring to cross in as direct a line as possible. I had advanced some ten or twelve paces in this manner, when the remnant of the torn hem of my robe became entangled between my legs. I stepped on it, and fell violently on my face.

In the confusion attending my fall, I did not immediately apprehend a somewhat startling circumstance, which yet, in a few seconds afterward, and while I still lay prostrate, arrested my attention. It was this: my chin rested upon the floor of the prison, but my lips and the upper portion of my head, although seemingly at a less elevation than the chin, touched nothing. At the same time, my forehead seemed bathed in a clammy vapour, and the peculiar smell of decayed fungus arose to my nostrils. I put forward my arm, and shuddered to find that I had fallen at the very brink of a circular pit, whose extent, of course, I had no means of ascertaining at the moment. Groping about the masonry just below the margin, I succeeded in dislodging a small fragment, and let it fall into the abyss. For many seconds I hearkened to its reverberations as it dashed against the sides of the chasm in its descent; at length there was a sudden plunge into water, succeeded by loud echoes. At the same moment, there came a sound resembling the quick opening and as rapid closing of a door overhead, while a faint gleam of light flashed suddenly through the gloom, and as suddenly faded away.

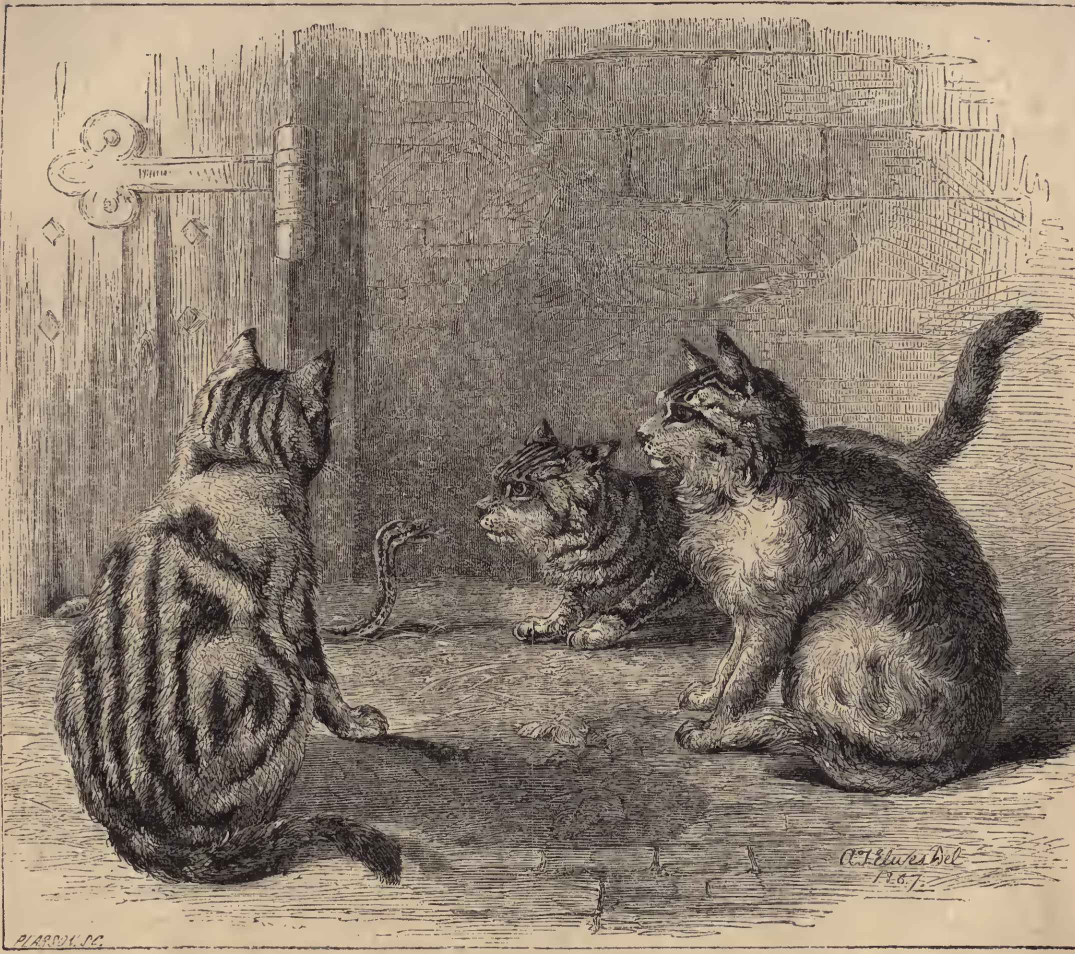
I saw clearly the doom which had been prepared for me, and congratulated myself upon the timely accident by which I had escaped. Another step before my fall, and the world had seen me no more; and the death, just avoided, was of that very character which I had regarded as fabulous and frivolous in the tales respecting the Inquisition. To the victims of its tyranny there was the choice of death with its direst physical agonies, or death with its most hideous moral horrors. I had been reserved for the latter.

Shaking in every limb, I groped my way back to the wall—resolving there to perish rather than risk the terrors of the wells, of which my imagination now pictured many in various positions about the dungeon. In other conditions of mind I might have had courage to end my misery at once, by a plunge into one of these abysses; but now I was the veriest of cowards. Neither could I forget what I had read of these pits—that the *sudden* extinction of life formed no part of their most horrible plan.

Agitation of spirit kept me awake for many long hours; but at length I again slumbered. Upon arousing, I found by my side, as before, a loaf and a pitcher of water. A burning thirst consumed me, and I emptied the vessel at a draught. It must have been drugged—for scarcely had I drunk before I became irresistibly drowsy. A deep sleep fell upon me—a sleep like that of death. How long it lasted, of course I know not; but when once again I unclosed my eyes, the objects around me were visible. By a wild, sulphurous lustre, the origin of which I could not at first determine, I was enabled to see the extent and aspect of the prison.

In its size I had been greatly mistaken. The whole circuit of its walls did not exceed twenty-five yards. In my first attempt at exploration I had counted fifty-two paces, up to the period when I fell; I must then have been within a pace or two of the fragment of serge—in fact, I had nearly performed the circuit of the vault. I then slept, and, upon awaking, I must have returned upon my steps—thus supposing the circuit nearly double what it actually was. My confusion of mind prevented me from observing that I began my tour with the wall to the left, and ended it with the wall to the right.

I had been deceived, too, in respect to the shape of the enclosure. In feeling my way, I had found many angles, and thus deduced an idea of great irregularity; so potent is the effect of total darkness upon one arousing from lethargy or sleep. The angles were simply those of a few slight depressions, or niches, at odd intervals. The general shape of the prison was square. What I had taken for masonry seemed now to be iron, or some other metal, in huge plates, whose sutures or joints occasioned the depression. The entire surface of this metallic enclosure was rudely daubed in all the hideous and repulsive devices to which the charnel superstition of the monks has given rise. The figures of fiends in aspects of menace, with skeleton forms, and other more really fearful images, overspread and disfigured the walls. I



(*Drawn by* A. J. Elwes.)

"Forth from his head his forkëd tongue he throws,
Darting it full against a kitten's nose."—*Page* 258.

observed that the outlines of these monstrosities were sufficiently distinct, but that the colours seemed faded and blurred, as if from the effect of a damp atmosphere. I now noticed the floor, too, which was of stone. In the centre yawned the circular pit from whose jaws I had escaped; but it was the only one in the dungeon.

All this I saw indistinctly and by much effort—for my personal condition had been greatly changed during slumber. I now lay upon my back, and at full length, on a species of low framework of wood. To this I was securely bound by a long strap resembling a surcingle. It passed in many convolutions about my limbs and body, leaving at liberty only my head, and my left arm to such extent, that I could, by dint of much exertion, supply myself with food from an earthen dish which lay by my side on the floor. I saw, to my horror, that the pitcher had been removed. I say, to my horror, for I was consumed with intolerable thirst. This thirst it appeared to be the design of my persecutors to stimulate—for the food in the dish was pungently seasoned.

Looking upward, I surveyed the ceiling of my prison. It was some thirty or forty feet overhead, and constructed much as the side walls. In one of its panels a very singular figure riveted my whole attention. It was the painted figure of Time as he is commonly represented, save that, in lieu of a scythe, he held what, at a casual glance, I supposed to be the pictured image of a huge pendulum, such as we see on antique clocks. There was something, however, in the appearance of this machine which caused me to regard it more attentively. While I gazed directly up at it (for its position was immediately over my own), I fancied that I saw it in motion. In an instant afterward the fancy was confirmed. Its sweep was brief, and of course slow. I watched it for some minutes, somewhat in fear, but more in wonder. Wearied at length with observing its dull movement, I turned my eyes upon the other objects in the cell.

A slight noise attracted my notice, and looking to the floor, I saw several enormous rats traversing it. They had issued from the well, which lay just within view to my right. Even then, while I gazed, they came up in troops, hurriedly, with ravenous eyes, allured by the scent of the meat. From this it required much effort and attention to scare them away.

It might have been half an hour, perhaps even an hour (for I could take but imperfect note of time), before I again cast my eyes upward. What I then saw confounded and amazed me. The sweep of the pendulum had increased in extent by nearly a yard. As a natural consequence, its velocity was also much greater. But what mainly disturbed me was the idea that it had perceptibly *descended*. I now observed—with what horror it is needless to say—that its nether extremity was formed of a crescent of glittering steel, about a foot in length from horn to horn; the horns upward, and the under edge evidently as keen as that of a razor. Like a razor also, it seemed massy and heavy, tapering from the edge into a solid and broad structure above. It was appended to a weighty rod of brass, and the whole *hissed* as it swung through the air.

I could no longer doubt the doom prepared for me by monkish ingenuity in torture.

What boots it to tell of the long, long hours of horror more than mortal, during which I counted the rushing oscillations of the steel? Inch by inch—line by line—with a descent only appreciable at intervals that seemed ages—down and still down it came! Days passed—it might have been that many days passed—ere it swept so closely over me as to fan me with its acrid breath. The odour of the sharp steel forced itself into my nostrils. I prayed—I wearied heaven with my prayer for its more speedy descent. I grew frantically mad, and struggled to force myself upward against the sweep of the fearful scimitar. And then I fell suddenly calm, and lay smiling at the glittering death, as a child at some rare bauble.

There was another interval of utter insensibility; it was brief; for, upon again lapsing into life, there had been no perceptible descent in the pendulum. But it might have been long, for I knew there were demons who took note of my swoon, and who could have arrested the vibration at pleasure. Upon my recovery, too, I felt very—oh, inexpressibly—sick and weak, as if through long inanition. Even amid the agonies of that period, the human nature craved food. With painful effort I outstretched my left arm as far as my bonds permitted, and took possession of the small remnant which had been spared me by the rats. As I put a portion of it within my lips, there rushed to my mind a half-formed thought of joy—of hope. Yet what business had *I* with hope? It was, as I say, a half-formed thought—man has many such, which are never completed. I felt that it was of joy—hope; but I felt also that it had perished in its formation. In vain I struggled to perfect—to regain it. Long suffering had nearly annihilated all my ordinary powers of mind. I was an imbecile—an idiot.

The vibration of the pendulum was at right angles to my length. I saw that the crescent was designed to cross the region of the heart. It would fray the serge of my robe—it would return and repeat its operations—again—and again. Notwithstanding its terrifically wide sweep (some thirty feet or more), and the hissing vigour of its descent, sufficient to sunder these very walls of iron, still the fraying of my robe would be all that for several minutes it would accomplish. And at this thought I paused. I dared not go farther than this reflection. I dwelt upon it with a pertinacity of attention, as if, in so dwelling, I could arrest *here* the descent of the steel. I forced myself to ponder upon the sound of the crescent as it should pass across the garment—upon the peculiar thrilling sensation which the friction of cloth produces on the nerves. I pondered upon all this frivolity until my teeth were on edge.

Down—steadily down it crept. I took a frenzied pleasure in contrasting its downward with its lateral velocity. To the right—to the left—far and wide—with the shriek of a damned spirit! to my heart, with the stealthy pace of a tiger!

Down—certainly, relentlessly down! It vibrated within three inches of my bosom! I struggled violently—furiously—to free my left arm. This was free only from the elbow to the hand. I could reach the latter, from the platter beside me, to my mouth, with great effort, but no farther.

Down—still unceasingly—still inevitably down; I gasped and struggled at each vibration. I shrunk convulsively at its every sweep.

I saw that some ten or twelve vibrations would bring the steel in actual contact with my robe, and with this observation there suddenly came over my spirit all the keen, collected calmness of despair. For the first time during many hours—or perhaps days—I *thought*. It now occurred to me that the bandage or surcingle which enveloped me was *unique*. I was tied by no separate cord. The first stroke of the razor-like crescent athwart any portion of the band would so detach it that it might be unwound from my person by means of my left hand. But how fearful, in that case, the proximity of the steel! The result of the slightest struggle, how deadly! Was it likely, moreover, that the minions of the torturer had not foreseen and provided for this possibility? Was it probable that the bandage crossed my bosom in the track of the pendulum? Dreading to find my faint, and, as it seemed, my last hope frustrated, I so far elevated my head as to obtain a distinct view of my breast. The surcingle enveloped my limbs and body close in all directions—*save in the path of the destroying crescent.*

Scarcely had I dropped my head back into its original position, when there flashed upon my mind what I cannot better describe than as the unformed half of that idea of deliverance to which I have previously alluded, and of which a moiety only floated indeterminately through my brain when I raised food to my burning lips. The whole thought was now present, feeble, scarcely sane, scarcely definite, but still entire. I proceeded at once, with the nervous energy of despair, to attempt its execution.

For many hours the immediate vicinity of the low framework upon which I lay had been literally swarming with rats. They were wild, bold, ravenous—their red eyes glaring upon me as if they waited but for motionlessness on my part to make me their prey. "To what food," I shudderingly reflected, "have they been accustomed in the well?"

They had devoured, in spite of all my efforts to prevent them, all but a small remnant of the contents of the dish. With the particles of the oily and spicy viand which now remained, I thoroughly rubbed the bandage wherever I could reach it; then, raising my hand from the floor, I lay breathlessly still.

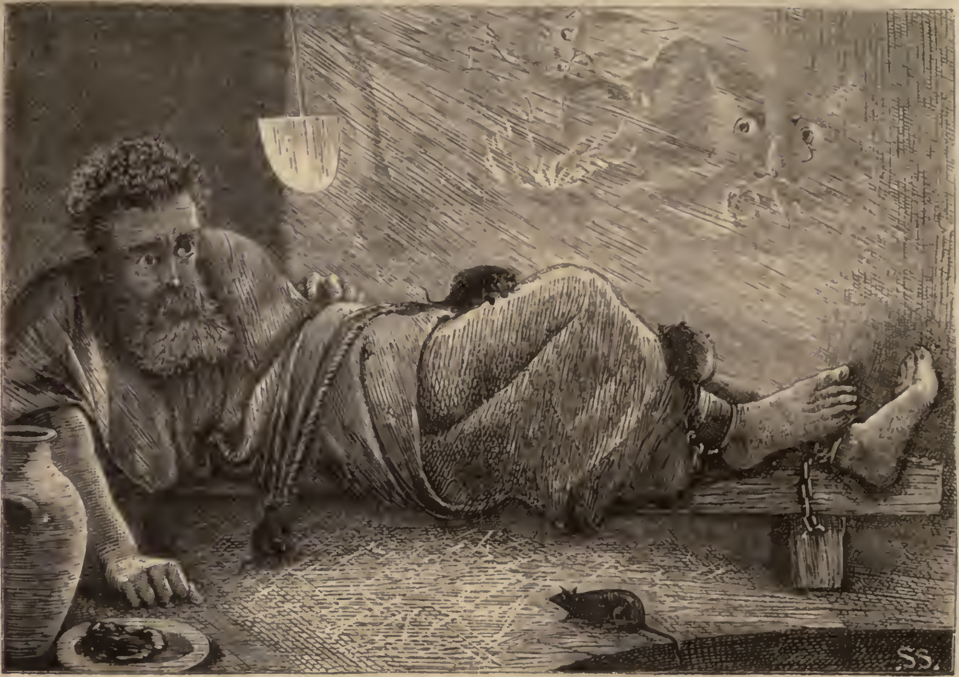
At first, the ravenous animals were startled and terrified at the change—at the cessation of movement. They shrank alarmed back; many sought the well. But this was only for a moment: I had not counted in vain upon their voracity. Observing that I remained without motion, one or two of the boldest leaped upon the frame-work, and smelt at the surcingle. This seemed the signal for a general rush. Forth from the well they hurried in fresh troops. They clung to the wood—they overran it, and leaped in hundreds upon my person. The measured movement of the pendulum disturbed them not at all. Avoiding its strokes, they busied themselves with the anointed bandage. They pressed, they swarmed upon me in ever-accumulating heaps. They writhed upon my throat; their cold lips sought my own; I was half stifled by their thronging pressure; disgust, for which the world has no name, swelled my bosom, and chilled, with a heavy clamminess, my heart. Yet one minute, and I felt that the struggle would be over. Plainly I perceived the loosening of the bandage. I knew that in more than one place it must be already severed. With a more than human resolution, I lay *still.*

Nor had I erred in my calculations—nor had I endured in vain. I at length felt that I was *free.* The surcingle hung in ribbons from my body; but the stroke of the pendulum already pressed upon my bosom. It had divided the serge of the robe. It had cut through the linen beneath. Twice again it swung, and a sharp sense of pain shot through every nerve. But the moment of escape had arrived. At a wave of my hand, my deliverers hurried tumultuously away. With a steady movement—cautious, sidelong, shrinking and slow—I slid from the embrace of the bandage, and beyond the reach of the scimitar. For the moment, at least, *I was free!*

Free! and in the grasp of the Inquisition! I had scarcely stepped from my wooden bed of horror upon the stone floor of the prison, when the motion of the hellish machine ceased, and I beheld it drawn up, by some invisible force, through the ceiling. This was a lesson which I took desperately to heart. My every motion was undoubtedly watched. Free! I had but escaped death in one form of agony to be delivered unto worse than death in some other. With that thought I rolled my eyes nervously around on the barriers of iron that hemmed me in. Something unusual—some change which, at first, I could not appreciate distinctly—it was obvious, had taken place in the apartment. For many minutes of a dreamy and trembling abstraction I busied myself in vain, unconnected conjecture. During this period I became aware, for the first time, of the origin of the sulphurous light which illumined the cell. It proceeded from a fissure, about half an inch in width, extending entirely around the prison at the base of the walls, which thus appeared, and were completely separated from the door. I endeavoured, but of course in vain, to look through the aperture.

As I rose from the attempt, the mystery of the alteration in the chamber broke at once upon my understanding. I have observed that, although the outlines of the figures upon the walls were sufficiently distinct, yet the colours seemed blurred and indefinite. These colours had now assumed, and were momentarily assuming, a startling and most intense brilliancy, that gave to the spectral and fiendish portraitures an aspect that might have thrilled even firmer nerves than my own. Demon eyes, of a wild and ghastly vivacity, glared upon me in a thousand directions, where none had been visible before, and gleamed with the lurid lustre of a fire that I could not force my imagination to regard as unreal.

Unreal! Even while I breathed there came to my nostrils the breath of the vapour of heated iron! A suffocating odour pervaded the prison! a deeper glow settled each moment in the eyes that glared at my agony! a richer tint of crimson

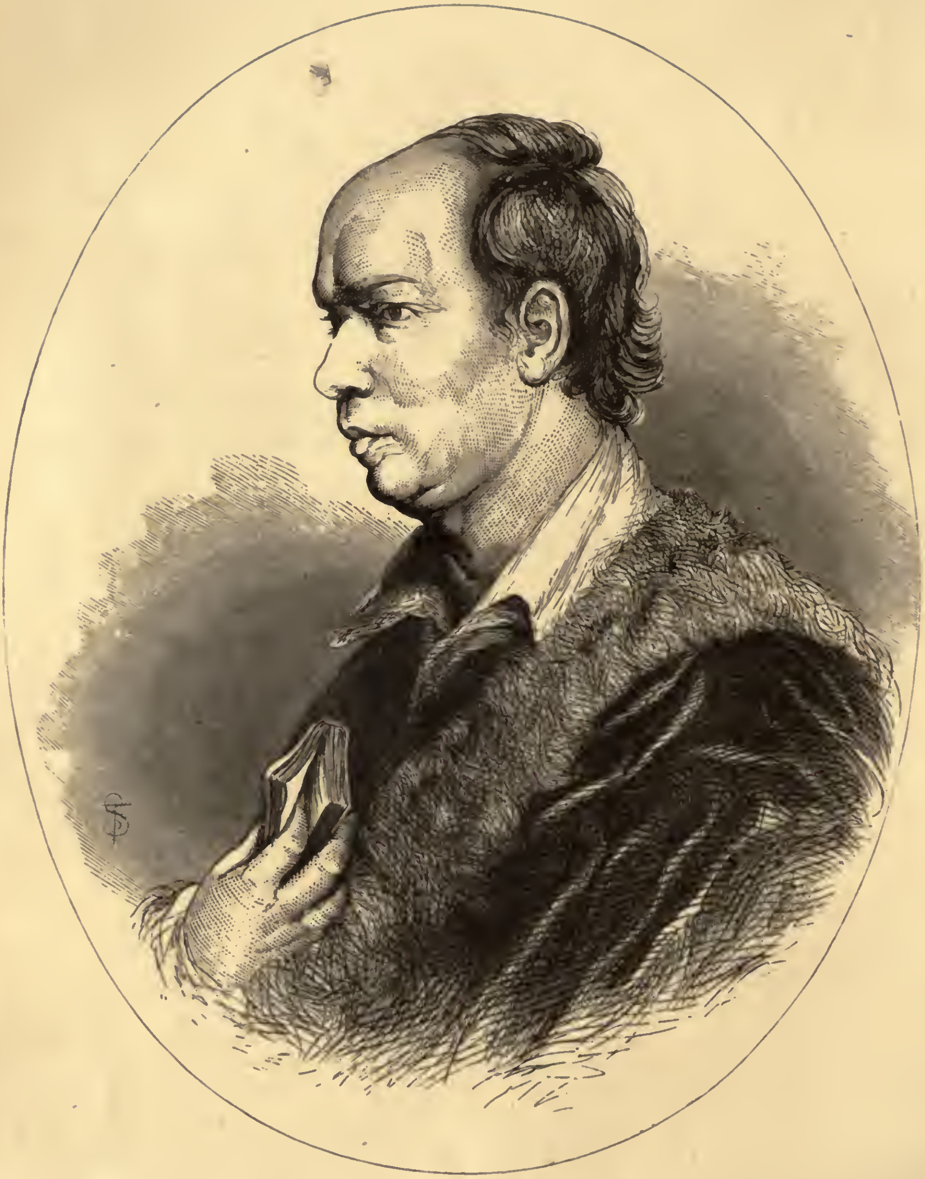


(*Drawn by* S. Smith.)

diffused itself over the pictured horrors of blood. I panted, I gasped for breath! There could be no doubt of the design of my tormentors; oh! most unrelenting, most demoniac of men! I shrank from the glowing metal to the centre of the cell. Amid the thought of the fiery destruction that impended, the idea of the coolness of the well came over my soul like balm, I rushed to its deadly brink. I threw my straining vision below. The glare from the enkindled roof illumined its inmost recesses. Yet, for a wild moment, did my spirit refuse to comprehend the meaning of what I saw. At length it forced—it wrestled its way into my soul—it burned itself in upon my shuddering reason. Oh! for a voice to speak!—oh! horror! oh! any horror but this! With a shriek, I rushed from the margin, and buried my face in my hands, weeping bitterly.

The heat rapidly increased, and once again I looked up, shuddering as with a fit of the ague. There had been a second change in the cell, and now the change was obviously in the *form*. As before, it was in vain that I at first endeavoured to appreciate or understand what was taking place. But not long was I left in doubt. The Inquisitorial vengeance had been hurried by my twofold escape, and there was to be no more dallying with the King of Terrors. The room had been square. I saw that two of its iron angles were now acute—two, consequently, obtuse, The fearful difference quickly increased with a low rumbling or moaning sound. In an instant the apartment had shifted its form into that of a lozenge. But the alteration stopped not here—I neither hoped nor desired it to stop. I could have clasped the red walls to my bosom as a garment of eternal peace. "Death," I said, "any death but that of the pit!" Fool! might I not have known that *into the pit* it was the object of the burning iron to urge me? Could I resist its glow? or if even that, could I withstand its pressure? And now, flatter and flatter grew the lozenge, with a rapidity that left me no time for contemplation. Its centre, and of course its greatest width, came just over the yawning gulf. I shrank back, but the closing walls pressed me resistlessly onward. At length for my seared and writhing body there was no longer an inch of foothold on the firm floor of the prison. I struggled no more, but the agony of my soul found vent in one loud, long, and final scream of despair. I felt that I tottered upon the brink—I averted my eyes——

There was a discordant hum of human voices! There was a loud blast as of many trumpets! There was a harsh grating as of thunders! The fiery walls rushed back! An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell, fainting, into the abyss. It was that of General Lasalle. The French army had entered Toledo. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies.


OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TO VIOLETS.

[Robert Herrick. *See Page* 130.]

Welcome, maids of honour,
You do bring
In the spring;
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

Y'are the Maiden Posies,
And so grac't,
To be plac't,
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By-and-by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

[Robert Southey, born 12th Aug., 1774. Partially educated at Westminster and Oxford. In early life was associated with Coleridge in a pantisocratical scheme. Laureate in 1813. Died 21st March, 1843.]

Nelson, having dispatched his business at Portsmouth, endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a by-way to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward, to obtain a sight of his face; many were in tears, and many knelt down before him, and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that, with perfect and entire devotion, he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength; and, therefore, they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England. They pressed upon the parapet to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels, who endeavoured to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd; and an officer who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets, was compelled speedily to retreat; for the people would not be debarred from gazing till the last moment upon the hero—the darling hero of England!

* * * * *

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball, fired from her mizen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he.

"I hope not," cried Hardy.

"Yes!" he replied; "my back-bone is shot through."

Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me."

All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck the crew of the *Victory* hurraed; and at every "hurra!" a visible expression of joy beamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? he must be killed! he is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?"

"Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?"

Hardy answered, "there was no fear of that."

Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me."

Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life.

"Oh, no," he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so."

Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under-tone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation?" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said: "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: "do you anchor." His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy!" And Hardy then left him—for ever. Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner;" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from their chimney-corner" to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and wise continue to live and to act after them.

THE CELANDINE.*

[Edward Capern. *See Page* 73.]

Dear Celandine! fresh from the green bank springing,
I hail thy visit to our world again;
I heard the skylark in the bright cloud singing,
I heard the thrush a-piping up the lane,
And saw the sun with lion-vigour flinging
The murky vapours from his golden mane.
Across my cheek the warm south wind came stealing,

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* By permission of the Author.

With pressure soft as gentle mother's hand;
And Zephyr whispered, "Celandine's revealing
Her glory somewhere in this lovely land."
And then I wandered where, all joyously,
The stream rushed downward to the clamouring mill,
And watched it foam and labour boisterously
To pour its force upon the water-wheel.
And now I've found thee, bright as star-fire glowing,
A little golden glory in the sun,
And feel new joy through all my being flowing,
As when I first beheld my only son.
'Tis passing strange, thou little thing enchanting,
That thou o'er me shouldst hold such sweet control,
As thus to make me wander, lone and panting,
To seek this rapt enthralment of the soul:
Yet so it is; I can't resist the pleasure;
I'd give a kingdom, had I one to give,
To dwell with thee, my pretty golden treasure,
And ever feel as I this moment live.
Where is thy little modest Primrose sister,
And pensive Snowdrop? Daisy, where is she?
It seems an age since I last saw and kissed her
All rain bewashed, upon the bleak, bare lea.
You say, "Where golden Daffodils are creeping
Through brambles tangled, there the Snowdrop's seen;
That Primrose from the mossy bank is peeping,
And from the hill-top little 'Daisy Queen.'"
A thank, my dear, I'm happier for this meeting—
I seem to feel I'm younger for it, too;
I'll hie to them, and give them each a greeting,
And tell them all the joy I've had with you.
Ye souls ambitious, tossed on every billow,
Or foundering on the sands of discontent,
Peace would ye have, let Nature make your pillow,
With flowers, and moss, and dewy gems besprent,
Go climb the hills where celandines and daisies,
And snowdrops with their primrose sisters rest;
Go list the birds, all jubilant of praises,
And calm the passions of your troubled breast;
And you, whose lives are fettered by restriction,
Whom fate has pent from this delightful sight,
And labour grim, and wearying affliction,
Have doomed to witness one perpetual night,
If ye should feel a joy within your bosom,
Whilst humming o'er my wild untutored lay,
I'll tell you why I plucked this fancy blossom—
To make the face of grief look glad and gay.

A TOWN WIT DESCRIBED.

[Oliver Goldsmith. *See Page* 10.]

When the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may be also conjectured, that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage on this occasion. Mr. Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next alehouse: but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining them all; for which, by-the-bye, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr. Burchell had hinted to us, the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception; but accident, in some measure, relieved our embarrassment; for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr. Thornhill observed, with an oath, that he never knew anything more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty: "For, strike me ugly," continued he, "if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock of St. Dunstan's." At this he laughed, and so did we: the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia, too, could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner I began with my usual toast, the Church; for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the Church was the only mistress of his affections.

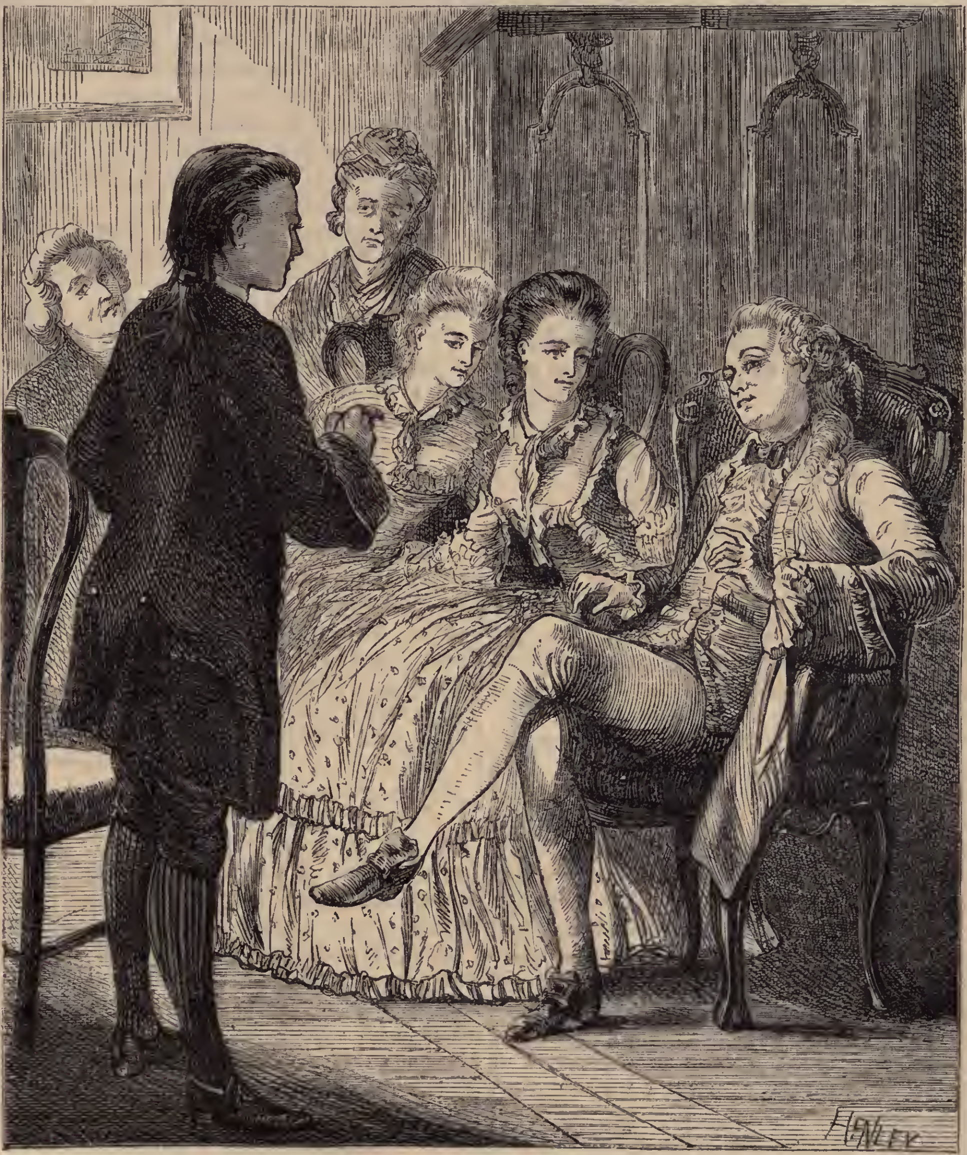
"Come, tell us honestly, Frank," said the squire, with his usual archness, "suppose the Church, your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves, on one hand, and Miss Sophia on the other, which would you be for?"

"For both, to be sure," cried the chaplain.

"Right, Frank," cried the squire: "for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation; for what are tithes and tricks but an imposition, all a confounded imposture? and I can prove it."

"I wish you would," cried my son Moses; "and I think," continued he, "that I should be able to answer you."

"Very well, sir," cried the Squire, who immediately smoked him, and winking on the rest of the company to prepare us for the sport: "if you are for a cool argument upon that subject, I am



(*Drawn by* L. C. Henley.)

ready to accept the challenge. And first, whether are you for managing it analogically or dialogically?"

"I am for managing it rationally," cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute.

"Good again," cried the squire: "and firstly, of the first, I hope you'll not deny that whatever is, is: if you don't grant me that, I can go no further."

"Why," returned Moses, "I think I may grant that, and make the best of it."

"I hope, too," returned the other, "you will grant that a part is less than the whole."

"I grant that too," cried Moses: "it is but just and reasonable."

"I hope," cried the squire, "you will not deny that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones."

"Nothing can be plainer," returned t'other, and looked round with his usual importance.

"Very well," cried the squire, speaking very quick; "the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe, that the concatenation of self-existence, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problematical dialogism, which, in some measure, proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable."

"Hold, hold," cried the other, "I deny that. Do you think I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?"

"What," replied the squire, as if in a passion, "not submit! Answer me one plain question. Do you think Aristotle right when he says that relatives are related?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the other.

"If so, then," cried the squire, "answer me directly to what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymem deficient *secundum quoad*, or *quoad minus?* and give me your reasons, give me your reasons, I say, directly."

"I protest," cried Moses, "I don't rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one single proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer."

"Oh, sir," cried the squire, "I am your most humble servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, sir! there, I protest, you are too hard for me."

This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal figure in a group of merry faces; nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humour, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him, therefore, a very fine gentleman; and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune, are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr. Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising, then, that such talents should win the affections of a girl who, by education, was taught to value an appearance in herself, and, consequently, to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory, as if it were her own.

"And now, my dear," cried she to me, "I'll fairly own that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?"

"Ay, who knows that, indeed!" answered I with a groan. "For my part, I don't much like it; and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity; for, depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no freethinker shall ever have a child of mine."

"Sure, father," cried Moses, "you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion may be involuntary with this gentleman; so that, allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet, as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for his errors, than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy."

"True, my son," cried I; "but if the governor invites the enemy there, he is justly culpable; and such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see, but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer. So that, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet, as we have been wilfully corrupt, or very negligent in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our folly."

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument. She observed that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were freethinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had had skill enough to make converts of their spouses. "And who knows, my dear," continued she, "what Olivia may be able to do? The girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and, to my knowledge, is very well skilled in controversy."

"Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read?" cried I. "It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands; you certainly over-rate her merit."

"Indeed, papa," replied Olivia, "she does not; I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the savage; and I am now employed in reading the controversy in Religious Courtship."

"Very well," cried I, "that's a good girl. I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pie."

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.

[George Wither, born in Hampshire, 1588. Served in the Parliamentary Army. Died 1667.]

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings, known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

[Michael Drayton, born at Hartshill, Warwickshire, 1563. Supposed to have been at Oxford and in the army. Poet Laureate in 1626. Died in 1631.]

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
With all his power.

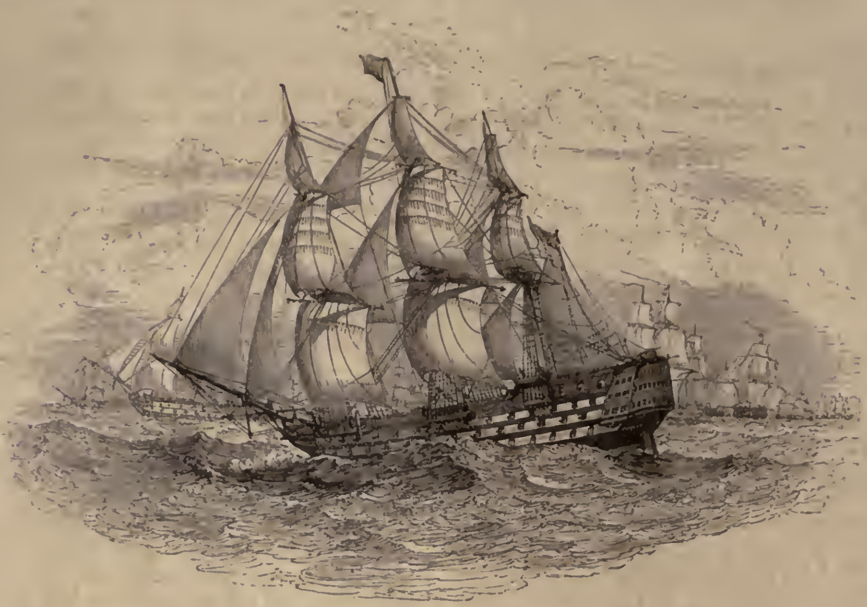
Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the King sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet, have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

"Poictiers and Cressy, tell
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat,
Lopt the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanward led;
With the main Henry sped,
Amongst his henchmen.
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there,—
Oh, ho! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!



"Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance."—*Page* 271.

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan—
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpinghame,
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

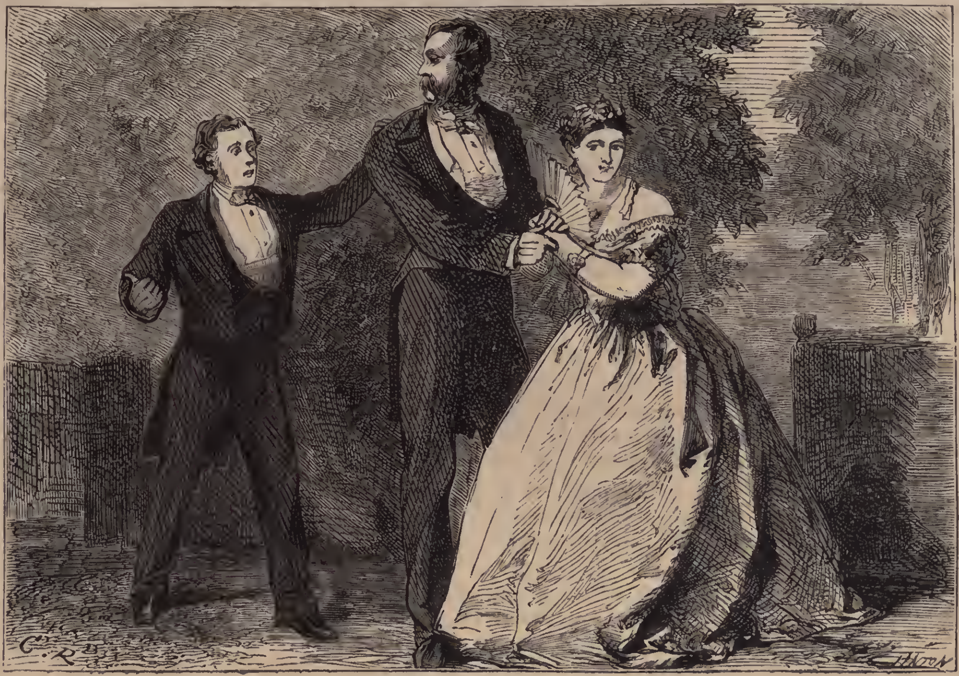
When down their bows they threw
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew:
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Glos'ter, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry;
Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?



(*Drawn by* C. Robinson.)

THE GARRISON HACK.*

[Mr. Sidney L. Blanchard is a son of the lamented Laman Blanchard. He is the author of several popular works, and a journalist of established repute.]

The new comer was not long in alighting, and while he did so Mr. Rocket discreetly retired out of eyeshot, for it was just possible that there might have been another occupant of the gharee in the shape of a lady; and, as ladies in India do not always look quite presentable when travelling by dâk, gentlemen in India make a point of sparing their feelings as far as possible. The new comer, however, was alone, though he told the servants he had a friend on the road, whom he had outstripped, owing to the unexpected alacrity of his horse during the last stage. Having ordered his luggage to be taken into a vacant room, he commanded a couple of chairs to be brought into the verandah, and, seating himself in true Indian fashion, took a survey of the scene, thus affording any person present a good opportunity of taking a survey of him. He was a tall man, of something more than forty, a trifle yellow and a trifle withered, and his cleanly-shaven face, the neatly clipped moustache alone excepted, contributed to the sternness of aspect which he seemed to cultivate. I may as well here mention that his name and style, as described on his baggage, were Major Martingale, and he was also of the Army of the Hon. the East India Company.

Acquaintanceships are soon made in India. The pair in the present case had met once before—some years previously—at a mess dinner, and they had heard of one another five hundred times since, in the course of service duties and social gossip. They were now as free as old friends, and chattered as men only can, on such short notice, who have interests, and hopes, and friends in common. The inevitable question—"How's promotion?"—was soon asked and answered on both sides; the dialogue being rife with such words as "steps," "bonuses," and other technicalities, with which I will not trouble the reader.

"You were at Cawnpore last year, I think you said?" the major presently remarked. "Of course you knew the brigadier?"

"The old Brig—old Crupper? Of course I did; acted as his brigade major, and should have got the puckar appointment but for my rank—and—and—well, I don't mind saying—a lady had something to do with it."

"What, his wife?"

"No; a young lady staying in the house."

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* By permission of the Author.

"Ah! then you have met Miss Barmecide?"

"Met her, my boy! I should like to know who had not met Bella Barmecide anywhere between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin. Why, she is as well known as the adjutant-general."

"I have heard of her," rejoined the major carelessly. "Do you know her precise position in the brigadier's family? She was no relative, I believe?"

"Not the slightest—that is to say, I do know what her precise position was—I mean that she was not the slightest relative. She was the daughter of a brevet captain, who died at Bayswater, after taking a premature pension.

"Well, Bella—we all called her Bella, you know—after skimming as much cream off an education as the skyblue of a semi-fashionable school would afford, was placed under the care of a lively aunt, who paid not the smallest attention to her, and who got rid of her once and for all by shipping her off to India. This she managed without much trouble or expense. The Cruppers agreed to receive her, and let her live with them until she got married, if the aunt would send her out. So the aunt was kind enough to pay her passage money by the P. and O., and launched her into deep water under that anomalous kind of guardianship known as the 'care of the captain,' who has usually a dozen or so of young ladies so placed every voyage, and who has all the passengers under his care, if you come to that. Bella was the mildest of girls in England; but there is nothing like sea air to bring out truth and nature. There are many persons, I believe, whose characters may be said to be written in invisible ink so long as they remain on land; let them loose on a voyage, and they come out in bold relief, as before a blazing fire. Bella Barmecide was one of these. She began to flirt before she was out of Southampton Water, and she was flirting when she reached Garden Reach, at Calcutta; nor did she leave off then, as I suppose you know, if you have heard much about her. She was desperately ill in the Bay, as most young ladies are; but the ruling passion was superior to sea-sickness, and she made her malady as powerful a weapon as anybody else would have made her health. When a girl is fit for nothing else, she can generally become 'interesting,' and when she ceases to amuse, she can, at any rate, excite sympathy. Bella made the most of her opportunities, you may be sure; and by remaining quiet at first, kept curiosity, at least, alive. By the time we reached Gib, she was doing immense execution in the languid line, and by the time we got to Malt* she had established a complete empire over the admirers of vivacity and dash. By this time she had several promising flirtations on hand.

"Her arrival in Calcutta was not, perhaps, very glorious. She had made the mistake of cultivating only the male sex, who, of course, could not offer to receive her; and, having incurred by this means the mortal enmity of every lady on board, of course none of these would have anything to do with her. There were two or three married fellows, to be sure, among her particular friends, but even these did not choose to take the responsibility of introducing her at their homes; so she was thrown back, after all, upon her formal protector, the ship's captain, who was glad to drop her at a boarding-house on shore, whence she found her way up country to her friends as she best might. She was just a little depressed, I heard, at this contretemps, but recovered herself on taking her place as the new spin† of a Mofussil station. Here she was all in her glory, and it would be difficult to say whether she made a greater fool of herself or of other people. The old Brig to whom she went out was not a Brig at that time; and whether upon regimental or other duty, he was somehow marched about in a merciless manner. During the five years which elapsed from the arrival of Bella to his getting the Cawnpore Brigade, he was at some half-dozen different stations in the north-west provinces and the Punjaub, and Bella contrived to gain additional experience by being asked about on visits; for she found it easier to get people to receive her when she had powerful protectors, though her 'carrying on' was just as bad as it had been on board ship.

"To do her justice, I don't think she cared for any of the men whom she made love to, or whom she allowed to make love to her. She liked the fun, she said; and I believe that was all she did like. As soon as things began to get serious with a man, she cut him, and there was an end to the business. You may be sure that the majority of the men did not treat her with much more respect than she treated them. The jokes about her at the mess were awful; and sensible fellows were at last ashamed of being seen doing spotted dog or door-knocker‡ to her any longer. But, as most men are not sensible, of course there was no want as far as numbers were concerned. The only man or two to whom she paid any serious attention, I am bound to say, jilted her mercilessly, and she was more than once the subject of practical jokes of a rather mortifying character, the authors of which could never be traced. Once, I remember, when a regimental fellow proposed to her, she declared she would never marry any officer unless he had a staff appointment. A few days afterwards, when all the station was out in the early morning, a remarkably fine specimen of an adjutant (I mean the bird, of course) was found tied to old Crupper's gate-post, with a pair of spurs attached to his heels, and a label fastened to his leg, after the manner of a presentation turkey at Christmas-time, upon which was inscribed — 'For Miss Barmecide.' Everybody laughed, of course, and the joke was communicated, by 'our own correspondent,' to the *Delhi Gazette;* 'our own correspondent,' I have no doubt, being one of the perpetrators of the mischief.

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* "Gib" and "Malt," are military for Gibraltar and Malta.

* *Spin*, Indian for spinster.

† *Spotted dog* and *Door-knocker*. Riding beside the carriage and calling at the house.

"At last, affairs began to grow serious. Mamma Crupper, as well as the Brig, remonstrated with her seriously upon the imprudence of her conduct as affecting her prospects in life, and even gave her broad hints as to the pecuniary responsibility which they were incurring on her behalf. This indeed, began to assume dimensions beyond a joke; for, although the aunt had made judicious arrangement with a Calcutta milliner that her bills were to stand over until her marriage, when of course her husband would pay, the milliner naturally grew anxious. Credit, like art, is long; but time is fleeting, and the Brig received portentous warnings that if Miss Barmecide did not choose to get a husband, somebody else must see to the bills: and this was an alternative that the Brig, who had been all his life in India, was deep in the banks, and had only just begun to liquidate his subaltern's debts, by no means relished. After a great struggle, I believe, Bella condescended to change her tactics. She was in no great hurry to do so, as she imagined that she had but to hold up her finger to have a ring put upon it then and there; but when she condescended to make the experiment, she found she had gone just a little too far; that she had reckoned, in fact, without her host—of admirers.

"You ask," pursued Rocket, who had had the talking tolerably well to himself all this time, "when I was acquainted with the young lady. Well, it was at Cawnpore, a year ago; and then, I don't mind confessing, that I made a fool of myself, like the rest."

"I should like to know how you managed that?" said Martingale, looking just a little sarcastic.

"Well, you shall," said Rocket, who was more occupied with his own recollections than with his companion, and was talking, I fancy, rather to please himself than anybody else. "Well, you shall. This is how it happened. There was a ball one night—there was always a ball at that time at Cawnpore—and Miss Barmecide was there as a matter of course. I had not been long at the station, but had already been fortunate enough to earwig my way into the post of brigade major—only officiating of course. My duties took me a great deal to the house, as the Brig held his office there; and somehow I found myself before long as regular an attendant at the tiffin-table as the *tunda moorghee** itself. Sometimes I stayed on all day and dined, and nearly always I was pressed into the service to go out riding or driving with the family, or it might be with Bella alone. As for the brigade business, it got shamefully neglected. The office was fast being transferred to the drawing-room—the whole business being transacted on sofas, ottomans, or anywhere most convenient. As to attending to any etiquette as regarded uniform, I soon gave that up; if the Brig didn't care, why should I?

"Well, in the mean time, I was a little taken with this girl, I must confess, notwithstanding her foolish way of going on and getting herself talked about; and at the ball I mentioned just now I was as nearly taking the fatal plunge as could well be. It was after supper—of course it was, you will say—and we had just finished a particularly wild *galop*, and having got hotter than anybody ever was before—as well we might, for though the *punkahs* were going, the *thermantidotes*† would not work—we had gone out on to the verandah to cool ourselves. The verandah was not cool enough, so we descended into the garden, and there, as we walked up and down a path separated by a row of orange-trees from the house, as well as from the band, which was playing in the open air close to the verandah, the sweet moonlight, and the soft atmosphere, and the charming character of the scene generally, had such an effect upon me that I felt myself suddenly impelled to make a declaration of love. As to what followed, I confess to being a little confused. It was after supper, as I told you, and the air had set my head swimming coming from the hot room. I know, however, that I could not have said *much*, as to quantity, when I heard myself addressed by name, and the next moment a hand was laid upon my shoulder by a small ensign who could scarcely reach it, but who told me hurriedly that the Brig was ill, and that Miss Barmecide was wanted immediately—to go home. We hurried back accordingly, my head getting suddenly clear, and then I found that just what I anticipated had come to pass. The Brig, without having exactly taken too much, had become indisposed, not exactly through having taken too little. He had no head left, especially in hot weather, for the slightest excess, and, as he could scarcely keep his eyes open, it was desirable to get him away as soon as possible, to save scandal. Accordingly, he and his party were put into their carriage, and I returned to my bungalow very soon after, with a vague idea of something being the matter. Nor was my idea entirely unfounded.

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* Cold fowl.

† *Punkahs*—fans hung from the ceiling. *Thermantidotes*—machines for pumping cold air into the room.

"The next day I received a note in the well-known writing of Bella Barmecide, asking me whether what I had said to her in the garden the night before had any meaning, or whether I was only taking advantage of her unprotected condition to trifle with her feelings. I was requested to return an early answer, as it would be 'quite' impossible for us to meet again without an understanding upon the point.

"I never was more puzzled in my life. I had not the smallest recollection of what I had said, but I knew that I had not had time to say much, so that it must have been very strong, whatever it was, to have warranted such a letter. I did not dare reply at once. Fortunately, my business at the brigade office had been dispatched early in the morning, the brigadier keeping his room all day, and relieving me from any further attendance. Bella's letter had been sent to my bungalow, and I found it on my return to a late breakfast. So I thought I would go over and tiff at the mess, by way of a novelty, and take counsel's opinion of one or two of the steadiest-going of my brother officers as to how I should get out of the scrape.

"I drove over accordingly. The fellows had just sat down when I entered the mess-room, and there was a general chorus of congratulation at my re-appearance among them in the day-time; indeed, I had even dined but seldom with them since my appointment to the staff and Miss Barmecide's affections. But I soon found I was a marked man among them. Some jest had evidently got about at my expense, and I could not but fancy that it had something to do with Miss Barmecide. At last I got hold of one of my more discreet friends, and told him all about the affair of the night before, and the letter I had received that morning. My discreet friend burst into a fit of laughter, and drew me into the verandah, out of earshot of the rest.

"'Be under no fear,' said he, 'of the letter; it's all a hoax; I heard them talking about it this morning at *chota hazree*.* Young Cowslip, the greatest rip that ever missed parade, heard you, as he describes it, *spooning* with Bella, and the result has been a little attempt at forgery, which, it seems, has proved successful.'

"The load was off my mind. I was ready to dance with joy. I did nothing more absurd, however, than rushing back to the mess-room and embracing Cowslip with tremendous demonstrations of affection, and telling him and the rest that I had found out their plot, but forgave them all in consideration of my delight at the discovery. The afternoon, I need scarcely say, was spent in thorough enjoyment.

"We sat so late that it was out of the question going to the band, the strains of which were borne upon the breeze while we were yet over our cheroots. Suddenly I remembered that I was engaged out to dinner that night. It was then sunset. There was just time to go home, bathe and dress, and put in an appearance. These processes I punctually performed, and made such haste that I was early instead of late at my destination.

"There was only one person present when I entered the drawing-room—a lady. She was looking over a scrap-book. She raised her head when I appeared. It was—Miss Barmecide!

"There seemed no reason why I should be confused at meeting her; so, though I felt awkward at first, I went up to her and entered into conversation in my old familiar way. To my astonishment, she made no reply, would not meet my eye, but buried herself in the scrap-book, like the ostrich in the sand, as if to ignore anything that she did not see. We were both relieved when our hostess appeared, and other guests began to arrive. Fortunately, nobody noticed that Miss Barmecide and myself were 'cuts;' so no remark was made upon the fact. If anybody *had* noticed it, by the way, they could not have wondered more at the possible meaning than I did myself.

"It was not until my arrival at the brigade office next day that the truth of the matter came out. *There* I found a letter, purporting to come from Miss Barmecide, but of so transparent a character, both as to handwriting and diction, that it would not have deceived me for two minutes. This was the mess hoax. The other letter was Miss Barmecide's genuine missive.

"What followed need not take long in telling. I attempted explanations of my conduct, but they were of no avail. To be sure, I did not renew my offer of marriage, which, it seems, I had made in most decided—however brief—terms in the garden; and this, I suppose, had something to do with the reception of my *amende*. Poor Bella was furious, so was Mrs. Crupper; and, as the Brig told me that the continuance of our official relations would be inconvenient after what had occurred, I took the hint and resigned. I got leave to the Hills next day, and have never since seen the lady who, but for the hoax played upon me, would most likely be at the present moment Mrs. Edward Rocket, otherwise Mrs. Lieutenant Rocket, by courtesy of the trades people."

Major Martingale made no remark when Rocket had concluded his story. He might have done so, indeed, but the noise of another dâk gharee entering the compound distracted the attention of both

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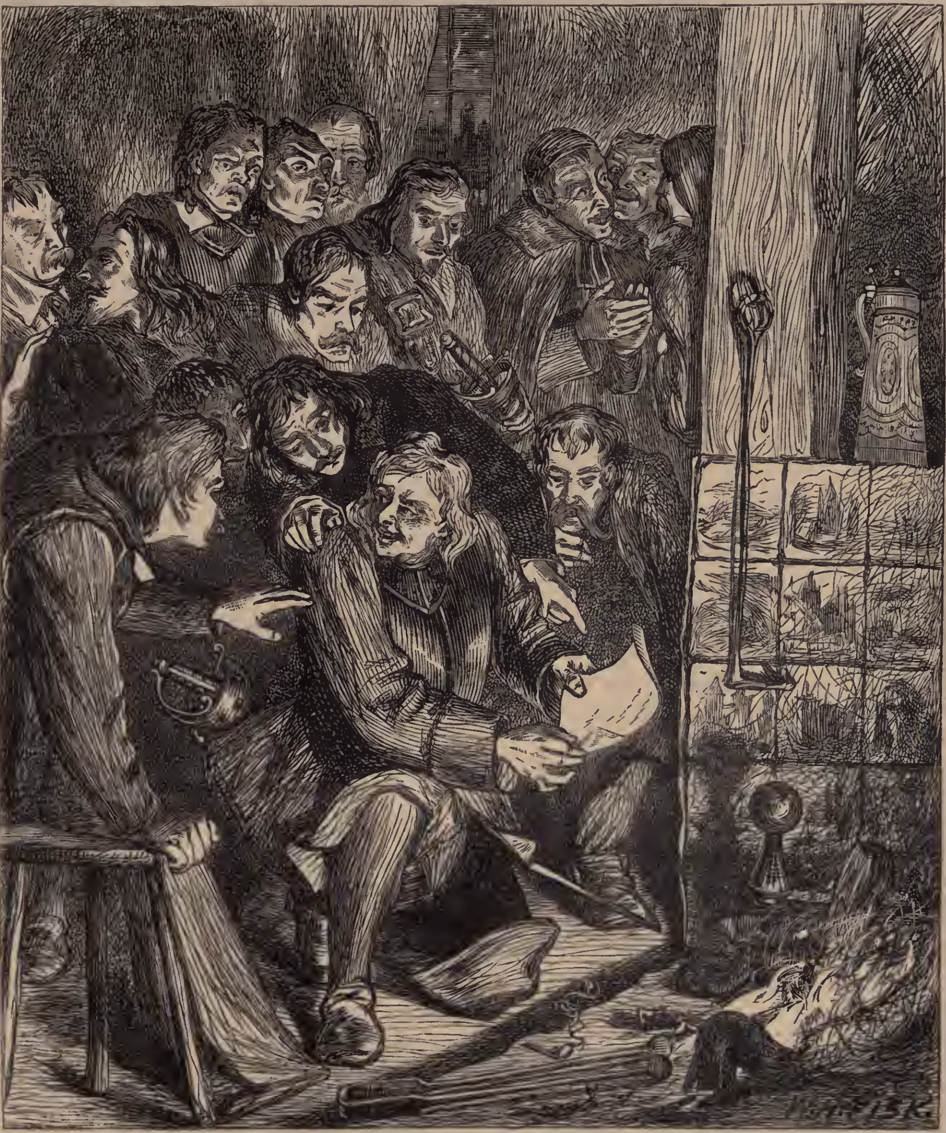
* Little breakfast taken early in the morning in India.



(*Drawn by* W. H. Fisk)

THE JACOBITES' CLUB.

(*See Page* 278.)

gentlemen from the subject in hand. The gharee stopped close to that which was waiting for the major, and in full view of both him and his companion, who somehow never thought of removing out of eyeshot this time, but kept his seat. A native ayah seated on the top between two portmanteaus, and in the cheerful society of a poodle and a parrot, was presumptive evidence that the occupant was a lady. A great deal had to be done, however, before the lady could be extricated. Shawls, cloaks, and little boxes and parcels were handed out and taken into the house; and the mysterious directions and running backwards and forwards incident to their removal occupied no little time. At last the lady herself emerged. Her figure was nearly concealed by a large mantle, but a sufficiently coquettish turban-hat, worn without a veil, left no mystery as to her face. It was a pretty face, but had been prettier, being worn at present, and sadly wanting in the charm of good humour. The blue eyes and fair hair alone retained their best looks.

As the lady alighted from the carriage, she turned her head, as if for somebody to help her, and, looking round, her eye met that of Edward Rocket. Both were equally unprepared for the meeting. The lady screamed, and ran into the house. Rocket started to his feet, exclaiming to his companion—

"By Jove, Martingale, it's Bella Barmecide herself!"

"I am well aware of the fact," was the dry reply. "I was waiting for her. I was married to her last Tuesday."

THE JACOBITES' CLUB.*

[W. G. Thornbury. *See Page* 54.]

One threw an orange in the air,
And caught it on his sword;
Another crunched the yellow peel,
With his red heel on the board;
A third man cried, "When Jackson comes
Into his large estate,
I'll pave the old hall down in Kent,
With golden bits of eight."

One turning with a meaning wink,
Fast double-locked the door,
Then held a letter to the fire—
It was all blank before,
But now it's ruled with crimson lines,
And cyphers odd and quaint;
They cluster round, and nod, and laugh,
As one invokes a saint,

He pulls a black wig from his head;
He's shaven like a priest;
He holds his finger to his nose,
And smiles, "The wind blows east,
The Dutch canals are frozen, sirs;
I don't say anything,
But when you play at ombre next,
Mind that I lead a king."

"Last night at Kensington I spent,
'Twas gay as any fair;
Oh, how they stared to find that bill
Stuck on the royal chair.
Some fools cried 'Treason!'—some 'A plot!'
I slipped behind a screen,
And when the guards came fussing in,
Sat chatting with the Queen."

"I," cried a third, "was printing songs,
In a garret in St. Giles',
When I heard the watchman at the door,
And flew up on the tiles.
The press was lowered into the vault,
The types into a drain:
I think you'll own, my trusty sirs,
I have a ready brain."

A frightened whisper at the door,
A bell rings—then a shot:
"Shift, boys, the Orangers are come;
Pity! the punch is hot."
A clash of swords—a shout—a scream,
And all abreast in force;
The Jacobites, some twenty strong,
Break through and take to horse.

QUEEN MAB.

[William Shakespeare. *See Page* 33.]

OH, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers;
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice!

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* By kind permission of the Author.

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plaits the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

THE TROUBLES OF A YOUNG THIEF.

[Daniel Defoe. *See Page* 111.]

I have often thought since, and with some mirth too, how I once had really more wealth than I knew what to do with; namely, my share of the plunder; for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pocket, but such as was full of holes; I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me; for being a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries; and now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell; and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold all but fourteen shillings; and that is to say, it was four guineas, and that fourteen shillings was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone awhile, my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up, and wrapt it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, I wish I had it in a foul clout: in truth, I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul, according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

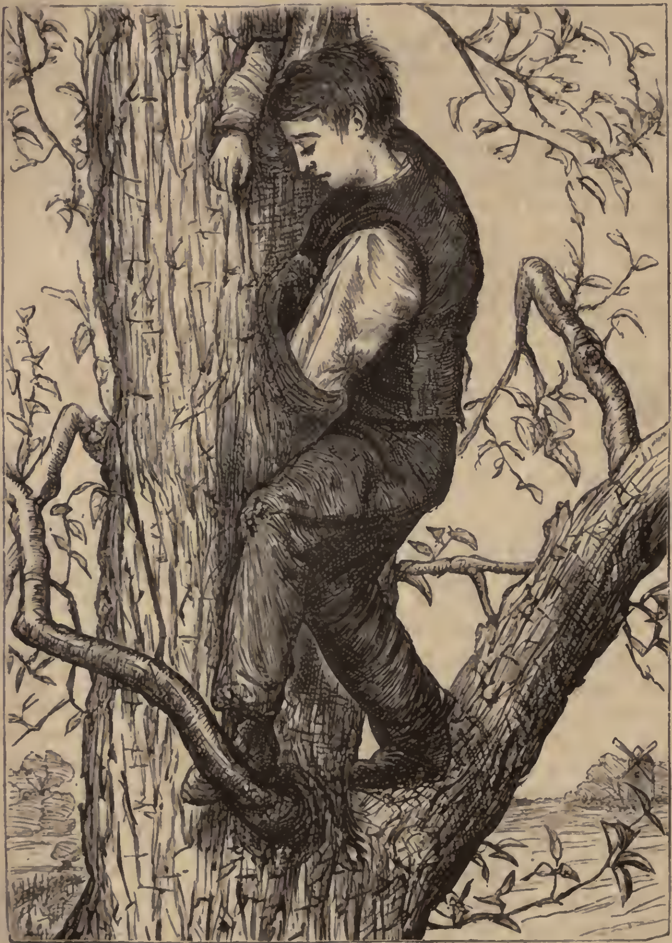
Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it. If I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it, or robbed of it, or some trick or other put upon me for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom; but then sleep went from my eyes. Oh, the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar boy, could not sleep, so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who, before that, could have slept upon a heap of brickbats, stones, or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while; then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money; which, if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough, and this was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day, I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney, and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for, after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it; and it perplexed me so, that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over, the case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell. At last it came into my head that I should look out for some hole in a tree, and seek to hide it there, till I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree. But there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile End that looked fit for my purpose; and if there were any, that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people, that they would see if I went to hide anything there.

This drove me farther off, and I crossed the road at Mile End, and away to the "Blind Beggar's" at Bethnal Green. When I got a little way in the lane, I found a footpath over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought. At last, one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it, and when I came there, I put my hand in, and found, as I thought, a place very fit; so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it; but behold, putting my hand in again, to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for 'twas a vast great tree.

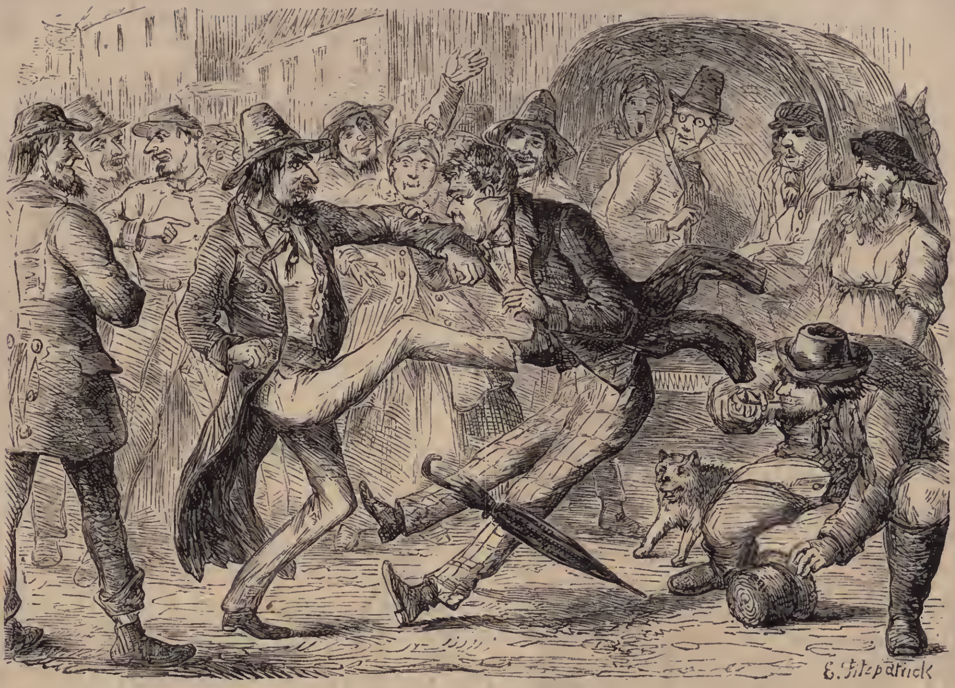

(*Drawn by* J. OAKES.)

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it. Well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow; but no bottom was to be found, nor any end of the hole or cavity. I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way; but all was one. Then I cried, nay, roared out, I was in such a passion. Then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again, till I scratched my arm and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently. Then I began to think I had not so much as a halfpenny of it left for a halfpenny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again. Then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped. Then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again; and thus I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree, I happened to come down, not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also; and behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have; and looking in the open place, to my inexpressible joy, there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up, just as I had put it into the hole; for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I hallooed quite out aloud when I saw it; I then ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other, and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing; either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I ran about, and knew not what I did; but when that was over, I sat down, opened the foul clout the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a-crying as violently as I did before, when I thought I had lost it.



(*Drawn by* E. FITZPATRICK.)

THRILLING SCENES IN DIXIE.

[CHARLES F. BROWNE, known to the world as "Artemus Ward," was born at Waterford, in Maine, in 1834. He began life as a printer, but his humorous genius speedily made itself known and admired. His lamented death, at the early age of three-and-thirty, took place on the 6th of March, 1867, at Southampton.]

I HAD a narrer scape from the sonny South. "The swings and arrers of outrajus fortin," alluded to by Hamlick, warn't nothin in comparison to my trubles. I come pesky near swearin sum profane oaths more'n onct, but I hope I didn't do it, for I've promist she whose name shall be nameless (except that her initials is Betsy J.) that I'll jine the Meetin House at Baldinsville, jest as soon as I can scrape money enuff together so I can 'ford to be piuss in good stile, like my welthy nabers. But if I'm confisticated agin I'm fraid I shall continner on in my present benited state for sum time.

I figgered conspicyusly in many thrillin scenes in my tower from Montgomry to my humsted, and on sevril occasions I thought "the grate komick paper" wouldn't be inriched no more with my lubrications. Arter biddin adoo to Jefferson D., I started for the depot. I saw a nigger sittin on a fence a-playin on a banjo. "My Afrikan Brother," sed I, coting from a track I onct red, "you belong to a very interesting race. Your masters is going to war excloosively on your account."

"Yes, boss," he replied, "an' I wish 'em honorable graves!" and he went on playin the banjo, larfin all over and openin his mouth wide enuff to drive in an old-fashioned two-wheeled chaise.

The train of cars in which I was to trust my wallerable life was the scaliest, rickytiest lookin lot of consarns that I ever saw on wheels afore. "What time does this string of second-hand coffins leave?" I inquired of the depot master. He sed direckly, and I went in and sot down. I hadn't more'n fairly squatted afore a dark-lookin man with a swinister expression onto his countenance entered the cars, and lookin very sharp at me, he axed what was my principles?

"Secesh!" I ansered. "I'm a Dissoluter. I'm in favor of Jeff Davis, Bowregard, Pickens, Capt. Kidd, Bloobeard, Munro Edards, the devil, Mrs. Cunningham and all the rest of 'em."

"You're in favor of the war?"

"Certingly. By all means. I'm in favor of this war, and also of the next war. I've been in favor of the next war for over sixteen years!"

"War to the knife!" sed the man.

"Blud, Eargo, blud!" sed I, tho them words isn't origgernal with me. Them words was rit by Shakspeare, who is ded. His mantle fell onto the author of "The Seven Sisters," who's goin to hav a spring overcoat made out of it.

We got under way at larst, an' proceeded on our jerney at about the rate of speed which is ginrally obsarved by properly-conducted funeral processions. A hansum yung gal, with a red muskeeter bar on the back of her hed, and a sassy little black hat tipt over her forrerd, sot in the seat with me. She wore a little Sesesh flag pin'd onto her hat, and she was goin for to see her troo love, who had jined the Southern army, all so bold and gay. So she told me. She was chilly, and I offered her my blanket.

"Father livin?" I axed.

"Yes, sir."

"Got any uncles?"

"A heap. Uncle Thomas is ded, tho."

"Peace to Uncle Thomas's ashes, and success to him! I will be your Uncle Thomas! Lean on me, my pretty Seceshor, and linger in blissful repose!" She slept as secoorly as in her own housen, and didn't disturb the sollum stillness of the night with 'ary snore!

At the first station a troop of sojers entered the cars, and inquired if "Old Wax Works" was on bored. That was the disrespectiv stile in which they referred to me. "Becawz if Old Wax Works is on bored," sez a man with a face like a double-brested lobster, "we're going to hang Old Wax Works!"

"My illustrious and patriotic Bummers!" sez I, a-gittin up and takin orf my shappo, "if you allude to A. Ward, it's my pleasin dooty to inform you that he's ded. He saw the error of his ways at fifteen minits parst two yesterday, and stabbed hisself with a stuffed sled-stake, dying in five beautiful tabloos to slow music! His larst words was: 'My perfeshernal career is over! I jerk no more!'"

"And who be you?"

"I'm a stoodent in Senater Benjamin's law offiss. I'm going up North to steal some spoons and things for the Southern army."

This was satisfactry, and the intossicated troopers went orf. At the next station the pretty little Secesher awoke, and sed she must git out there. I bid her a kind adoo, and giv her sum pervisions. "Accept my blessin and this hunk of gingerbread!" I sed. She thankt me muchly, and tript galy away. There's considerable human nater in a man, and I'm fraid I shall allers giv aid and comfort to the enemy if he cums to me in the shape of a nice young gal.

At the next station I didn't get orf so easy. I was dragged out of the cars and rolled in the mud for several minits, for the purpose of "takin the conseet out of me," as a Secesher kindly stated.

I was let up finally, when a powerful large Secesher came up and embraced me, and, to show that he had no hard feelins agin me, put his nose into my mouth. I returned the compliment by placin my stummick suddenly agin his right foot. Actooated by a desire to see whether the Secesher had bin vaxinated, I then fastened my teeth onto his left coat-sleeve, and tore it to the shoulder. We then vilently bunted our heads together for a few minits, danced around a little, and sot down in a mud puddle. We riz to our feet agin, and by a sudden and adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Secesher's fist. We then rushed into each other's arms, and fell under a two-hoss wagon. I was very much exhaustid, and didn't care about gittin up agin, but the man said he reckoned I'd better, and I conclooded I would. He pulled me up, but I hadn't bin on my feet more'n two seconds afore the ground flew up and hit me in the hed. The crowd sed it was high old sport, but I couldn't zackly see where the lafture com in. I riz, and we embraced agin. We careered madly to a steep bank, when I got the upper hands of my antaggernist, and threw him into the raveen. He fell about forty feet, striking a grindstone pretty hard. I understood he was injured. I haven't heard from the grindstone.

A man in a cockt hat cum up, and sed he felt as though a apology was doo me. There was a mistake. The crowd had taken me for another man! I told him not to mention it, and axed him if his wife and little ones was so as to be about, and got on bored the train, which had stopped at that station "twenty minits for refreshments." I got all I wantid. It was the hartiest meal I ever et.

I was rid on a rale the next day, a bunch of blazin fire crackers bein tied to my coat tales. It was a fine spectycal in a dramatic pint of view, but I didn't enjoy it. I had other adventers of a startlin kind, but why continner? Why lasserate the public boozum with these here things? Suffysit to say I got across Mason and Dixie's line safe at last. I made tracks for my humsted, but she to whom I'm harnist for life failed to recognise, in the emashiated bein who stood before her, the gushin youth of forty-six summers who had left her only a few months afore. But I went into the pantry, and brought out a certin black bottle. Raisin it to my lips, I sed, "Here's to you, old gal!" I did it so natral that she knowed me at once. "Those form! Them voice! That natral stile of doin things! 'Tis he!" she cried, and rushed into my arms. It was too much for her, and she fell into a swoon. I cum very near swoundin myself.

No more to day from yours for the Pepetration of the Union, and the bringin of the Goddess of Liberty out of her present bad fix.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

[H. W. Longfellow. *See Page* 14.]

There is a reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

SIR HENRY PERCY'S PENNON.

[John Froissart. *See Page* 50.]

ALL the knights and squires of the country collected at Newcastle; thither came the Seneschal of York, Sir Ralph Langley, Sir Matthew Redman, Sir Robert Ogle, Sir John Felton, Sir William Walsingham, and so many others, that the town could not lodge them all. These three Scottish lords, having completed the object of their first expedition in Durham, lay three days before Newcastle, where there was an almost continual skirmish. The sons of the Earl of Northumberland, from their great courage, were always first at the barriers. The Earl of Douglas had a long conflict with Sir Henry Percy, and in it, by gallantry of arms, won his pennon, to the great vexation of Sir Henry and the other English. The Earl, as he bore away his prize, said—

"I will carry this token of your prowess with me to Scotland, and place it on the tower of my castle at Dalkeith, that it may be seen from afar."

"By Heaven," replied Sir Henry, "you shall not even bear it out of Northumberland; be assured you shall never have this pennon to brag of."

"You must come this night and seek it, then," answered Earl Douglas; "I will fix your pennon before my tent, and shall see if you will venture to take it away."

As it was now late, the skirmish ended, and each party retired to their quarters. They had plenty of everything, particularly fresh meat. The Scots kept up a very strict watch, concluding from the words of Sir Henry Percy that their quarters would be beaten up in the night time; however, they were disappointed, for Sir Henry was advised to defer his attack. On the morrow the Scots dislodged from Newcastle, and taking the road to their own country came to a town and castle called Pontland, of which Sir Raymond de Laval was lord; here they halted about four o'clock in the morning, and made preparations for an assault, which was carried on with such courage that the place was easily won, and Sir Raymond made prisoner. They then marched away for Otterbourne, which is eight English leagues from Newcastle, and there encamped. This day they made no attack, but very early on the morrow the trumpet sounded, when all advanced towards the castle, which was tolerably strong, and situated among marshes. After a long and unsuccessful attack they were forced to retire, and the chiefs held a council how they should act. The greater part were for decamping on the morrow, joining their countrymen in the neighbourhood of Carlisle. This, however, the Earl of Douglas overruled by saying—

"In despite of Sir Henry Percy, who the day before yesterday declared he would take from me his pennon, I will not depart hence for two or three days. We will renew our attack upon the castle, for it is to be taken, and we shall see if he will come for his pennon."

Every one agreed to what Earl Douglas said. They made huts of trees and branches, and fortified themselves as well as they could, placing their baggage and servants at the entrance of the marsh on the road to Newcastle, and driving the cattle into the marsh lands.

I will now return to Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were both greatly mortified that this Earl of Douglas should have conquered their pennon, and who felt the disgrace the more because Sir Henry had not kept his word. The English imagined the army under the Earl of Douglas to be only the van of the Scots, and that the main body was behind, for which reason those knights who had the most experience in arms strongly opposed the proposal of Sir Henry Percy to pursue them. They said—

"Many losses happen in war; if the Earl of Douglas has won your pennon he has bought it dear enough, and another time you will gain from him as much, if not more. The whole power of Scotland have taken the field. We are not strong enough to offer them battle; perhaps this skirmish may have been only a trick to draw us out of the town. It is much better to lose a pennon than two or three hundred knights or squires, and leave our country in a defenceless state."

This speech checked the eagerness of the two Percies, when other news was brought them by some knights and squires, who had followed and observed the Scots, their number and disposition.

"Sir Henry and Ralph Percy," they said, "we are come to tell you that we have followed the Scottish army, and observed all the country where they now are. They halted first at Pontland, and took Sir Raymond de Laval in his castle; thence they went to Otterbourne, and took up their quarters for the night. We are ignorant of what they did on the morrow; but they seemed to have taken measures for a long stay. We know for certain that the army does not consist of more than three thousand men, including all sorts."

Sir Henry Percy, on hearing this, was greatly rejoiced, and cried out—

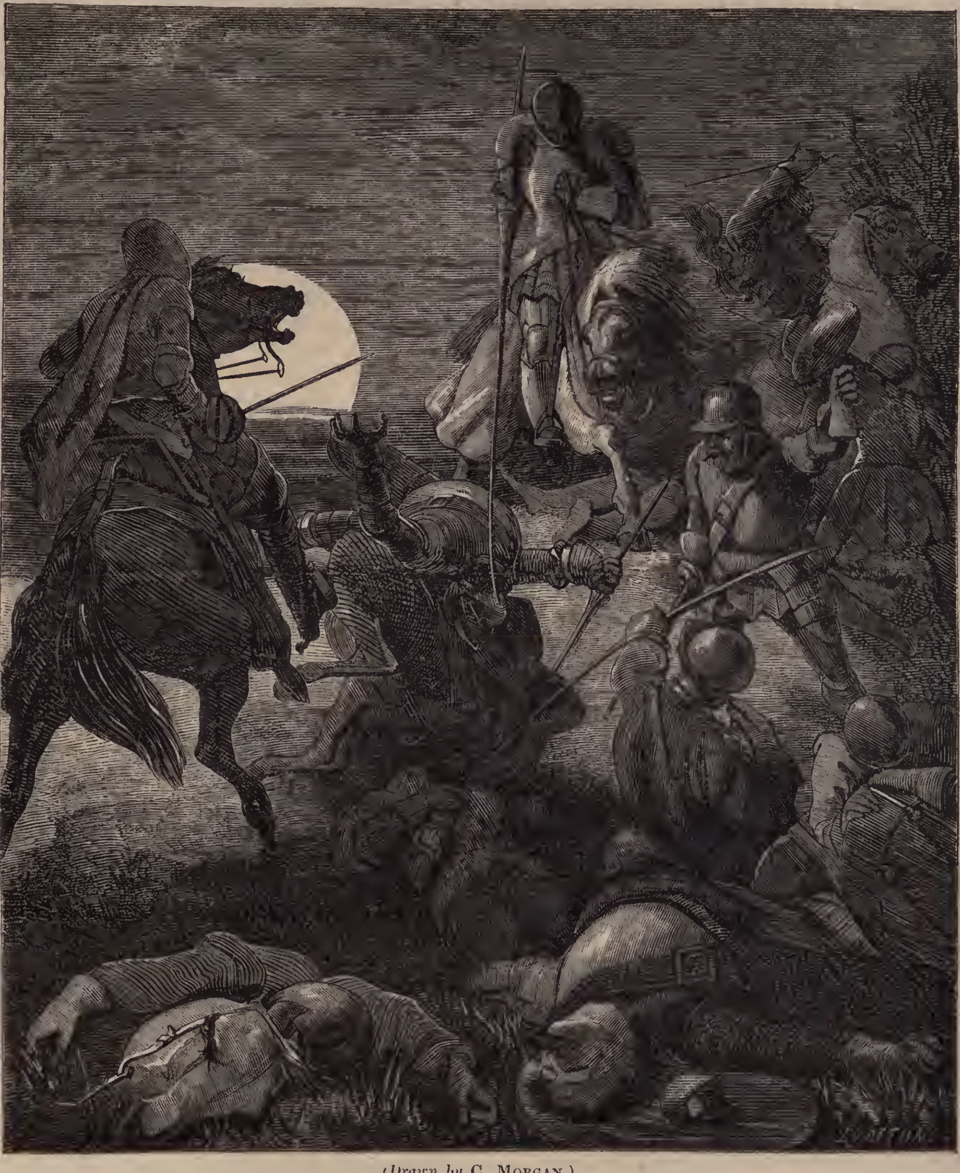
"To horse, to horse! For by the faith I owe to Heaven, and to my lord and father, I will seek to recover my pennon, and beat up the Scots' quarters this night."

Such knights and squires in Newcastle as learnt this, and were willing to be of the party, made themselves ready. The Bishop of Durham was daily expected in that town, for he had heard that the Scots lay before it, and that the sons of the Earl of Northumberland were preparing to offer them battle. The bishop had collected a number of men, and was hastening to their assistance; but Sir Henry Percy would not wait, for he had with him 600 spears of knights and squires, and upwards of 8,000 infantry, which he said would be more than enough to fight the Scots, who were but 300 lances, and 2,000 others. When all were assembled, they left Newcastle after dinner, and took the field in good array, following the road the Scots had taken towards Otterbourne, which was only eight short leagues distant.

The Scots were supping, and some indeed asleep, when the English arrived, and mistook, at the entrance, the huts of the servants for those of their masters; they forced their way into the camp, which was tolerably strong, shouting out, "Percy, Percy!" In such cases, you may suppose, an alarm is soon given, and it was fortunate for the Scots the English had made the first attack upon the servants' quarters, which checked them some little. The Scots, expecting the English, had prepared accordingly; for while the lords were arming themselves, they ordered a body of the infantry to join their servants and keep up the skirmish. As their men were armed, they formed themselves under the pennons of the three principal barons, who each had his particular appointment.

In the meantime the night advanced; but it was sufficiently light for them to see what they were doing, for the moon shone, and it was the month of August, when the weather is temperate and serene. When the Scots were properly arrayed, they left the camp in silence, but did not march to meet the English. During the preceding day they had well examined the country, and settled their plans beforehand, which indeed was the saving of them. The English had soon overpowered the servants; but as they advanced into the camp they found fresh bodies of men ready to oppose them and continue the fight. The Scots, in the meantime, marched along the mountain-side, and fell on the enemy's flank quite unexpectedly, shouting their war-cries. This was a great surprise to the English, who, however, formed themselves in better order, and reinforced that part of the army.

The cries of "Percy!" and "Douglas!" arose on each side. The battle now raged. Great was the pushing of lances, and at the first onset very many of each party were struck down. The English, being more numerous than their opponents, kept in a compact body, and forced the Scots to retire. But the Earl of Douglas, being young and eager to gain renown in arms, ordered his banner to advance, shouting, "Douglas, Douglas!" Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, indignant at the affront the Earl of Douglas had put on them, by conquering their pennon, and desirous of meeting him, hastened to the place from which the sounds came, calling out, "Percy, Percy!" The two banners met, and many gallant deeds of arms ensued. The English were in superior strength, and fought so lustily that they drove the Scots back. Sir Patrick Hepburne and his son did honour to their knighthood and country under



(*Drawn by* C. MORGAN.)

the banner of Douglas, which would have been conquered but for the vigorous defence they made; and this circumstance not only contributed to their personal credit, but the memory of it is continued with honour to their descendants. I learned the particulars of the battle from knights and squires who had been engaged in it on both sides. The knights and squires of either party were most anxious to continue the combat with vigour, as long as their spears might be capable of holding. Cowardice was unknown among them, and the most splendid courage everywhere exhibited by the gallant youths of England and Scotland; they were so densely intermixed that the archers' bows were useless, and they fought hand to hand, without either battalion giving way. The Scots behaved most valiantly, for the English were three to one. I do not mean to say that the English did not acquit themselves well; for they would sooner be slain or made prisoners in battle than reproached with flight.

As I before mentioned, the two banners of Douglas and Percy met, and the men-at-arms under each exerted themselves by every means to gain the victory; but the English, at the attack, were so much the stronger that the Scots were driven back. The Earl of Douglas, seeing his men repulsed, seized a battle-axe with both his hands, and, in order to rally his forces, dashed into the midst of his enemies, and gave such blows to all around him, that no one could withstand them, but all made way for him on every side. Thus he advanced like another Hector, thinking to conquer the field by his own prowess, until he was met by three spears that were pointed at him. One struck him on the shoulder, another on the stomach near the belly, and the third entered his thigh. As he could not disengage himself from these spears, he was borne to the ground, still fighting desperately. From that moment he never rose again. Some of his knights and squires had followed him, but not all; for though the moon shone, it was rather dark. The three English lances knew they had struck down some person of considerable rank, but never supposed it was Earl Douglas; for had they known it they would have redoubled their courage, and the fortune of the day would have been determined to their side. The Scots also were ignorant of their loss until the battle was over, and it was fortunate for them, for otherwise they would certainly from despair have been discomfited. The Earl of Moray behaved so gallantly in pursuing the English, that they knew not how to resist him. Of all the battles, great or small, that have been described in this history, this of which I am now speaking was the best fought and the most severe: for there was not a man, knight or squire, who did not acquit himself gallantly hand to hand with the enemy. The sons of the Earl of Northumberland, Sir Henry and Ralph Percy, who were the leaders of the expedition, behaved themselves like good knights. An accident befell Sir Ralph Percy, almost similar to that which happened to the Earl of Douglas. Having advanced too far, he was surrounded by the enemy and severely wounded, and being out of breath, surrendered himself to a Scottish knight, called Sir John Maxwell, who was of the household of the Earl of Moray. As soon as he was made prisoner, the knight asked him who he was. Sir Ralph was so weakened by loss of blood that he had scarcely power to avow himself to be Sir Ralph Percy.

"Well," replied the knight, "Sir Ralph, rescued or not, you are my prisoner: my name is Maxwell."

"I agree," said Sir Ralph, "but pay me some attention, for I am so desperately wounded that my drawers and greaves are full of blood."

Upon this, the Scottish knight took care of him; and suddenly hearing the cry of Moray hard by, and perceiving the earl's banner advancing, Sir John addressed himself to him, and said—

"My lord, I present you with Sir Ralph Percy as a prisoner; but let him be well attended to, for he is very badly wounded."

The earl was much pleased, and said, "Maxwell, thou hast well earned thy spurs this day." He then ordered his men to take care of Sir Ralph, and bind up his wounds. The battle still continued to rage, and no one at that moment could say which side would be the conquerors. There were many captures and rescues which never came to my knowledge. The young Earl of Douglas had performed wonders during the day. When he was struck down there was a great crowd round him, and he was unable to raise himself, for the blow on his head was mortal. His men had followed him as closely as they were able, and there came to him his cousins, Sir James Lindsay, Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, with other knights and squires. They found by his side a gallant knight who had constantly attended him, who was his chaplain, but who at this time had exchanged his profession for that of a valiant man-at-arms. The whole night he had followed the earl, with his battle-axe in hand, and by his exertions had more than once repulsed the English. His name was Sir William of North Berwick. When these knights came to the Earl of Douglas they found him in a melancholy state, as well as one of his knights, Sir Robert Hart, who had fought by his side the whole of the night, and now lay beside him covered with fifteen wounds from lances and other weapons. Sir John Sinclair asked the earl—

"Cousin, how fares it with you?"

"But so so," he replied; "thanks to God, there are but few of my ancestors who have died in chambers or in their beds. I bid you, therefore, revenge my death, for I have but little hope of living, as my heart becomes every minute more faint. Do you, Walter and Sir John, raise up my banner, for it is on the ground, owing to the death of Sir David Campbell, that valiant squire who bore it, and who this day refused knighthood from my hands, though he was equal to the most eminent knight for courage and loyalty. Also, continue to shout 'Douglas!' but do not tell friend or foe whether I am in your company or not; for should the enemy know the truth they will greatly rejoice."

The two Sinclairs and Sir James Lindsay obeyed his orders.

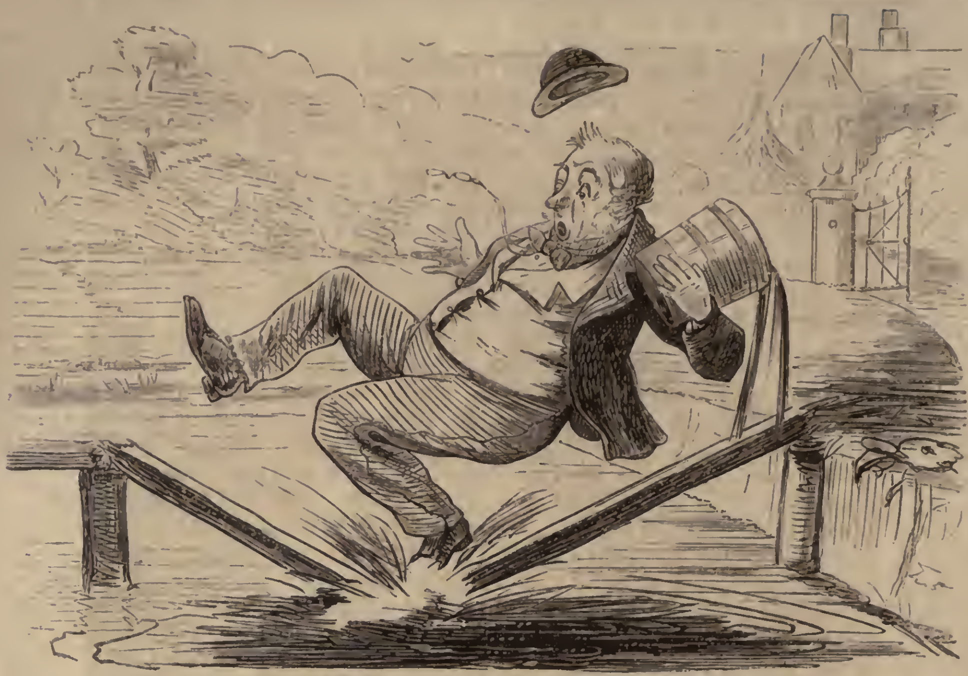
The banner was raised, and "Douglas!" shouted. Those men who had remained behind, hearing the shout of Douglas so often repeated, ascended a small eminence, and pushed their lances with such courage that the English were repulsed and many killed. The Scots, by thus valiantly driving the enemy beyond the spot where Earl Douglas lay dead, for he had expired on giving his last orders, arrived at his banner, which was borne by Sir John Sinclair. Numbers were continually increasing, from the repeated shouts of Douglas, and the greater part of the Scottish knights and squires were now there. Among them were the Earls of Moray and Marsh, with their banners and men. When all the Scots were thus collected, they renewed the battle with greater vigour than before. To say the truth, the English had harder work than the Scots, for they had come by a forced march that evening from Newcastle-on-Tyne, which was eight English leagues distant, to meet the Scots; by which means the greater part were exceedingly fatigued before the combat began. The Scots, on the contrary, had rested themselves, which was of the greatest advantage, as was apparent from the event of the battle. In this last attack they so completely repulsed the English, that the latter could never rally again, and the former drove them beyond where the Earl of Douglas lay on the ground.

During the attack, Sir Henry Percy had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Lord Montgomery. They had fought hand to hand with much valour, and without hindrance from any one; for there was neither knight nor squire of either party who did not find there his equal to fight with, and all were fully engaged. The battle was severely fought on both sides; but such is the fickleness of fortune, that, though the English were a more numerous body, and at the first onset had repulsed the Scots, they, in the end, lost the field, and very many knights were made prisoners. Just as the defeat took place, an English squire, whose name was Thomas Felton, and who was attached to the household of Lord Percy, was surrounded by a body of Scots. He was a handsome man, and, as he showed, valiant in arms. That and the preceding night he had been employed in collecting the best arms, and would neither surrender nor deign to fly. It was told me that he had made a vow to that purpose, and had declared at some feast in Northumberland, that at the very first meeting of the Scots and English he would acquit himself so loyally that, for having stood his ground, he should be renowned as the best combatant of both parties. I also heard, for I believe I never saw him, that his body and limbs were of strength befitting a valiant combatant; and that he performed such deeds, when engaged with the banner of the Earl of Moray, as astonished the Scots: however, he was slain while thus bravely fighting. Through admiration of his great courage they would willingly have made him a prisoner, and several knights proposed it to him; but in vain, for he thought he should be assisted by his friends. Thus died Thomas Felton, much lamented by his own party. When he fell he was engaged with a cousin of the King of Scotland, called Simon Glendinning.

THE POND.

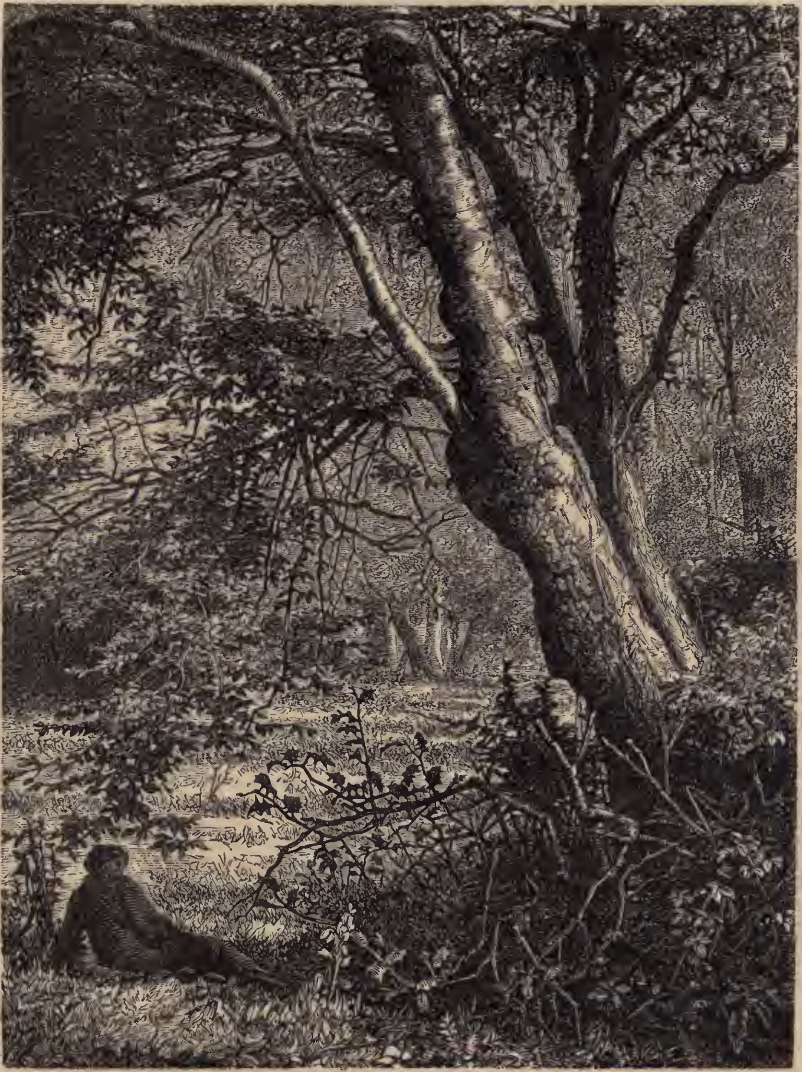
[Dr. John Byrom, born near Manchester, 1691. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Died 1763.]

Once on a time, a certain man was found
That had a pond of water in his ground:
A fine large pond of water fresh and clear,
Enough to serve his turn for many a year.
Yet so it was—a strange unhappy dread
Of wanting water seized the fellow's head:
When he was dry, he was afraid to drink
Too much at once, for fear his pond should sink.
Perpetually tormented with this thought,
He never ventured on a hearty draught;
Still dry, still fearing to exhaust his store,
When half refreshed, he frugally gave o'er;
Reviving of himself revived his fright,
"Better," quoth he, "to be half choked than quite."
Upon his pond continually intent,
In cares and pains his anxious life he spent;
Consuming all his time and strength away,
To make his pond rise higher every day:
He worked and slaved, and—oh! how slow it fills!
Poured in by pailfuls, and took out by gills.
In a wet season he would skip about,
Placing his buckets under every spout;
From falling showers collecting fresh supply,
And grudging every cloud that passèd by;
Cursing the dryness of the times each hour,
Although it rained as fast as it could pour.
Then he would wade through every dirty spot,
Where any little moisture could be got;
And when he had done draining of a bog,
Still kept himself as dirty as a hog:
And cried, whene'er folks blamed him, "What d'ye mean?
It costs a world of water to be clean;"
If some poor neighbour craved to slake his thirst,
"What! rob my pond! I'll see the rogue hanged first:
A burning shame, these vermin of the poor
Should creep unpunished thus about my door!
As if I had not frogs and toads enow,
That suck my pond, whatever I can do."
The sun still found him, as he rose or set,
Always in quest of matters that were wet:
Betime he rose to sweep the morning dew,
And rested late to catch the evening too;
With soughs and troughs he laboured to enrich
The rising pond from every neighbouring ditch;
With soughs, and troughs, and pipes, and cuts, and sluices,
From growing plants he drained the very juices;
Made every stick upon the hedges
Of good behaviour to deposit pledges;
By some conveyance or another, still
Devised recruits from each declining hill:
He left, in short, for this belovèd plunder,



(*Drawn by* W. Brunton.)

No stone unturned, that could have water under.
Sometimes—when forced to quit his awkward toil,
And—sore against his will—to rest awhile:
Then straight he took his book and down he sat
To calculate th' expenses he was at;
How much he suffered, at a moderate guess,
From all those ways by which the pond grew less;
For as to those by which it still grew bigger,
For them he reckoned—not a single figure;
He knew a wise old saying, which maintained
That 'twas bad luck to count what one had gained.
"First, for myself my daily charges here
Cost a prodigious quantity a year:
Although, thank Heaven, I never boil my meat,
Nor am I such a sinner as to sweat:
But things are come to such a pass, indeed
We spend ten times the water that we need;
People are grown, with washing, cleansing, rinsing,
So finical and nice, past all convincing;
So many proud fantastic modes, in short,
Are introduced, that my poor pond pays for't.
Not but I could be well enough content
With what upon my own account is spent;
But those large articles, from whence I reap
No kind of profit, strike me on a heap:
What a vast deal each moment, at a sup,
This ever thirsty earth itself drinks up!
Such holes! and gaps! Alas! my pond provides
Scarce for its own unconscionable sides:
Nay, how can one imagine it should thrive,
So many creatures as it keeps alive!
That creep from every nook and corner, marry!
Filching as much as ever they can carry:
Then all the birds that fly along the air
Light at my pond, and come in for a share:
Item, at every puff of wind that blows,
Away at once the surface of it goes:
The rest, in exhalations to the sun—
One month's fair weather—and I am undone."
  This life he led for many a year together;
Grew old and grey in watching of the weather;
Meagre as Death itself, till this same Death
Stopped, as the saying is, his vital breath;
For, as the old fool was carrying to his field
A heavier burden than he well could wield,
He missed his footing, or somehow he fumbled
In tumbling of it in—but in he tumbled:
Mighty desirous to get out again,
He screamed and scrambled, but 'twas all in vain:
The place was grown so very deep and wide,
Nor bottom of it could he feel, nor side;
And so—i' the middle of his pond—he died.
  What think ye now, from this imperfect sketch,
My friends, of such a miserable wretch?
"Why, 'tis a wretch, we think, of your own making;
No fool can be supposed in such a taking;
Your own warm fancy." Nay, but warm or cool,
The world abounds with many such a fool:
The choicest ills, the greatest torments, sure
Are those, which numbers *labour* to endure.
"What! for a pond?" Why, call it an estate:
You change the name, but realise the fate.



(*Drawn by* F. WALKER.)

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

[H. W. LONGFELLOW. *See Page* 14.]

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows;
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
When the fast ushering star of morning comes
O'er-riding the grey hills with golden scarf;
Or when the cowled and dusky-sandaled eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From its full laver, pours the white cascade;
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.
And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,

As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,—
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,—
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable, repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit that doth fill
The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature,—of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds
When the sun sets. Within her eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light,
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung;
And on her lip the rich red rose. Her hair
Is like the summer tresses of the trees,
When twilight makes them brown; and on her cheek
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
It is so like the gentle air of spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
To have it round us,—and her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S LOVE STORY.*

[Thomas Babington, afterwards Lord Macaulay. *See Page* 129.]

On his road to France Temple fell in with the son and daughter of Sir Peter Osborne. Sir Peter held Guernsey for the king, and the young people were, like their father, warm for the royal cause. At an inn where they stopped in the Isle of Wight, the brother amused himself with inscribing on the windows his opinion of the ruling powers. For this instance of malignancy the whole party were arrested, and brought before the governor. The sister, trusting to the tenderness which, even in those troubled times, scarcely any gentleman of any party ever failed to show where a woman was concerned, took the crime on herself, and was immediately set at liberty with her fellow-travellers.

This incident, as was natural, made a deep impression on Temple. He was only twenty. Dorothy Osborne was twenty-one. She is said to have been handsome; and there remains abundant proof that she possessed an ample share of the dexterity, the vivacity, and the tenderness of her sex. Temple soon became, in the phrase of that time, her servant, and she returned his regard. But difficulties, as great as ever expanded a novel to the fifth volume, opposed their wishes. When the courtship commenced, the father of the hero was sitting in the Long Parliament; the father of the heroine was commanding in Guernsey for King Charles. Even when the war ended, and Sir Peter Osborne returned to his seat at Chicksands, the prospects of the lovers were scarcely less gloomy. Sir John Temple had a more advantageous alliance in view for his son. Dorothy Osborne was, in the meantime, besieged by as many suitors as were drawn to Belmont by the fame of Portia. The most distinguished on the list was Henry Cromwell. Destitute of the capacity, the energy, the magnanimity of his illustrious father, destitute also of the meek and placid virtues of his elder brother, this young man was, perhaps, a more formidable rival in love than either of them would have been.

Dorothy was fond of dogs of larger and more formidable breed than those which lie on modern hearth-rugs; and Henry Cromwell promised that the highest functionaries at Dublin should be set to work to procure her a fine Irish greyhound. She seems to have felt his attentions as very flattering, though his father was then only Lord-General, and not yet Protector. Love, however, triumphed over ambition, and the young lady appears never to have regretted her decision; though, in a letter written just at the time when all England was ringing with the news of the violent dissolution of the Long Parliament, she could not refrain from reminding Temple, with pardonable vanity, "how great she might have been, if she had been so wise as to have taken hold of the offer of H. C."

Nor was it only the influence of rivals that Temple had to dread. The relations of his mistress regarded him with personal dislike, and spoke of him as an unprincipled adventurer, without honour or religion, ready to render service to any party for the sake of preferment. This is, indeed, a very distorted view of Temple's character. Yet a character, even in the most distorted view taken of it by the most angry and prejudiced minds, generally retains something of its outline. No caricaturist ever represented Mr. Pitt as a Falstaff, or Mr. Fox as a skeleton; nor did any libeller ever impute parsimony to Sheridan, or profusion to Marlborough. The poor girl was exceedingly hurt and irritated by these imputations on her lover, defended him warmly behind his back, and addressed to himself some very tender and anxious admonitions, mingled with assurances of her confidence in his honour and virtue.

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* By kind permission of Messrs. Longman and Co.

Near seven years did this arduous wooing continue. We are not accurately informed respecting Temple's movements during that time. But he seems to have led a rambling life, sometimes on the Continent, sometimes in Ireland, sometimes in London.

Temple appears to have kept up a very active correspondence with his mistress. His letters are lost, but hers have been preserved. We only wish that there were twice as many. Very little indeed of the diplomatic correspondence of that generation is so well worth reading. There is a vile phrase of which bad historians are exceedingly fond, "the dignity of history." One writer is in possession of some anecdotes which would illustrate most strikingly the operation of the Mississippi scheme on the manners and morals of the Parisians. But he suppresses those anecdotes, because they are too low for the dignity of history. Another is strongly tempted to mention some facts indicating the horrible state of the prisons of England two hundred years ago. But he hardly thinks that the sufferings of a dozen felons, pigging together on bare bricks in a hole fifteen feet square, would form a subject suited to the dignity of history. Another, from respect for the dignity of history, publishes an account of the reign of George II., without ever mentioning Whitfield's preaching in Moorfields. How should a writer who can talk about senates, and congresses of sovereigns, and pragmatic sanctions, and ravelines, and counterscarps, and battles where ten thousand men are killed, and six thousand men with fifty stand of colours and eighty guns taken, stoop to the Stock Exchange, to Newgate, to the theatre, to the tabernacle? In the seventeenth century, to be sure, Louis XIV. was a much more important person than Temple's sweetheart. But death and time equalise all things. Neither the great king nor the beauty of Bedfordshire, neither the gorgeous paradise of Marli nor Mistress Osborne's favourite walk "in the common that lay hard by the house, where a great many young wenches used to keep sheep and cows, and sit in the shade singing of ballads," is anything to us. Louis and Dorothy are alike dust. A cotton-mill stands on the ruins of Marli; and the Osbornes have ceased to dwell under the ancient roof of Chicksands. But of that information for the sake of which alone it is worth while to study remote events, we find so much in the love-letters which Mr. Courtenay has published, that we would gladly purchase equally interesting billets with ten times their weight in state-papers taken at random. To us, surely it is as useful to know how the young ladies of England employed themselves a hundred and eighty years ago, how far their minds were cultivated, what were their favourite studies, what degree of liberty was allowed to them, what use they made of that liberty, what accomplishments they most valued in men, and what proofs of tenderness delicacy permitted them to give to favoured suitors, as to know all about the seizure of Franche Compté and the treaty of Nimeguen. The mutual relations of the two sexes seem to us to be at least as important as the mutual relations of any two governments in the world; and a series of letters written by a virtuous, amiable, and sensible girl, and intended for the eye of her lover alone, can scarcely fail to throw some light on the relations of the sexes; whereas it is perfectly possible, as all who have made any historical researches can attest, to read bale after bale of despatches and protocols, without catching one glimpse of light about the relations of governments.

Mr. Courtenay proclaims that he is one of Dorothy Osborne's devoted servants, and expresses a hope that the publication of her letters will add to the number. We must declare ourselves his rivals. She really seems to have been a very charming young woman—modest, generous, affectionate, intelligent, and sprightly; a royalist, as was to be expected from her connections, without any of that political asperity which is as unwomanly as a long beard; religious, and occasionally gliding into a very pretty and endearing sort of preaching, yet not too good to partake of such diversions as London afforded under the melancholy rule of the Puritans, or to giggle a little at a ridiculous sermon from a divine who was thought to be one of the great lights of the Assembly at Westminster; with a little turn for coquetry, which was yet perfectly compatible with warm and disinterested attachment, and a little turn for satire, which yet seldom passed the bounds of good-nature. She loved reading; but her studies were not those of Queen Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey. She read the verses of Cowley and Lord Broghill, French memoirs recommended by her lover, and the Travels of Fernando Mendez Pinto.

But her favourite books were those ponderous French romances which modern readers know chiefly from the pleasant satire of Charlotte Lennox. She could not, however, help laughing at the vile English into which they were translated. Her own style is very agreeable; nor are her letters at all worse for some passages in which raillery and tenderness are mixed in a very engaging namby-pamby.

When, at last, the constancy of the lovers had triumphed over all the obstacles which kinsmen and rivals could oppose to their union, a yet more serious calamity befell them. Poor Mistress Osborne fell ill of the small-pox, and, though she escaped with life, lost all her beauty. To this most severe trial the affection and honour of the lovers of that age was not unfrequently subjected. Readers probably remember what Mrs. Hutchinson tells us of herself. The lofty Cornelia-like spirit of the aged matron seems to melt into a long-forgotten softness when she relates how her beloved colonel "married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her. But God," she adds, with a not ungraceful vanity, "recompensed his justice and constancy, by restoring her as well as before." Temple showed, on this occasion, the same justice and constancy which did so much honour to Colonel Hutchinson. The date of the marriage is not exactly known; but Mr. Courtenay supposes it to have taken place about the end of the year 1654.

THE NIGHT PIECE.

TO JULIA.

[R. Herrick. *See Page* 130.]

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mis-light thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

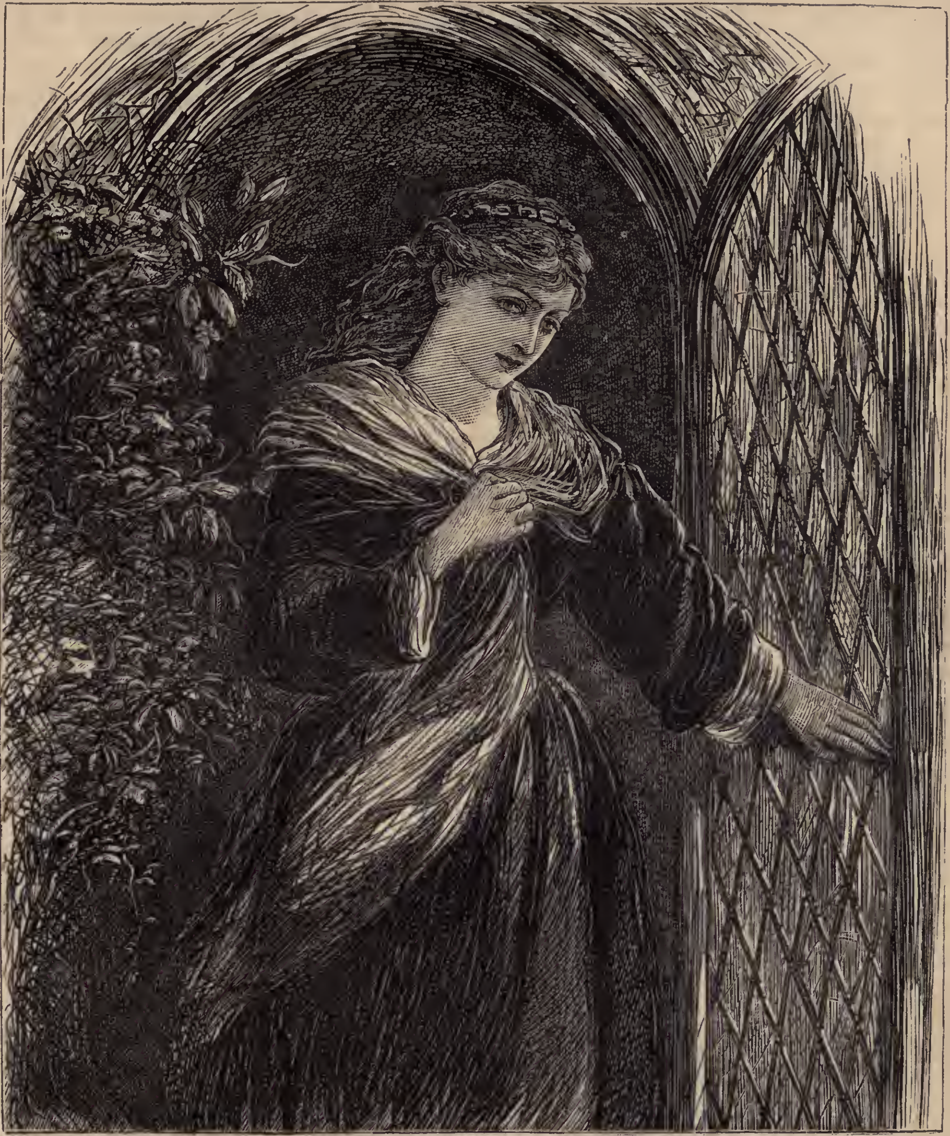
Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soul I'll pour unto thee.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

[William Collins. *See Page* 44.]

Scene—The Desert. *Time*—Mid-day.

In silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels past;
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,
And not a tree and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roared the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, the affrighted man
Thrice sighed, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?
Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest or verdant vales bestow;
Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
Cursed be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore;
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made,
Or why fond man so easily betrayed?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;



(*Drawn by* M. E. Edwards.)

THE NIGHT PIECE.—TO JULIA.

Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
O cease, my fears! All frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumbered scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet;
And fearful oft, when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger roused he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth and dread of death secure!

They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara! will be most undone.
Big swelled my heart, and owned the powerful maid,
When fast she dropped her tears, as thus she said:
'Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain!
Yet as thou goest, may every blast arise
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
Safe o'er the wild no perils mayst thou see,
No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.'
Oh, let me safely to the fair return,
Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
Oh, let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recalled by Wisdom's voice and Zara's tears."
He said, and called on Heaven to bless the day
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

HONEYWOOD AND THE BAILIFF.

[OLIVER GOLDSMITH. *See Page* 10.]

Bailiff. Look-ye, sir, I have arrested as good men as you in my time; no disparagement of you, neither. Men that would go forty guineas on a game of cribbage. I challenge the town to show a man in more genteeler practice than myself.

Honeywood. Without all question, Mr. ——. I forget your name, sir.

Bailiff. How can you forget what you never knew? He! he! he!.

Honeywood. May I beg leave to ask your name?

Bailiff. Yes, you may.

Honeywood. Then, pray, sir, what is your name?

Bailiff. That I didn't promise to tell you. He! he! he! A joke breaks no bones, as we say among us that practise the law.

Honeywood. You may have reason for keeping it a secret, perhaps.

Bailiff. The law does nothing without reason. I'm ashamed to tell my name to no man, sir. If you can show cause, as why, upon a certain capus, that I should prove my name—— But, come, Timothy Twitch is my name. And, now you know my name, what have you to say to that?

Honeywood. Nothing in the world, good Mr. Twitch, but that I have a favour to ask, that's all.

Bailiff. Ay, favours are more easily asked than granted, as we say among us that practise the law. I have taken an oath against granting favours. Would you have me perjure myself?

Honeywood. But my request will come recommended in so strong a manner, as, I believe, you'll have no scruple. (*Pulling out his purse.*) The thing is only this: I believe I shall be able to discharge this trifle in two or three days at farthest; but as I would not have the affair known for the world, I have thought of keeping you, and your good friend here, about me till the debt is discharged; for which I shall be properly grateful.

Bailiff. Oh! that's another maxum, and altogether within my oath. For certain, if an honest man is to get anything by a thing, there's no reason why all things should not be done in civility.

Honeywood. Doubtless all trades must live, Mr. Twitch; and yours is a necessary one. (*Gives him money.*)

Bailiff. Oh! your honour; I hope your honour takes nothing amiss as I does, as I does nothing but my duty in so doing. I'm sure no man can say I ever give a gentleman, that was a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw that a gentleman was a gentleman, I have taken money not to see him for ten weeks together.

Honeywood. Tenderness is a virtue, Mr. Twitch.

Bailiff. Ay, sir, it's a perfect treasure. I love to see a gentleman with a tender heart. I don't know, but I think I have a tender heart myself. If all that I have lost by my heart was put together, it would make a—but no matter for that.

Honeywood. Don't account it lost, Mr. Twitch. The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.

Bailiff. Humanity, sir, is a jewel. It's better than gold. I love humanity. People may say that we, in our way, have no humanity; but I'll show you my humanity this moment. There's my follower here, little Flanigan, with a wife and four children: a guinea or two would be more to him than twice as much to another. Now, as I can't show him any humanity myself, I must beg leave you'll do it for me.

Honeywood. I assure you, Mr. Twitch, yours is a most powerful recommendation. (*Giving money to the Follower.*)

Bailiff. Sir, you're a gentleman. I see you know what to do with your money. But to business: we are to be here as your friends, I suppose. But set in case company comes. Little Flanigan here, to be sure, has a good face; a very good face: but then, he is a little seedy, as we say among us that practise the law. Not well in clothes. Smoke the pocket-holes.

Honeywood. Well, that shall be remedied without delay.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, Miss Richland is below.

Honeywood. How unlucky! Detain her a moment. We must improve my good friend little Mr. Flanigan's appearance first. Here, let Mr. Flanigan have a suit of my clothes—quick—the brown and silver. Do you hear?

Servant. That your honour gave away to the begging gentleman that makes verses, because it was as good as new.

Honeywood. The white and gold, then.

Servant. That, your honour, I made bold to sell, because it was good for nothing.

Honeywood. Well, the first that comes to hand, then: the blue and gold. I believe Mr. Flanigan will look best in blue. (*Exit* FLANIGAN.)

Bailiff. Rabbit me, but little Flanigan will look well in anything. Ah, if your honour knew that bit of flesh as well as I do, you'd be perfectly in love with him. There's not a prettier scout in the four counties after a shy-cock than he. Scents like a hound; sticks like a weasel. He was master of the ceremonies to the black Queen of Morocco, when I took him to follow me. (*Re-enter* FLANIGAN.) Heh, I think he looks so well, that I don't care if I have a suit from the same place for myself.

Honeywood. Well, well, I hear the lady coming. Dear Mr. Twitch, I beg you'll give your friend directions not to speak. As for yourself, I know you will say nothing without being directed.

Bailiff. Never you fear me, I'll show the lady that I have something to say for myself as well as another. One man has one way of talking, and another man has another; that's all the difference between them.

Enter MISS RICHLAND *and her* Maid.

Miss Rich. You'll be surprised, sir, with this visit. But you know I'm yet to thank you for choosing my little library.

Honeywood. Thanks, madam, are unnecessary, as it was I that was obliged by your commands. Chairs here. Two of my very good friends, Mr. Twitch and Mr. Flanigan. Pray, gentlemen, sit without ceremony.

Miss Rich. Who can these odd-looking men be? I fear it is as I was informed. It must be so. (*Aside.*)

Bailiff. (*After a pause.*) Pretty weather, very pretty weather, for the time of the year, madam.

Follower. Very good circuit weather in the country.

Honeywood. You officers are generally favourites among the ladies. My friends, madam, have been upon very disagreeable duty, I assure you. The fair should, in some measure, recompense the toils of the brave.

Miss Rich. Our officers do indeed deserve every favour. The gentlemen are in the marine service, I presume, sir?

Honeywood. Why, madam, they do—occasionally serve in the Fleet, madam: a dangerous service.

Miss Rich. I'm told so. And I own it has often surprised me that, while we have had so many instances of bravery there, we have had so few of wit at home to praise it.

Honeywood. I grant, madam, that our poets have not written as our soldiers have fought; but they have done all they could, and Hawke or Amherst could do no more.

Miss Rich. I'm quite displeased when I see a fine subject spoiled by a dull writer.

Honeywood. We should not be so severe against dull writers, madam. It is ten to one, but the dullest writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who presumes to despise him.

Follower. Hang the French, the parle-vous, and all that belong to them!

Miss Rich. Sir!

Honeywood. Ha! ha! ha! honest Mr. Flanigan. A true English officer, madam; he's not contented with beating the French, but he will scold them too.

Miss Rich. Yet, Mr. Honeywood, this does not convince me but that severity in criticism is necessary. It was our first adopting the severity of French taste that has brought them in turn to taste us.

Bailiff. Taste us, madam! they devour us. Give Monseers but a taste, and they come in for a bellyful.

Miss Rich. Very extraordinary, this.

Follower. But very true. What makes the bread rising?—the parle-vous that devour us. What makes the mutton fivepence a pound?—the parle-vous that eat it up. What makes the beer threepence-halfpenny a pot——

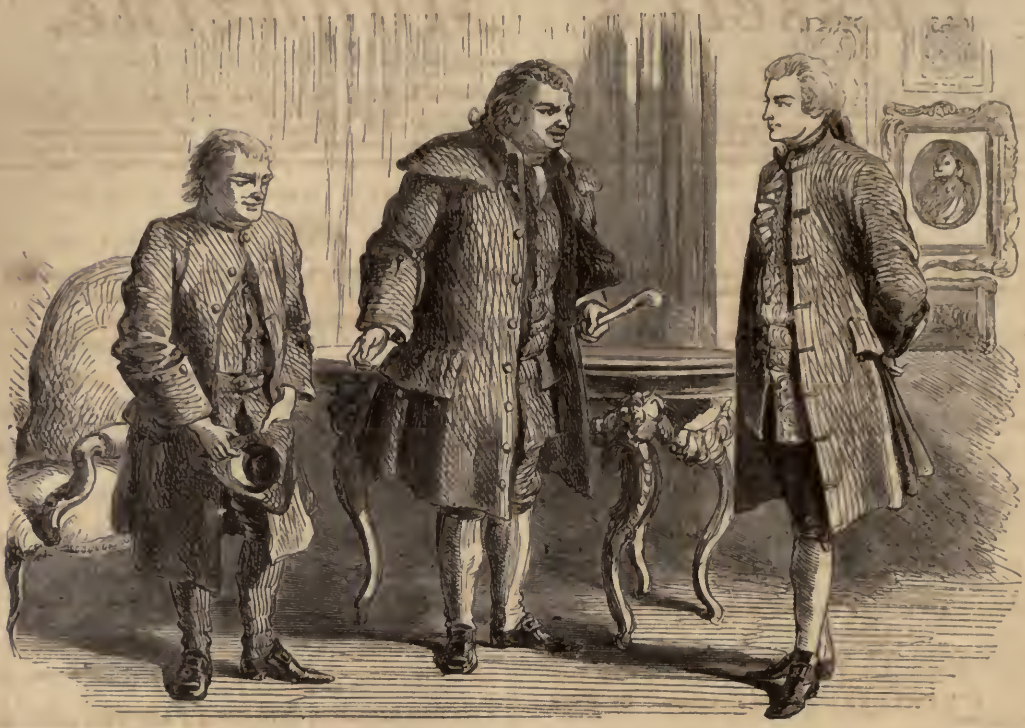
Honeywood. Ah! the vulgar rogues! All will be out. (*Aside.*) Right, gentlemen, very right, upon my word, and quite to the purpose. They draw a parallel, madam, between the mental taste and that of our senses. We are injured as much by French severity in the one, as by French rapacity in the other. That's their meaning.

Miss Rich. Though I don't see the force of the parallel, yet I'll own that we should sometimes pardon books, as we do our friends, that have now and then agreeable absurdities to recommend them.

Bailiff. That's all my eye. The king only can pardon, as the law says; for set in case——

Honeywood. I'm quite of your opinion, sir. I see the whole drift of your argument. Yes, certainly, our presuming to pardon any work is arrogating the power that belongs to another. If all have power to condemn, what writer can be free?

Bailiff. By his habus corpus. His habus corpus can set him free at any time. For set in case——



Honeywood. I'm obliged to you, sir, for the hint. If, madam, as my friend observes, our laws are so careful of a gentleman's person, sure we ought to be equally careful of his dearer part, his fame.

Follower. Ay, but if so be a man's nabbed, you know——

Honeywood. Mr. Flanigan, if you spoke for ever, you could not improve the last observation. For my own part, I think it conclusive.

Bailiff. As for the matter of that, mayhap——

Honeywood. Nay, sir, give me leave in this instance to be positive. For where is the necessity of censuring works without genius, which must shortly sink of themselves? what is it, but aiming an unnecessary blow against a victim already under the hands of justice?

Bailiff. Justice! Oh, by the elevens, if you talk about justice, I think I am at home there; for, in a course of law——

Honeywood. My dear Mr. Twitch, I discern what you'd be at perfectly, and I believe the lady must be sensible of the art with which it is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, madam, of his course of law?

Miss Rich. I protest, sir, I do not. I perceive only that you answer one gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

Bailiff. Madam, you are a gentlewoman, and I will make the matter out. This here question is about severity, and justice, and pardon, and the like of they. Now, to explain the thing——

Honeywood. Hang your explanations. (*Aside.*)

Enter Servant.

Servant. Mr. Leontine, sir, below, desires to speak with you upon earnest business.

Honeywood. That's lucky. (*Aside.*) Dear madam, you'll excuse me and my good friends here for a few minutes. There are books, madam, to amuse you. Come, gentlemen, you know I make no ceremony with such friends. After you, sir. Excuse me. Well, if I must; but I know your natural politeness.

Bailiff. Before and behind, you know.

Follower. Ay, ay, before and behind—before and behind!

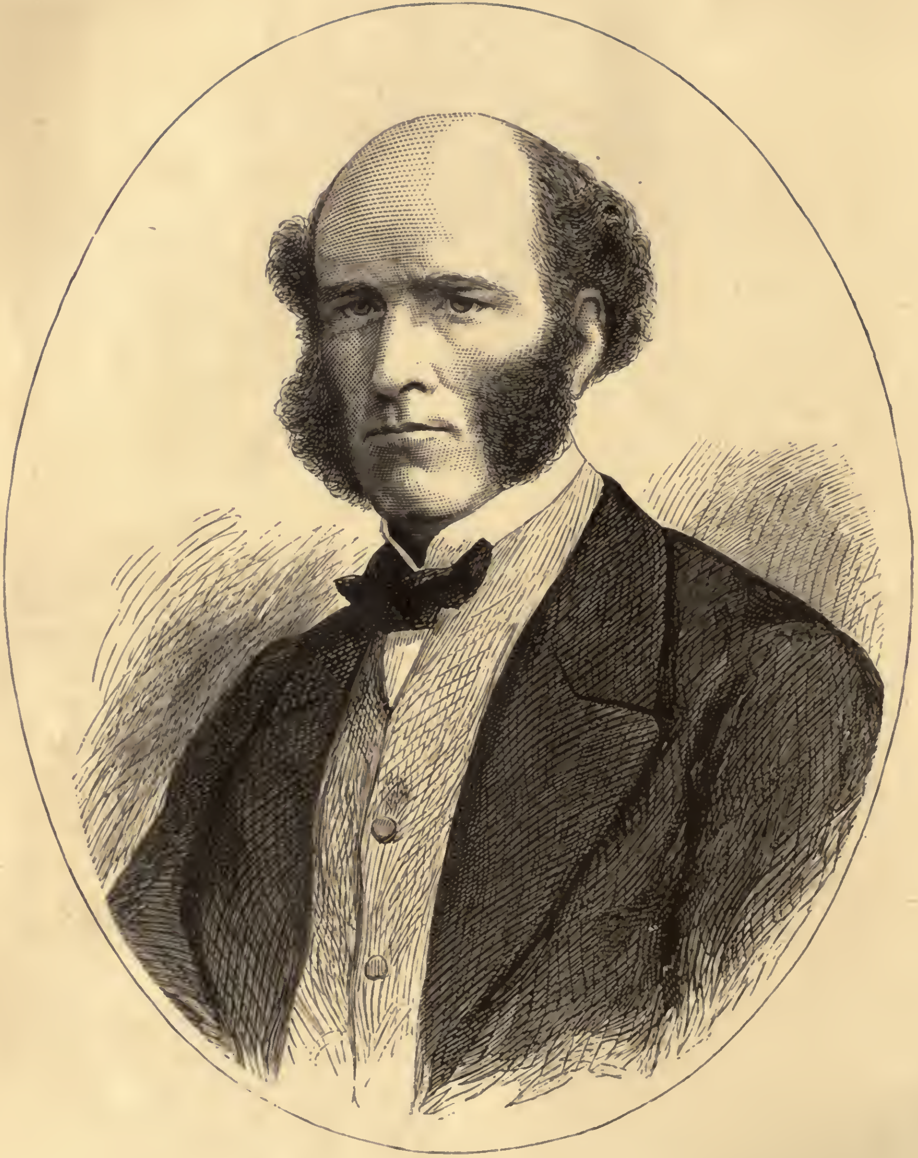
(*Exeunt* Honeywood, Bailiff, *and* Follower.)

Miss Rich. What can all this mean, Garnet?

Garnet. Mean, madam? why, what should it mean, but what Mr. Lofty sent you here to see? These people he calls officers are officers sure enough: sheriff's officers—bailiffs, madam.

Miss Rich. Ay, it is certainly so. Well, though his perplexities are far from giving me pleasure, yet I own there's something very ridiculous in them, and a just punishment for his dissimulation.

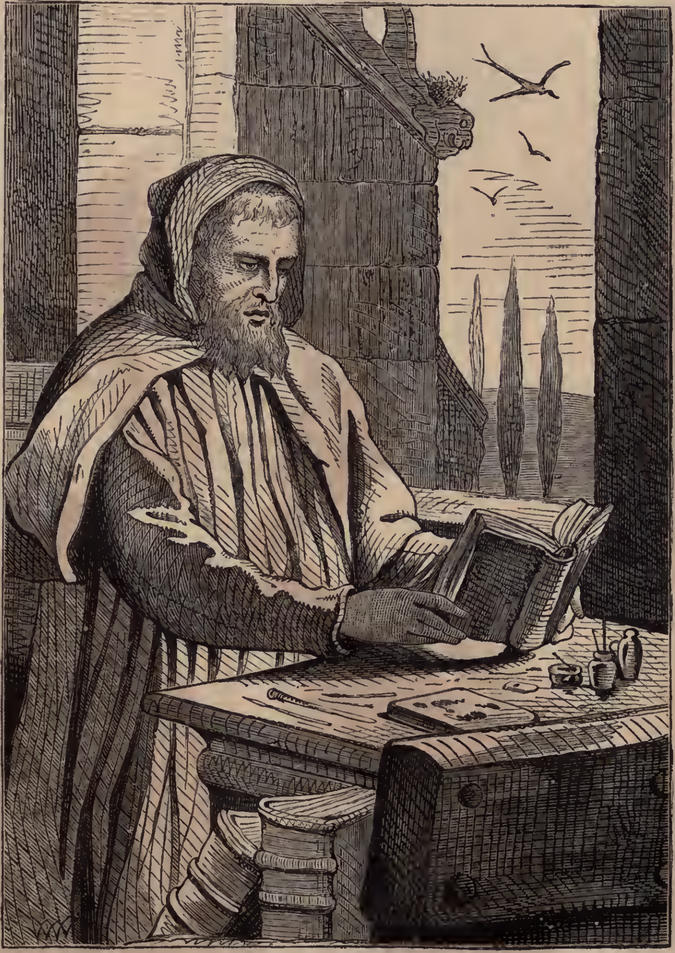
Garnet. And so they are. But I wonder, madam, that the lawyer you just employed to pay his debts and set him free, has not done it by this time. He ought at least to have been here before now. But lawyers are always more ready to get a man into troubles than out of them.



MR. T. HUGHES, M.P.

THE OLD ILLUMINATOR.

[H. W. LONGFELLOW. *See Page 14.*]



(*Drawn by* W. WIEGAND.)

Friar Pacificus. It is growing dark! Yet one line more,
And then my work for to-day is o'er.
I come again to the name of the Lord!
Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among men,
Let me pause a while, and wash my pen;
Pure from blemish and blot must it be
When it writes that word of mystery!

Thus have I laboured on and on,
Nearly through the Gospel of John.
Can it be that from the lips
Of this same gentle Evangelist,
That Christ himself perhaps has kissed,
Came the dread Apocalypse?
It has a very awful look,
As it stands there at the end of the book,
Like the sun in an eclipse.
Ah me! when I think of that vision divine,
Think of writing it, line by line,
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the trump of doom, in the closing verse!
God forgive me! if ever I
Take aught from the book of that prophecy,
Lest my part too should be taken away
From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day.
This is well written, though I say it;
I should not be afraid to display it,
In open day, on the selfsame shelf
With the writings of St. Thecla herself,
Or of Theodosius, who of old
Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold:
That goodly folio standing yonder,
Without a single blot or blunder,
Would not bear away the palm from mine,
If we should compare them line for line.

There, now, is an initial letter!
St. Ulric himself never made a better;
Finished down to the leaf and the snail,
Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail:
And now as I turn the volume over,
And see what lies between cover and cover,
What treasures of art these pages hold,
All a-blaze with crimson and gold,
God forgive me! I seem to feel
A certain satisfaction steal
Into my heart, and into my brain,
As if my talent had not lain
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.
Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,
Here is a copy of thy Word,
Written out with much toil and pain;

Take it, O Lord, and let it be
As something I have done for Thee.
[*He looks from the window.*
How sweet the air is! How fair the scene!
I wish I had as lovely a green
To paint my landscapes and my leaves!
How the swallows twitter under the eaves!
There, now, there is one in her nest;
I can just catch a glimpse of her head and breast,
And will sketch her thus in her quiet nook,
For the margin of my Gospel book.
[*He makes a sketch.*
I can see no more. Through the valley yonder
A shower is passing; I hear the thunder
Mutter its curses in the air,
The devil's own and only prayer!
The dusty road is brown with rain,
And, speeding on with might and main,
Hitherward rides a gallant train.
They do not parley, they cannot wait,
But hurry in at the convent gate.
What a fair lady! and beside her
What a handsome, graceful, noble rider!
Now she gives him her hand to alight;
They will beg a shelter for the night.
I will go down to the corridor,
And try to see that face once more;
It will do for the face of some beautiful saint,
Or for one of the Maries I shall paint.
[*Goes out.*

TALE OF ANNINGAIT AND AJUT.

[Dr. Johnson.- *See Page* 258.]

Of the happiness and misery of our present state, part arises from our sensations, and part from our opinions; part is distributed by nature, and part is in a great measure apportioned by ourselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always obtain, and positive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the Indian groves; nor will any precepts of philosophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diseases. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the pressure of sufferings, but the absence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reason.

One of the great arts of escaping superfluous uneasiness, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No inconvenience is less superable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exercise for this philosophical abstraction. A native of England, pinched with the frosts of December, may lessen his affection for his own country by suffering his imagination to wander in the vales of Asia, and sport among woods that are always green, and streams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts towards the polar regions, and considers the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkness, and who are condemned to pass weeks and months amidst mountains of snow, he will soon recover his tranquillity; and while he stirs his fire, or throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to Providence that he is not placed in Greenland or Siberia.

The barrenness of the earth, and the severity of the skies in these dreary countries, are such as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of necessity and distress, so that the care of escaping death from cold and hunger should leave no room for those passions which, in lands of plenty, influence conduct, or diversify characters; the summer should be spent only in providing for the winter, and the winter in longing for the summer.

Yet learned curiosity is known to have found its way into those abodes of poverty and gloom: Lapland and Iceland have their historians, their critics, and their poets; and Love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, perhaps exerts the same power in the Greenlander's hut as in the palaces of eastern monarchs.

In one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together, to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty, that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants, Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same names, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait for some time heard the praises of Ajut with little emotion, but at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection by inviting her with her parents to a feast, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut seemed not much delighted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that time was observed rarely to appear but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer; she used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress, and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon Anningait that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise, in which, among other heroic and tender sentiments, he protested that "She was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme upon the mountains; that her fingers were white as the teeth of the morse, and her smile grateful as the dissolution of the ice; that he would pursue her, though she should pass the snows of the midland cliffs, or seek shelter in the caves of the eastern cannibals; that he would tear her from the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the paws of Amaroc, and recue her from the ravine of Hafgufa." He concluded with a wish that, "whoever shall attempt to hinder his union with Ajut, might be buried without his bow, and that in the land of souls his skull might serve for no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry lamps."

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervour and accomplishments; but Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship; and before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signalising his courage; he attacked the sea-horses on the ice; pursued the seals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less to accumulate all that could be necessary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fishes, and the flesh of seals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast before Anningait had completed his store; he therefore entreated Ajut that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities.

"O virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, consider," said Anningait, "what thou hast required. How easily may my return be precluded by a sudden frost or unexpected fogs; then must the night be passed without my Ajut. We live not, my fair, in those fable countries which lying strangers so wantonly describe; where the whole year is divided into short days and nights; where the same habitation serves for summer and winter; where they raise houses in rows above the ground, dwell together from year to year, with flocks of tame animals grazing in the fields about them; can travel at any time from one place to another, through ways enclosed with trees, or over walls raised upon the inland waters; and direct their course through wide countries, by the sight of green hills or scattered buildings. Even in summer we have no means of crossing the mountains, whose snows are never dissolved; nor can remove to any distant residence, but in our boats coasting the bays. Consider, Ajut; a few summer days and a few winter nights, and the life of man is at an end. Night is the time of ease and festivity, of revels and gaiety; but what will be the flaming lamp, the delicious seal, or the soft oil, without the smile of Ajut!"

The eloquence of Anningait was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promises to meet again before the night of winter.

Anningait, however discomposed by the dilatory coyness of Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no tokens of amorous respect; and therefore presented her at his departure with the skins of seven white fawns, of five swans, and eleven seals, with three marble lamps, ten vessels of seal oil, and a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased from a ship at the price of half a whale and two horns of sea-unicorns.

Ajut was so much affected by the fondness of her lover, or so much overpowered by his magnificence, that she followed him to the sea-side; and when she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud that he might return with plenty of skins and oil; that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She stood a while to gaze upon the departing vessel, and then returning to her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside from that hour her white deer skin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thought by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moss for the winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing-coat, a small boat, and tent, all of exquisite manufacture; and while she was thus busied, solaced her labours with a song, in which she prayed "that her lover might have hands stronger than the paws of the bear, and feet swifter than the feet of the rein-deer; that his dart might never err, and that his boat might never leak; that he might never stumble on the ice, nor faint in the water; that the seal might rush on his harpoon, and the wounded whale might dash the waves in vain."

The large boats in which the Greenlanders transport their families are always rowed by women; for a man will not debase himself by work which requires neither skill nor courage. Anningait was therefore exposed by idleness to the ravages of passion. He went thrice to the stern of the boat with an intent to leap into the water and swim back to his mistress: but recollecting the misery which they must endure in the winter, without oil for the lamp, or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of absence in provision for a night of plenty and felicity. He then composed his emotions as he could, and expressed in wild numbers and uncouth images his hopes, his sorrows, and his fears. "O life," says he, "frail and uncertain! where shall wretched man find thy resemblance but in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on high, it sparkles from afar, while the storms drive and the waters beat it, the sun melts it above and the rocks shatter it below. What art thou, deceitful pleasure, but a sudden blaze streaming from the north, which plays a moment on the eye, mocks the traveller with the hopes of light, and then vanishes for ever? What, love, art thou but a whirlpool, which we approach without knowledge of our danger, drawn on by imperceptible degrees till we have lost all power of resistance and escape? Till I fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut, while I had yet not called her to the banquet, I was careless as the sleeping morse, I was merry as the singers in the stars. Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy graces? Why, my fair, did I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, remember Anningait, and meet my return with the smile of virginity. I will chase the deer, I will subdue the whale, resistless as the frost of darkness, and unwearied as the summer sun. In a few weeks I shall return prosperous and wealthy; then shall the roe-fish and the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox and hare shall cover thy couch; the tough hide of the seal shall shelter thee from cold, and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwelling."

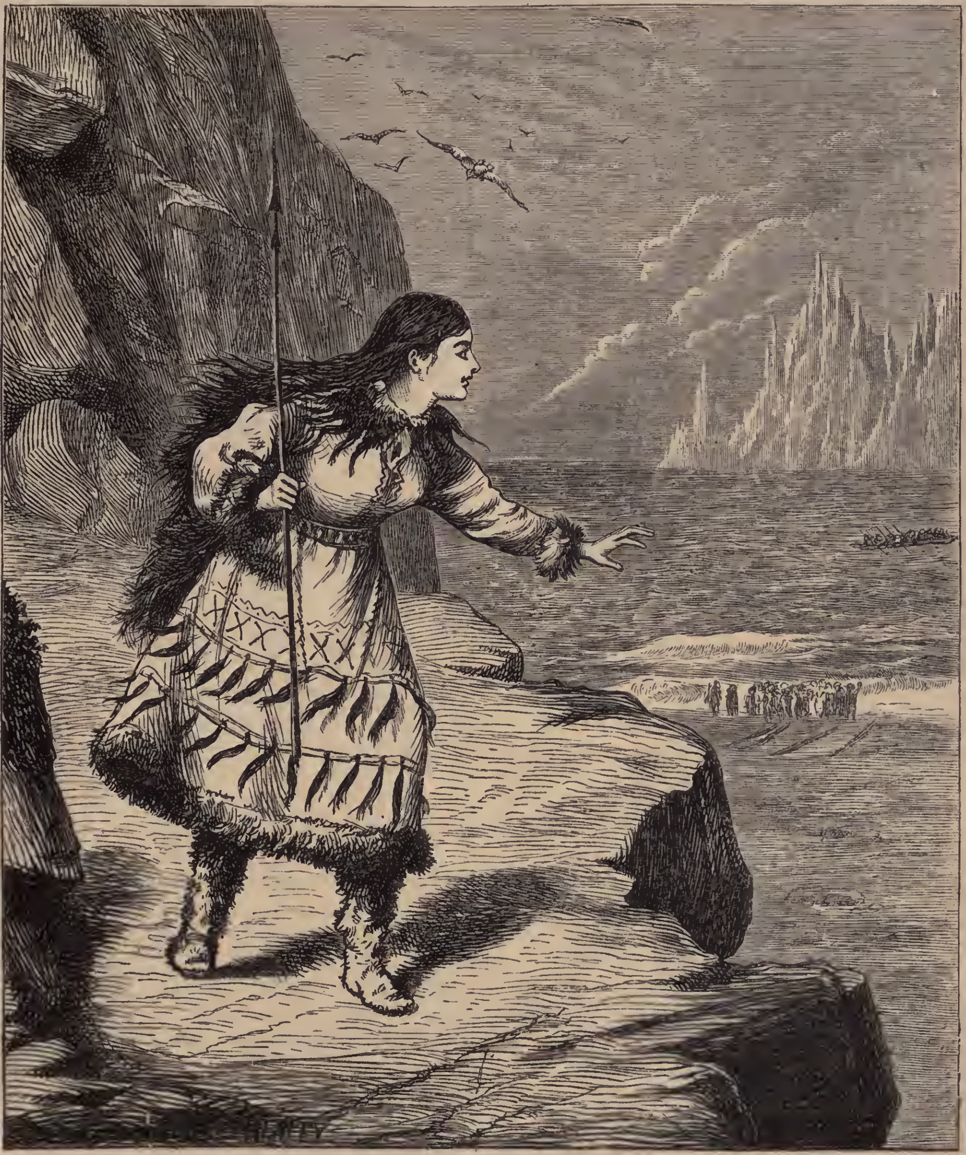
Anningait having with these sentiments consoled his grief and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whales spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing-boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chase and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the meantime, notwithstanding her neglected dress, happened, as she was drying some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngsuk, on his return from hunting. Norngsuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father, the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five-and-twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngsuk, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult an Angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated Angekkok of that part of the country, and by a present of two seals and a marble kettle, obtained a promise that when Ajut should consult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of souls. Ajut, in a short time, brought him a coat made by herself, and inquired what events were to befall her, with assurances of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait if the prediction should flatter her desires. The Angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would soon return home with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret; and Norngsuk, depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with greater confidence; but finding his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises. The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlander; they forgot the merit and the presents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngsuk. She entreated, she remonstrated, she wept and raved; but finding riches irresistible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon such berries as she could gather, and the birds or hares which she had the fortune to ensnare, taking care, at an hour when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her lover might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat in which Anningait had departed, stealing slow and heavy laden along the coast. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her that Anningait, after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage,



(*Drawn by* L. C. Henley.)

had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach, where, finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and telling those who wondered at her rashness that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion that they were changed into stars; others imagine that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay from which the hapless maid departed; and when a Greenlander would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut.

PHAETHON; OR, THE AMATEUR COACHMAN.

[J. G. SAXE. *See Page* 78.]

DAN PHAETHON—so the histories run—
Was a jolly young chap, and a son of the Sun;
Or rather of Phœbus; but as to his mother,
Genealogists make a deuce of a pother,
Some going for one, and some for another!
For myself, I must say, as a careful explorer,
This roaring young blade was the son of Aurora!

Now old Father Phœbus, ere railways begun
To elevate funds and depreciate fun,
Drove a very fast coach by the name of "the Sun;"
Running, they say,
Trips every day
(On Sundays and all, in a heathenish way),
And lighted up with famous array
Of lanterns that shone with a brilliant display,
And dashing along like a gentleman's shay
With never a fare and nothing to pay.

Now Phaethon begged of his doting old father
To grant him a favour, and that the rather,
Since some one had hinted, the youth to annoy,
That he wasn't by any means Phœbus's boy.
Intending, the rascally son of a gun,
To darken the brow of the son of the Sun.
"By the terrible Styx," said the angry sire,
While his eyes flashed volumes of fury and fire,
"To prove your reviler an infamous liar,
I swear I will grant you whate'er you desire."
"Then by my head,"
The youngster said,
"I'll mount the coach when the horses are fed!
For there's nothing I'd choose, as I'm alive,
Like a seat on the box, and a dashing drive."
"Nay, Phaethon, don't!
I beg you won't;
Just stop a moment and think upon't.
You're quite too young," continued the sage,
"To tend a coach at your tender age.
Besides, you see,
'Twill really be
Your first appearance on any stage.
Desist, my child,
The cattle are wild,
And when their courage is thoroughly riled,
Depend upon it, the coach 'll be sp'iled,
They're not the fellows to draw it mild.
Desist, I say,
You'll rue the day,
So mind me, and don't be foolish, Pha!"
But the youth was proud,
And swore aloud
It was just the thing to astonish a crowd.
He'd have the horses—he wouldn't be cowed.
In vain the boy was cautioned at large;
He called for the chargers, unheeding the charge,
And vowed that any young chap of force
Could manage a dozen coursers of course!
Now Phœbus felt exceedingly sorry
He had given his word in such a hurry.
But having sworn by the Styx, no doubt,
He was in for it now, and couldn't back out!
So calling Phaethon up in a trice,
He gave the youth a bit of advice—
"Parce stimulis, utere loris"
(A stage direction, of which the core is,
Don't use the whip—they're ticklish things,
But whatever you do, hold on to the strings!)
"Medio tutissimus ibis,"
As the judge remarked to a rowdy Scotchman,
Who was going along between two watchmen,
"So mind your eye and spare your goad,
Be shy of the stones, and keep in the road!"

Now Phaethon, perched in the coachman's place,
Drove off the steeds at a furious pace,
Fast as coursers running a race,
Or bounding along in a steeple-chase;
Of whip and shout there was no lack,
"Crack! whack!
Whack! crack!"
Resounded along the horses' back!
Frightened beneath the stinging lash
Cutting their flanks in many a gash,
On—on they sped, as swift as a flash,
Through thick and thin away they dash
(Such rapid driving is always rash).
When all at once, with a dreadful crash,
The whole establishment went to smash,
And Phaethon he,
As all agree,
Off the coach was suddenly hurled
Into a puddle and out of the world!

MORAL.

Don't rashly take to dangerous courses,
Nor set it down in your table of forces,
That any one man equals any four horses

FALSTAFF'S REGIMENT.

[W. Shakespeare. *See Page* 33.]

Falstaff. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Cophill to night.

Bardolph. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will captain: farewell. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press confoundedly. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum! such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bodies no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old-faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Westmoreland.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare,—too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What! is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

DESCRIPTION OF BELINDA AND THE SYLPHS.

[Alexander Pope. *See Page* 40.]

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck,
With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

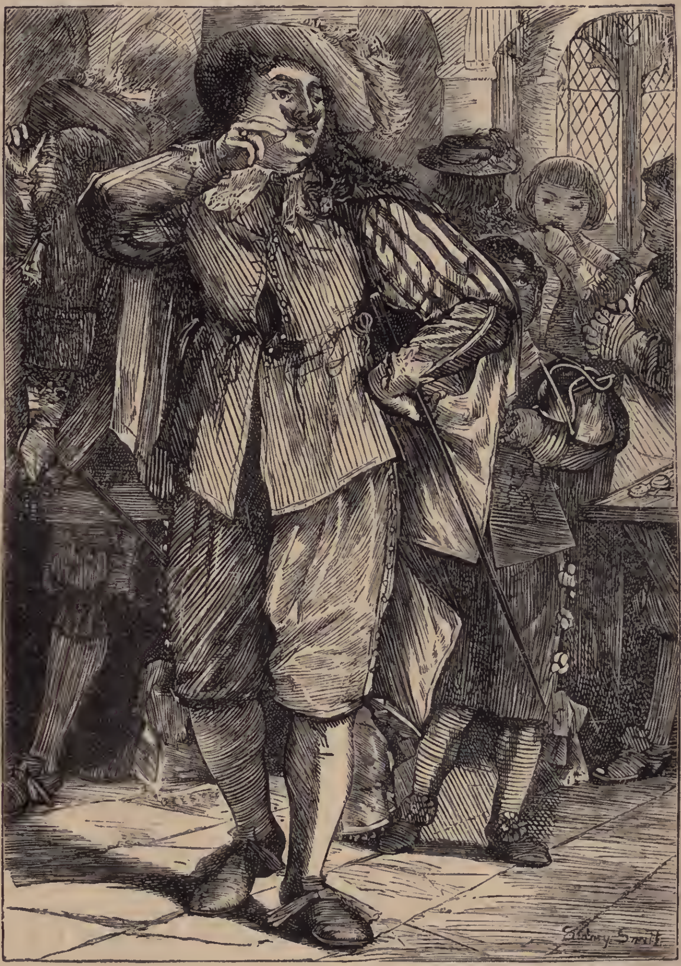
The advent'rous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious heaven, and every power adored;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize;
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph, with careful thoughts opprest,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair.
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand and thus begun:—
"Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the aerial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide
Of these, the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.
Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.
This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force or flight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapped in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China-jar receive a flaw,
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart or necklace at a ball;
Or whether heaven has doomed that Shock must fall.
Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale.
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics, with contracting power,
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivelled flower:
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill;
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend:
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair,
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear:
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

HOW A GALLANT SHOULD BEHAVE HIMSELF IN ST. PAUL'S WALK.

[T. DECKER. *See Page* 18.]

HE that would strive to fashion his legs to his silk stockings, and his proud gait to his broad garters, let him whiff down these observations; for if he once get to walk by the book—and I see no reason but he may, as well as fight by the book—Paul's may be proud of him; Will Clarke shall ring forth encomiums in his honour; John, in Paul's Churchyard, shall fit his head for an excellent block; whilst all the inns of court rejoice to behold his most handsome calf.

Your mediterranean isle is then the only gallery, wherein the pictures of all your true fashionate and complimental gulls are, and ought to be hung up. Into that gallery carry your neat body; but take heed you pick out such an hour when the main shoal of islanders are swimming up and down. And first observe your doors of entrance and your exit; not much unlike the players at the theatres; keeping your decorums even in fantasticality. As, for example, if you prove to be a northern gentleman, I would wish you to pass through the north door, more often especially than any of the other; and so, according to your countries, take note of your entrances.



(*Drawn by* S. SMITH.)

Now for your venturing into the walk. Be circumspect and wary what pillar you come in at; and take heed in any case, as you love the reputation of your honour, that you avoid the servingman's log, and approach not within five fathom of that pillar; but bend your course directly in the middle line, that the whole body of the church may appear to be yours; where, in view of all, you may publish your suit in what manner you affect most, either with the slide of your cloak from the one shoulder; and then you must, as 'twere in anger, suddenly snatch at the middle of the inside, if it be taffeta at the least; and so by that means your costly lining is betrayed, or else by the pretty advantage of compliment. But one note by the way do I especially woo you to, the neglect of which makes many of our gallants cheap and ordinary, that by no means you be seen above four turns; but in the fifth make yourself away, either in some of the sempsters' shops, the new tobacco-office, or amongst the booksellers, where, if you cannot read, exercise your smoke, and inquire who has writ against this divine weed, &c. For this withdrawing yourself a little will much benefit your suit, which else, by too long walking, would be stale to the whole spectators: but howsoever, if Paul's jacks be once up with their elbows, and quarrelling to strike eleven; as soon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the duke's gallery contain you any longer, but pass away apace in open view; in which departure, if by chance you either encounter, or aloof off throw your inquisitive eye upon any knight or squire, being your familiar, salute him not by his name of Sir Such-a-one, or so; but call him Ned or Jack, &c. This will set off your estimation with great men; and if, though there be a dozen companies between you, 'tis the better, he call aloud to you—for that is most genteel—to know where he shall find you at two o'clock, tell him at such an ordinary, or such; and be sure to name those that are dearest, and whither none but your gallants resort. After dinner you may appear again, having translated yourself out of your English cloth cloak into a light Turkey grogram, if you have that happiness of shifting; and then be seen, for a turn or two, to correct your teeth with some quill or silver instrument, and to cleanse your gums with a wrought handkerchief; it skills not whether you dined or no; that is best known to your stomach, or in what place you dined; though it were with cheese, of your own mother's making, in your chamber or study.

THE LOVE OF THE WORLD REPROVED; OR, HYPOCRISY DETECTED.

[W. COWPER. *See Page 39.*]

THUS says the prophet of the Turk:
"Good Mussulman, abstain from
pork;
There is a part in every swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication."
Such Mohammed's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part expressed,
They might with safety eat the rest;
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarred,
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy straight arose—
These chose the back, the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head,
While others at that doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail.
Thus, conscience freed from every clog,
Mohammedans eat up the hog.
You laugh—'tis well: the tale applied
May make you laugh on t'other side.
"Renounce the world," the preacher cries;
"We do," a multitude replies;
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play:
Some love a concert, or a race;
And others shooting, and the chase.
Reviled and loved, renounced and followed,
Thus, bit by bit, the world is swallowed:
Each thinks his neighbour makes too
free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he;
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

THE FIGHT IN THE CHASE.

[GEORGE ELIOT. *See Page 89.*]

ONE piece of work that Adam was superintending was some slight repairs at the Chase Farm, which had been hitherto occupied by Satchell, as bailiff, but which it was now rumoured that the old Squire was going to let to a smart man in top-boots, who had been seen to ride over it one day. Nothing but the desire to get a tenant could account for the Squire's undertaking repairs, though the Saturday-evening party at Mr. Casson's agreed over their pipes that no man in his senses would take the Chase Farm unless there was a bit more ploughland laid to it. However that might be, the repairs were ordered to be executed with all dispatch; and Adam, acting for Mr. Burge, was carrying out the order with his usual energy. But to-day, having been occupied elsewhere, he had not been able to arrive at the Chase Farm till late in the afternoon; and he then discovered that some old roofing, which he had calculated on preserving, had given way. There was clearly no good to be done with this part of the building without pulling it all down; and Adam immediately saw in his mind a plan for building it up again, so as to make the most convenient of cow-sheds and calf-pens, with a hovel for implements; and all without any great expense for materials. So, when the workmen were gone, he sat down, took out his pocket-book, and busied himself with sketching a plan, and making a specification of the expenses, that he might show it to Burge the next morning, and set him on persuading the Squire to consent. To "make a good job" of anything, however small, was always a pleasure to Adam; and he sat on a block, with his book resting on a planing-table, whistling low every now and then, and turning his head on one side with a just perceptible smile of gratification—of pride, too, for if Adam loved a bit of good work, he loved also to think, "I did it!" And I believe the only people who are free from that weakness are those who have no work to call their own. It was nearly seven before he had finished and put on his jacket again.

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* By kind permission of the Author.

The buildings of the Chase Farm lay at one extremity of the Chase, at about ten minutes' walking distance from the Abbey. Adam had come thither on his pony, intending to ride to the stables, and put up his nag on his way home. At the stables he encountered Mr. Craig, who had come to look at the Captain's new horse, on which he was to ride away the day after to-morrow; and Mr. Craig detained him to tell how all the servants were to collect at the gate of the courtyard to wish the young Squire luck as he rode out; so that, by the time Adam had got into the Chase, and was striding along with the basket of tools over his shoulder, the sun was on the point of setting, and was sending level crimson rays among the great trunks of the old oaks, and touching every bare patch of ground with a transient glory, that made it look like a jewel dropped upon the grass. He hurried on across the Chase, stalking along the narrow paths between the fern, with Gyp at his heels, not lingering to watch the magnificent changes of the light—hardly once thinking of it—yet feeling its presence in a certain calm happy awe which mingled itself with his busy working-day thoughts. How could he help feeling it? The very deer felt it, and were more timid.

Presently Adam's thoughts recurred to what Mr. Craig had said about Arthur Donnithorne, and pictured his going away, and the changes that might take place before he came back; then they travelled back affectionately over the old scenes of boyish companionship, and dwelt on Arthur's good qualities, which Adam had a pride in, as we all have in the virtues of the superior who honours us. A nature like Adam's, with a great deal of love and reverence in it, depends for so much of its happiness on what it can believe and feel about others! And he had no ideal world of dead heroes; he knew little of the life of men in the past; he must find the beings to whom he could cling with loving admiration among those who came within speech of him. These pleasant thoughts about Arthur brought a milder expression than usual into his keen rough face: perhaps they were the reason why, when he opened the old green gate leading into the Grove, he paused to pat Gyp, and say a kind word to him.

After that pause, he strode on again along the broad winding path through the Grove. What grand beeches! Adam delighted in a fine tree of all things; as the fisherman's sight is keenest on the sea, so Adam's perceptions were more at home with trees than with other objects. No wonder that, notwithstanding his desire to get on, he could not help pausing to look at a curious large beech which he had seen standing before him at a turning in the road, and convince himself that it was not two trees wedded together, but only one. For the rest of his life he remembered that moment when he was calmly examining the beech, as a man remembers the last glimpse of the home where his youth was passed, before the road turned, and he saw it no more. The beech stood at the last turning before the Grove ended in an archway of boughs that let in the eastern light; and as Adam stepped away from the tree to continue his walk, his eyes fell on two figures about twenty yards before him.

He remained as motionless as a statue, and turned almost as pale. The two figures were standing opposite to each other, with clasped hands, about to part; and while they were bending to kiss, Gyp, who had been running among the brushwood, came out, caught sight of them, and gave a sharp bark. They separated with a start—one hurried through the gate out of the Grove, and the other, turning round, walked slowly, with a sort of saunter, towards Adam, who still stood transfixed and pale, clutching tighter the stick with which he held the basket of tools over his shoulder, and looking at the approaching figure with eyes in which amazement was fast turning to fierceness.

Arthur Donnithorne looked flushed and excited; he had tried to make unpleasant feelings more bearable by drinking a little more wine than usual at dinner to-day, and was still enough under its flattering influence to think more lightly of this unwished for rencontre with Adam than he would otherwise have done. After all, Adam was the best person who could have happened to see him and Hetty together: he was a sensible fellow, and would not babble about it to other people. Arthur felt confident that he could laugh the thing off, and explain it away. And so he sauntered forward with elaborate carelessness—his flushed face, his evening dress of fine cloth and fine linen, his white jewelled hands half thrust into his waistcoat pockets, all shone upon by the strange evening light which the light clouds had caught up even to the zenith, and were now shedding down between the topmost branches above him.

Adam was still motionless, looking at him as he came up. He understood it all now—the locket, and everything else that had been doubtful to him: a terrible scorching light showed him the hidden letters that changed the meaning of the past. If he had moved a muscle, he must inevitably have sprung upon Arthur like a tiger; and in the conflicting emotions that filled those long moments, he had told himself that he would not give loose to passion, he would only speak the right thing. He stood as if petrified by an unseen force, but the force was his own strong will.

"Well, Adam," said Arthur, "you've been looking at the fine old beeches, eh? They're not to be come near by the hatchet, though; this is a sacred grove. I overtook pretty little Hetty Sorrel as I was coming to my den—the Hermitage, there. She ought not to come home this way so late. So I took care of her to the gate, and asked for a kiss for my pains. But I must get back now, for this road is confoundedly damp. Good-night, Adam: I shall see you to-morrow—to say good-bye, you know."

Arthur was too much preoccupied with the part he was playing himself to be thoroughly aware of the expression in Adam's face. He did not look directly at Adam, but glanced carelessly round at the trees, and then lifted up one foot to look at the sole of his boot. He cared to say no more; he had thrown quite dust enough into honest Adam's eyes; and as he spoke the last words, he walked on.

"Stop a bit, sir," said Adam, in a hard peremptory voice, without turning round. "I've got a word to say to you."

Arthur paused in surprise. Susceptible persons are more affected by a change of tone than by unexpected words, and Arthur had the susceptibility of a nature at once affectionate and vain. He was still more surprised when he saw that Adam had not moved, but stood with his back to him, as if summoning him to return. What did he mean? He was going to make a serious business of this affair. Confound the fellow! Arthur felt his temper rising. A patronising disposition always has its meaner side, and in the confusion of his irritation and alarm there entered the feeling that a man to whom he had shown so much favour as to Adam was not in a position to criticise his conduct. And yet he was dominated, as one who feels himself in the wrong always is, by the man whose good opinion he cares for. In spite of pride and temper, there was as much deprecation as anger in his voice when he said—

"What do you mean, Adam?"

"I mean, sir," answered Adam, in the same harsh voice, still without turning round—"I mean, sir, that you don't deceive me by your light words. This is not the first time you've met Hetty Sorrel in this grove, and this is not the first time you've kissed her."

Arthur felt a startled uncertainty how far Adam was speaking from knowledge, and how far from mere inference. And this uncertainty, which prevented him from contriving a prudent answer, heightened his irritation. He said in a high sharp tone—

"Well, sir, what then?"

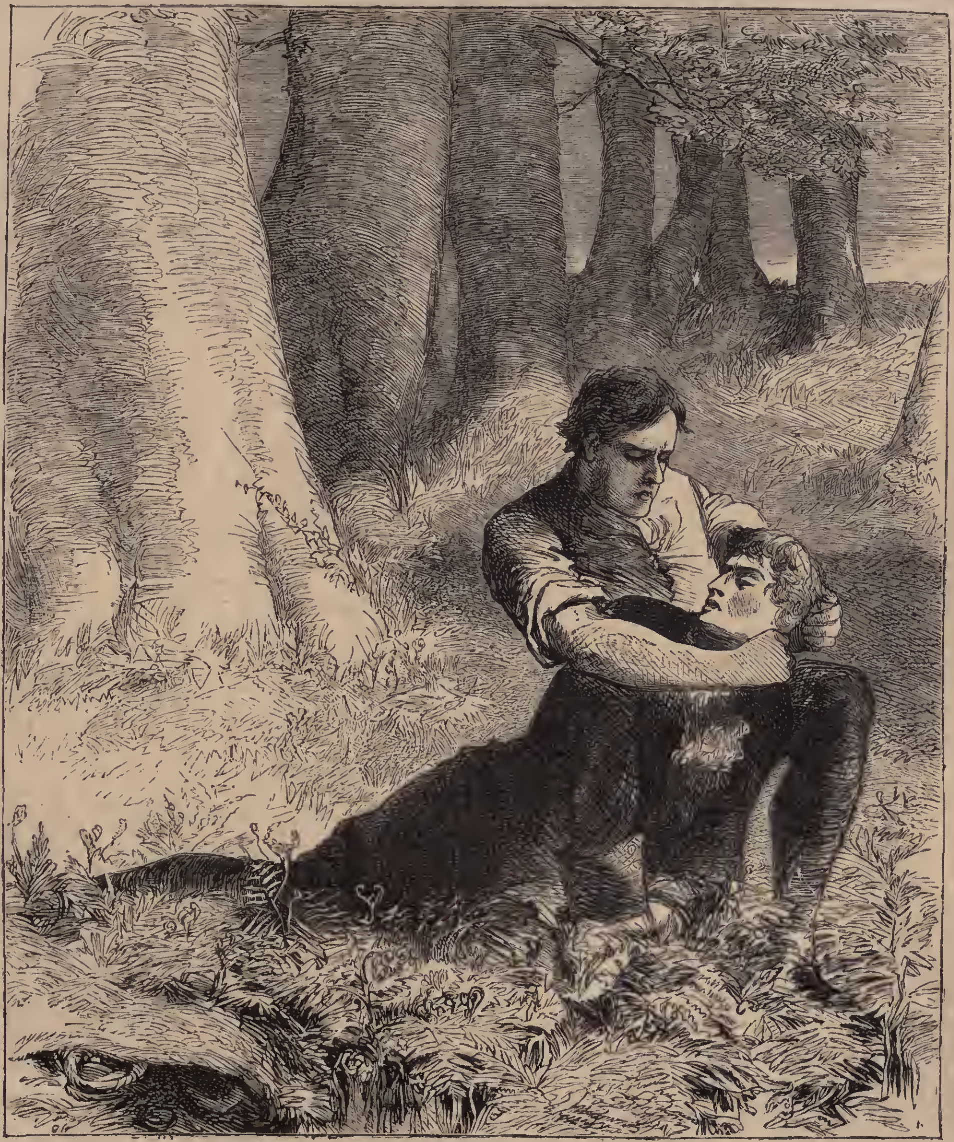
"Why, then, instead of acting like the upright, honourable man we've all believed you to be, you've been acting the part of a selfish, light-minded scoundrel. You know, as well as I do, what it's to lead to, when a gentleman like you kisses and makes love to a young woman like Hetty, and gives her presents as she's frightened for other folks to see. And I say it again, you're acting the part of a selfish, light-minded scoundrel, though it cuts me to th' heart to say so, and I'd rather ha' lost my right hand."

"Let me tell you, Adam," said Arthur, bridling his growing anger, and trying to recur to his careless tone, "you're not only devilishly impertinent, but you're talking nonsense. Every pretty girl is not such a fool as you, to suppose that when a gentleman admires her beauty, and pays her a little attention, he must mean something particular. Every man likes to flirt with a pretty girl, and every pretty girl likes to be flirted with. The wider the distance between them the less harm there is, for then she's not likely to deceive herself."

"I don't know what you mean by flirting," said Adam, "but if you mean behaving to a woman as if you loved her, and yet not loving her all the while, I say that's not th' action of an honest man, and what isn't honest does come t' harm. I'm not a fool, and you're not a fool, and you know better than what you're saying. You know it couldn't be made public as you've behaved to Hetty as y' have done without her losing her character, and bringing shame and trouble on her and her relations. What if you meant nothing by your kissing and your presents? Other folks won't believe as you've meant nothing; and don't tell me about her not deceiving herself. I tell you as you've filled her mind so with the thought of you as it'll mayhap poison her life; and she'll never love another man as 'ud make her a good husband."

Arthur had felt a sudden relief while Adam was speaking; he perceived that Adam had no positive knowledge of the past, and that there was no irrevocable damage done by this evening's unfortunate rencontre. Adam could still be deceived. The candid Arthur had brought himself into a position in which successful lying was his only hope. The hope allayed his anger a little.

"Well, Adam," he said, in a tone of friendly concession, "you're perhaps right. Perhaps I've gone a little too far in taking notice of the pretty little thing, and stealing a kiss now and then. You're such a grave, steady fellow, you don't understand the temptation to such trifling. I'm sure I wouldn't bring any trouble or annoyance on



(*Drawn by* C. Robinson.)

her and the good Poysers on any account if I could help it. But I think you look a little too seriously at it. You know I'm going away immediately, so I shan't make any more mistakes of the kind. But let us say good-night"—Arthur here turned round to walk on—"and talk no more about the matter. The whole thing will soon be forgotten."

"No!" Adam burst out with rage that could be controlled no longer, throwing down the basket of tools, and striding forward till he was right in front of Arthur. All his jealousy and sense of personal injury, which he had been hitherto trying to keep under, had leaped up and mastered him. What man of us, in the first moments of a sharp agony, could ever feel that the fellow-man who has been the medium of inflicting it did not mean to hurt us? In our instinctive rebellion against pain, we are children again, and demand an active will to wreak our vengeance on. Adam at this moment could only feel that he had been robbed of Hetty—robbed treacherously by the man in whom he had trusted; and he stood close in front of Arthur, with fierce eyes glaring at him, with pale lips and clenched hands, the hard tones in which he had hitherto been constraining himself to express no more than a just indignation giving way to a deep agitated voice that seemed to shake him as he spoke.

"No, it'll not be soon forgot, as you've come in between her and me, when she might ha' loved me—it'll not soon be forgot that you've robbed me o' my happiness, while I thought you was my best friend, and a noble-minded man, as I was proud to work for. And you've been kissing her and meaning nothing, have you? And I never kissed her i' my life, but I'd ha' worked hard for years for the right to kiss her. And you make light of it. You think little o' doing what may damage other folks, so as you get your bit o' trifling as means nothing. I throw back your favours, for you're not the man I took you for. I'll never count you my friend any more. I'd rather you'd act as my enemy, and fight me where I stand—it's all the amends you can make me."

Poor Adam, possessed by rage that could find no other vent, began to throw off his coat and his cap, too blind with passion to notice the change that had taken place in Arthur while he was speaking. Arthur's lips were now as pale as Adam's; his heart was beating violently. The discovery that Adam loved Hetty was a shock which made him for the moment see himself in the light of Adam's indignation, and regard Adam's suffering as not merely a consequence, but an element of his error. The words of hatred and contempt—the first he had ever heard in his life—seemed like scorching missiles that were making ineffaceable scars on him. All screening self-excuse, which rarely falls quite away while others respect us, forsook him for an instant, and he stood face to face with the first great irrevocable evil he had ever committed. He was only twenty-one, and three months ago—nay, much later—he had thought proudly that no man should ever be able to reproach him justly. His first impulse, if there had been time for it, would perhaps have been to utter words of propitiation; but Adam had no sooner thrown off his coat and cap, than he became aware that Arthur was standing pale and motionless, with his hands still thrust in his waistcoat pockets.

"What!" he said, "won't you fight me like a man? You know I won't strike you while you stand so."

"Go away, Adam," said Arthur; "I don't want to fight you."

"No," said Adam, bitterly; "you don't want to fight me—you think I'm a common man, as you can injure without answering for it."

"I never meant to injure you," said Arthur, with returning anger. "I didn't know you loved her."

"But you've made her love *you*," said Adam. 'You're a double-faced man—I'll never believe a word you say again."

"Go away, I tell you," said Arthur, angrily, "or we shall both repent."

"No," said Adam, with a convulsed voice, "I swear I won't go away without fighting you. Do you want provoking any more? I tell you you're a coward and a scoundrel, and I despise you."

The colour had all rushed back to Arthur's face: in a moment his white right hand was clenched, and dealt a blow like lightning, which sent Adam staggering backward. His blood was as thoroughly up as Adam's now, and the two men, forgetting the emotions that had gone before, fought with the instinctive fierceness of panthers in the deepening twilight darkened by the trees. The delicate-handed gentleman was a match for the workman in everything but strength, and Arthur's skill in parrying enabled him to protract the struggle for some long moments. But between unarmed men the battle is to the strong, where the strong is no blunderer; and Arthur must sink under a well-planted blow of Adam's, as a steel rod is broken by an iron bar. The blow soon came, and Arthur fell, his head lying concealed in a tuft of fern, so that Adam could only discern his darkly-clad body.

He stood still in the dim light waiting for Arthur to rise. The blow had been given now, towards which he had been straining all the force of nerve and muscle—and what was the good of it? What had he done by fighting? Only satisfied his own passion, only wreaked his own vengeance. He had not rescued Hetty, not changed the past—there it was, just as it had been, and he sickened at the vanity of his own rage.

LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

[W. Cowper. *See Page 39.*]

Toll for the Brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset;
Down went the "Royal George,"
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main:

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

[Thomas Gray. Born in Cornhill, Dec. 26, 1716. Educated at Eton and St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Declined the Laureateship on the death of Cibber. Was Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. Died July 30, 1771, and was buried at Stoke Pogis.]

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of Music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;
Now rolling down the steep amain
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

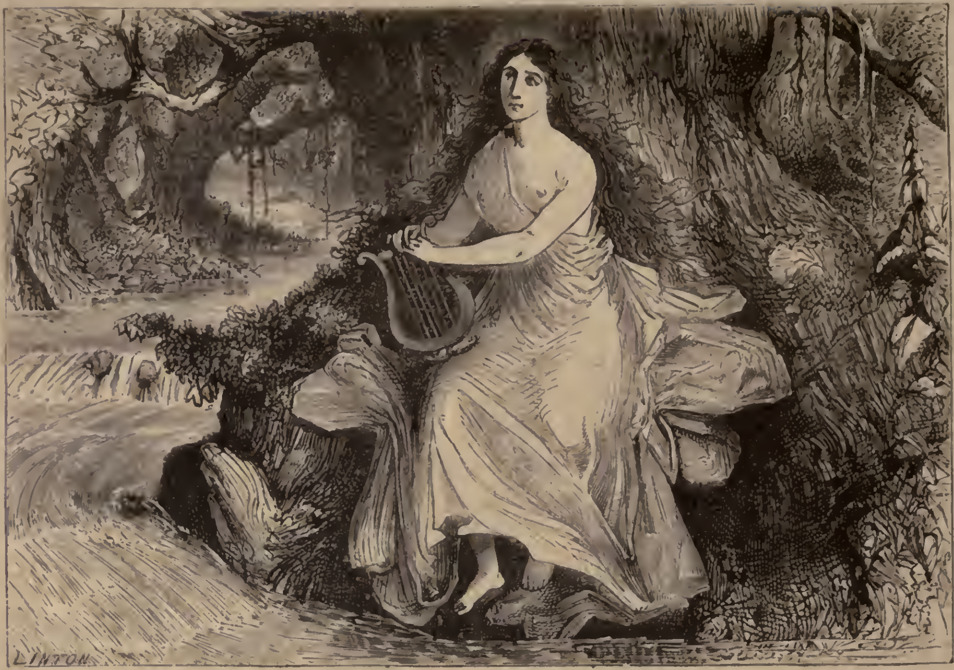
O Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curbed the fury of his car
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feathered king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quenched in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey
Tempered to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crownèd Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay:
With arms sublime that float upon the air
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,



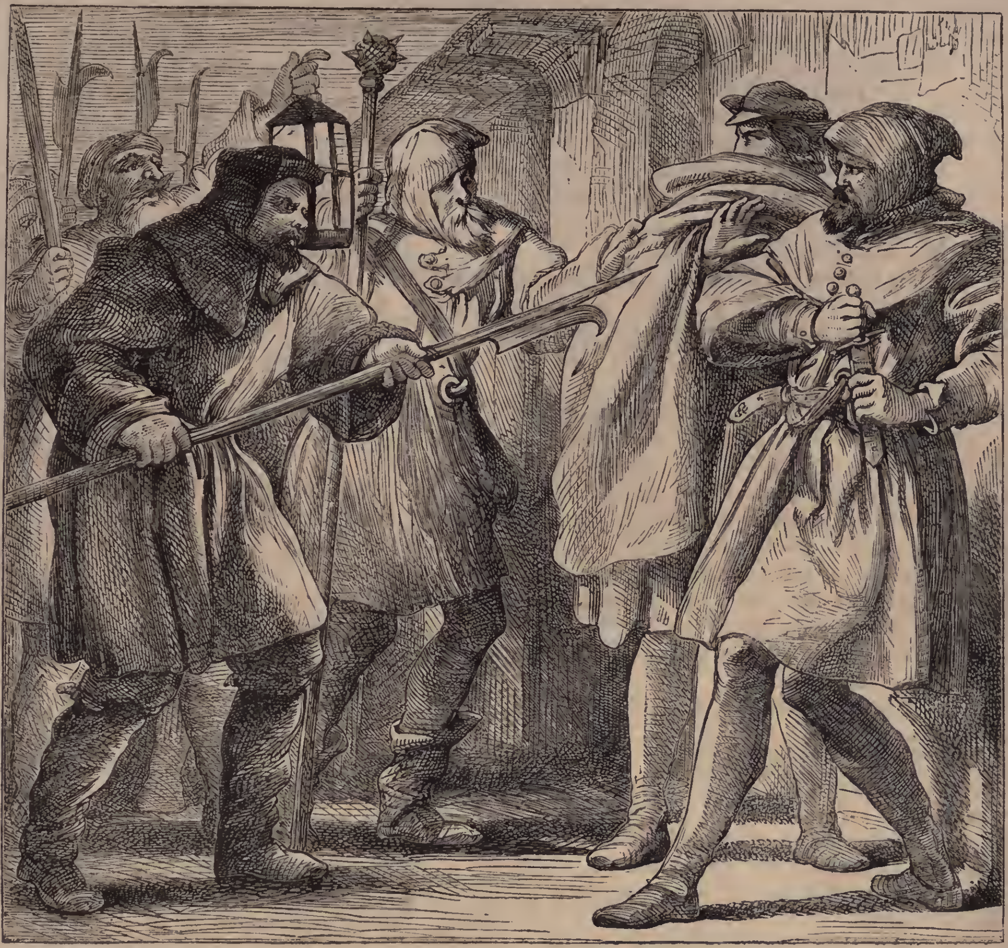
(*Drawn by* E. Hibblethwaite.)

Fields that cool Ilissus laves
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around;
Every shade and hallowed fountain
Murmured deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless Child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy
The secrets of the Abyss to spy:
He passed the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more——
O! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now! Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate:
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.



(*Drawn by* H. C. Selous.)

DOGBERRY'S CHARGE TO THE WATCH

[William Shakespeare. *See Page* 33.]

Dogberry. Are you good men and true?

Verges. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

First Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. Heaven hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well favoured man is a gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sec. Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Sec. Watch. How if 'a will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank Heaven you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Sec. Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen.—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Sec. Watch. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

Sec. Watch. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Sec. Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Sec. Watch. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when it bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that I think 'a cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think it be so.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own: and good night. Come, neighbour.

Sec. Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt* DOGBERRY *and* VERGES.

Enter BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

Bora. What, Conrade!—

Watch. [*Aside.*] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!—

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aside.*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. [*Aside.*] I know that Deformed; 'a has been a vile thief this seven year; 'a goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometimes like good Bel's priests in the old church-window; sometimes like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry?

Con. All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'ernight, and send her home again without a husband.

First Watch. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

Sec. Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of witchery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

First Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him; 'a wears a lock.

Con. Masters, masters,—

Sec. Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

First Watch. Never speak: we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

[Sir Walter Scott. *See Page* 116.]

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurred his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew,
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was braced, and his helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron returned in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor
Ran red with English blood;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hacked and hewed.
His acton pierced and tore;
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee;
Thou art young, and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

"Come tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
What did thy lady do?"—

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely light
That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For, from height to height, the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told.

"The bittern clamoured from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

"I watched her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone;
No watchman stood by the dreary flame;
It burnèd all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might! an armèd knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain blast was still,
As again I watched the secret pair,
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

"And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve;
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's bower;
Ask no bold Baron's leave.

"'He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch;
His lady is all alone;
The door she'll undo to her knight so true,
On the eve of good St. John.'

"'I cannot come; I must not come;
I dare not come to thee:
On the eve of St. John I must wander alone:
In thy bower I may not be.'

"'Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and, when lovers meet,
Is worth the whole summer's day.

"'And I'll chain the bloodhound, and the warder shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strewed on the stair;
So, by the black rood-stone, and by holy St. John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!'

"'Though the bloodhound be mute, and the rush beneath my foot,
And the warder his bugle should not blow,
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
And my footstep he would know.'

"'Oh, fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east!
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'

"He turned him around, and grimly he frowned;
Then he laughed right scornfully—
'He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight
May as well say mass for me.

"'At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power,
In thy chamber will I be.'
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see."

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high;
"Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!"

"His arms shone full bright, in the Beacon's red light;
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew."

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,
All under the Eildon-tree."

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—
"The grave is deep and dark—the corpse is stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drowned the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"

He passed the court gate, and he oped the tower grate,
And he mounted the narrow stair
To the bartizan-seat, where, with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;
Looked over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

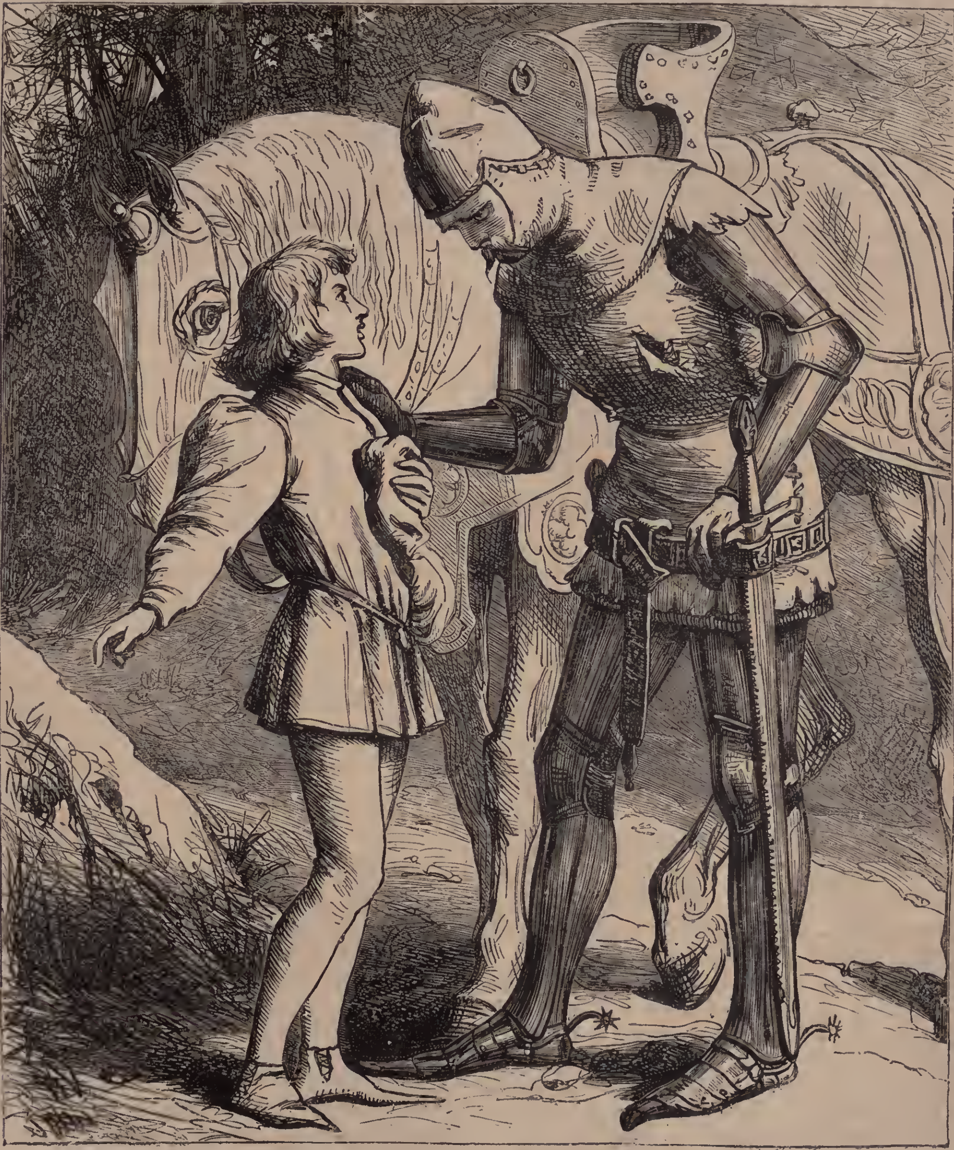
"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"
"Now hail, thou Baron true!
What news, what news from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?"

"The Ancram moor is red with gore,
For many a Southron fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us evermore
To watch our beacons well."

The lady blushed red, but nothing she said;
Nor added the Baron a word;
Then she stepped down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourned, and the Baron tossed and turned,
And oft to himself he said—
"The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave is deep,
It cannot give up the dead!"

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was well nigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,
On the eve of good St. John.



(*Drawn by* J. D. WATSON.)

The lady looked through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,
"For the holy Virgin's sake!"
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
Most foully slain I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height
For a space is doomed to dwell.

"At our trysting-place, for a certain space
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,
Hadst thou not conjured me so."

Love mastered fear—her brow she crossed;
"How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"
The Vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life,
So bid thy lord believe;
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam;
His right upon her hand;
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorched like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four,
Remains on that board impressed;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun:
There is a monk in Melrose Tower,
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's lady gay,
That monk the bold Baron.

THE MONK.

[LAURENCE STERNE. *See Page* 15.]

"THEY order," said I, "this matter better in France."

"You have been in France?" said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world. "Strange!" quoth I, debating the matter with myself, "that one-and-twenty miles' sailing, for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights: I'll look into them." So giving up the argument, I went straight to my lodgings, put up half-a-dozen shirts, and a pair of silk breeches—"the coat I have on," said I, looking at the sleeve, "will do"—took a place in the Dover stage; and the packet sailing at nine the next morning, by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricassed chicken, so incontestably in France, that had I died that night of indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the *droits d'aubaine*—my shirts, and black pair of silk breeches—portmanteau and all, must have gone to the King of France. Ungenerous! to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects had beckoned to the coast! Sire, it is not well done; and much does it grieve me 'tis the monarch of a people so civilised and courteous, and so renowned for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have to reason with—— But I have scarce set foot on your dominions!

When I had finished my dinner, and drank the King of France's health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper, I rose up an inch taller for the accommodation.

"No," said I, "the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race; they may be misled, like other people, but there is a mildness in their blood. What is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us fall out so cruelly as we do by the way?"

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand! He pulls out his purse, and, holding it airily and uncompressed, looks round him, as if he sought for an object to share it with. In doing this, I felt every vessel in my frame dilate—I was at peace with the world before, and this finished the treaty with myself——

"Now, was I a king of France," cried I; "what a moment for an orphan to have begged her father's portmanteau of me!"

I had scarce uttered the words, when a poor monk, of the order of St. Francis, came into the room, to beg something for his convent.

The moment I cast my eyes upon him I was predetermined not to give him a single sous; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket, buttoned it up, set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him. There was something, I fear, forbidding in my look.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure (a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it) might be about seventy; but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty. It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale, penetrating; free from all common-place ideas of fat, contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it looked forwards; but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of entreaty; and as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff, with which he journeyed, being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order; and did it with so simple a grace, and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure, I was bewitched not to have been struck with it.

A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

"'Tis very true," said I, replying to a cast upward with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—"'tis very true; and Heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it."

As I pronounced the words "great claims," he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic. I felt the full force of the appeal. "I acknowledge it," said I, "a coarse habit (and that but once in three years), with meagre diet, are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am," continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, "full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate." The monk made me a bow. "But of all others," resumed I, "the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore." The monk gave a cordial wave with his head, as much as to say, no doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent. "But," said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—"we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour, and those who eat the bread of other people, and have no other plan in life but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God*."

The poor Franciscan made no reply, a hectic of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; he showed none, but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door. "Psha!" said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination: I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed without the addition of unkind language. I considered his grey hairs: his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me, and why I could use him thus. I would have given twenty livres for an advocate. "I have behaved very ill," said I within myself; "but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along."

When a man is discontented with himself, it has one advantage, however, that it puts him into an excellent frame of mind for making a bargain. Now there being no travelling through France and Italy without a chaise—and nature generally prompting us to the thing we are fittest for, I walked out into the coach-yard to buy or hire something of that kind to my purpose. An old *désobligeant*, in the further corner of the court, hit my fancy at first sight; so I instantly got into it, and finding it in tolerable harmony with my feelings, I ordered the waiter to call Monsieur Dessein, the master of the hotel: but Monsieur Dessein being gone to vespers, and not caring to face the Franciscan, whom I saw on the opposite side of the court, in conference with a lady just arrived at the inn, I drew the taffeta curtain betwixt us; and being determined to write my journey, I took out my pen and ink, and wrote the preface to it in the *désobligeant*.

When I told the reader that I did not care to get out of the *désobligeant* because I saw the monk in close conference with a lady just arrived at the inn, I told him the truth; but I did not tell him the whole truth; for I was full as much restrained by the appearance and figure of the lady he was talking to. Suspicion crossed my brain, and said he was telling her what had passed. I wished him at his convent.

The impression returned upon my encounter with her in the street. The good old monk was within six paces of us, and was advancing towards us a little out of the line, as if uncertain whether he should break in upon us or no. He stopped, however, as soon as he came up to us, with a world of frankness; and having a horn snuff-box in his hand, he presented it open to me.

"You shall taste mine," said I, pulling out my box (which was a small tortoise one), and putting it into his hand. "'Tis most excellent," said the monk. "Then do me the favour," I replied, "to accept of the box and all; and when you take a pinch out of it, sometimes recollect it was the peace-offering of a man who once used you unkindly, but not from his heart."

The poor man blushed as red as scarlet. "*Mon Dieu!*" said he, pressing his hands together, "you never used me unkindly." "I should think," said the lady, "he is not likely." "*Mon Dieu!*" cried the monk, with a warmth of asseveration which seemed not to belong to him, "the fault was in me, and in the indiscretion of my zeal." The lady opposed it; and I joined with her in maintaining that it was impossible that a spirit so regulated as his could give offence.

I knew not that contention could be rendered so sweet and pleasurable a thing to the nerves as I then felt it. We remained silent, without any sensation of that foolish pain which takes place when in such a circle you look for ten minutes in one another's faces without saying a word. Whilst this lasted, the monk rubbed his horn-box upon the sleeve of his tunic; and as soon as it had acquired a little air of brightness by the friction, he made a low bow, and said, 'twas too late to say whether it was the weakness or goodness of our tempers which had involved us in this contest; but be it as it would, he begged we might exchange boxes. In saying this, he presented his to me with one hand as he took mine from me in the other; and having kissed it, with a stream of good nature in his eyes, he put it into his bosom—and took his leave.

I guard this box, and many a time have I called up by it the courteous spirit of its owner to regulate my own in the jostlings of the world; they had found full employment for his, as I learned from his story, till about the forty-fifth year of his age, when, upon some military services ill requited, and meeting at the same time with a disappointment in the tenderest of passions, he abandoned the sword and the sex together, and took sanctuary, not so much in his convent, as in himself.

I feel a damp upon my spirits as I am going to add, that in my last return through Calais, upon inquiring after Father Lorenzo, I heard he had been dead near three months, and was buried, not in his convent, but, according to his desire, in a little cemetery belonging to it, about two leagues off: I had a strong desire to see where they had laid him—when, upon pulling out his little horn-box, as I sat by his grave, and plucking up a nettle or two at the head of it, which had no business to grow there, they all struck together so forcibly upon my affections, that I burst into a flood of tears.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

[Robert Southey. Born at Bristol, 12th August, 1774. Educated at Westminster, and Baliol College, Oxford. Made Laureate in 1813. Died 24th March, 1843.]

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne,
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the house hard by
At the well to fill his pail,
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he,
"For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day,
That ever thou didst in thy life;

"Or hast thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an if she have I'll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply,
"But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why?"

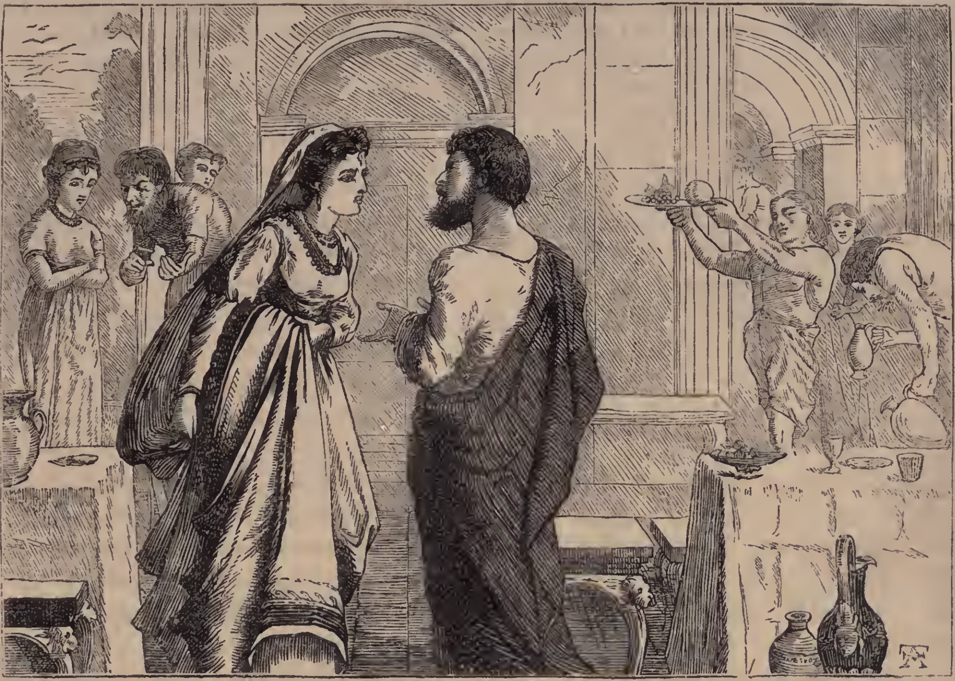
"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish man, "many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angels summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then!"
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the well I warrant betimes?"
He to the Cornish man said:
But the Cornish man smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch;
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."



(*Drawn by* F. A. FRASER.)

HOW ÆSOP BROUGHT BACK HIS MASTER'S WIFE.

[SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE. Born 1616. Fought on the Royalist side, and was imprisoned for four years by the Parliament. After the Restoration was made Licenser of the Press. Died 1704.]

THE wife of Xanthus was well born and wealthy, but so proud and domineering withal, as if her fortune and her extraction had entitled her to the breeches. She was horribly bold, meddling, and expensive, as that sort of women commonly are, easily put off the hooks, and monstrous hard to be pleased again; perpetually chattering at her husband, and upon all occasions of controversy threatening him to be gone. It came to this at last, that Xanthus's stock of patience being quite spent, he took up a resolution of going another way to work with her, and of trying a course of severity, since there was nothing to be done with her by kindness. But this experiment, instead of mending the matter, made it worse; for, upon harder usage, the woman grew desperate, and went away from him in earnest. She was as bad, 'tis true, as bad might well be, and yet Xanthus had a kind of hankering for her still; beside that, there was matter of interest in the case; and a pestilent tongue she had, that the poor husband dreaded above all things under the sun. But the man was willing, however, to make the best of a bad game, and so his wits and his friends were set at work, in the fairest manner that might be, to get her home again. But there was no good to be done in it, it seems; and Xanthus was so visibly out of humour upon it, that Æsop in pure pity bethought himself immediately how to comfort him. "Come, master," says he, "pluck up a good heart, for I have a project in my noddle, that shall bring my mistress to you back again, with as good a will as ever she went from you." What does my Æsop, but away immediately to the market among the butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, confectioners, &c., for the best of everything that was in season. Nay, he takes private people in his way too, and chops into the very house of his mistress's relations, as by mistake. This way of proceeding set the whole town agog to know the meaning of all this bustle; and Æsop innocently told everybody that his master's wife was run away from him, and he had married another; his friends up and down were all invited to come and make merry with him, and this was to be the wedding-feast. The news flew like lightning, and happy were they that could carry the first tidings of it to the runaway lady—for everybody knew Æsop to be a servant in that family. It gathered in the rolling, as all other stories do in the telling, especially where women's tongues and passions have the spreading of them. The wife, that was in her nature violent and unsteady, ordered her chariot to be made ready immediately, and away she posts back to her husband, falls upon him with outrages of looks and language; and after the easing of her mind a little—"No, Xanthus," says she, "do not you flatter yourself with the hopes of wedding another woman while I am alive." Xanthus looked upon this as one of Æsop's masterpieces; and for that bout all was well again betwixt master and mistress.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

[John Greenleaf Whittier. Born of Quaker parents, at Haverhill, Mass., 1808. Spent the first eighteen years of his life on a farm; but in 1828 became a journalist and editor, having previously attracted notice by his writings.]

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick Town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick Town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane, and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick Street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick Town!

THE MAN IN BLACK.

[Oliver Goldsmith. *See Page* 10.]

Though fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The man in black whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies: and he may be justly termed a humorist in a nation of humorists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and, while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings, as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. In every parish-house, says he, the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates, in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious: I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it in some measure encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture.

He was proceeding in this strain earnestly to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession, to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me; but it was quite otherwise with the man in black: I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before. He was beginning a story to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend, looking wishfully upon the poor petitioner, bade me stop, and he would show me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad, in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask: he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but, not waiting for a reply, desired in a surly tone to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollecting himself, and presenting his whole bundle, "Here, master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase: he assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the saving that would result from lighting candles with a match, instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch, who in the deepest distress still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding: his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion, when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

As there appeared something reluctantly good in the character of my companion, I must own it surprised me what could be his motives for thus concealing virtues which others take such pains to display. I was unable to repress my desire of knowing the history of a man who thus seemed to act under continual restraint, and whose benevolence was rather the effect of appetite than reason.

It was not, however, till after repeated solicitations he thought proper to gratify my curiosity. "If you are fond," says he, "of hearing hair-breadth 'scapes, my history must certainly please; for I have been for twenty years upon the very verge of starving, without ever being starved.

"My father, the younger son of a good family, was possessed of a small living in the Church. His education was above his fortune, and his generosity greater than his education. Poor as he was, he had his flatterers still poorer than himself; for every dinner he gave them, they returned an equivalent in praise; and this was all he wanted. The same ambition that actuates a monarch at the head of an army, influenced my father at the head of his table; he told the story of the ivy-tree, and that was laughed at; he repeated the jest of the two scholars and one pair of breeches, and the company laughed at that; but the story of Taffy in the sedan chair was sure to set the table in a roar: thus his pleasure increased in proportion to the pleasure he gave; he loved all the world, and he fancied all the world loved him.

"As his fortune was but small, he lived up to the very extent of it: he had no intentions of leaving his children money, for that was dross; he was resolved they should have learning, for learning, he used to observe, was better than silver or gold. For this purpose, he undertook to instruct us himself; and took as much pains to form our morals as to improve our understanding. We were told that universal benevolence was what first cemented society; we were taught to consider all the wants of mankind as our own; to regard 'the human face divine' with affection and esteem; he wound us up to be mere machines of pity, and rendered us incapable of withstanding the slightest impulse, made either by real or fictitious distress; in a word, we were perfectly instructed in the art of giving away thousands, before we were taught the more necessary qualifications of getting a farthing.

"I cannot avoid imagining, that thus refined by his lessons out of all my suspicion, and divested of even all the little cunning which nature had given me, I resembled, upon my first entrance into the busy and insidious world, one of those gladiators who were exposed without armour in the amphitheatre at Rome. My father, however, who had only seen the world on the one side, seemed to triumph in my superior discernment; though my whole stock of wisdom consisted in being able to talk like himself upon subjects that once were useful, because they were then topics of the busy world, but that now were utterly useless, because connected with the busy world no longer.

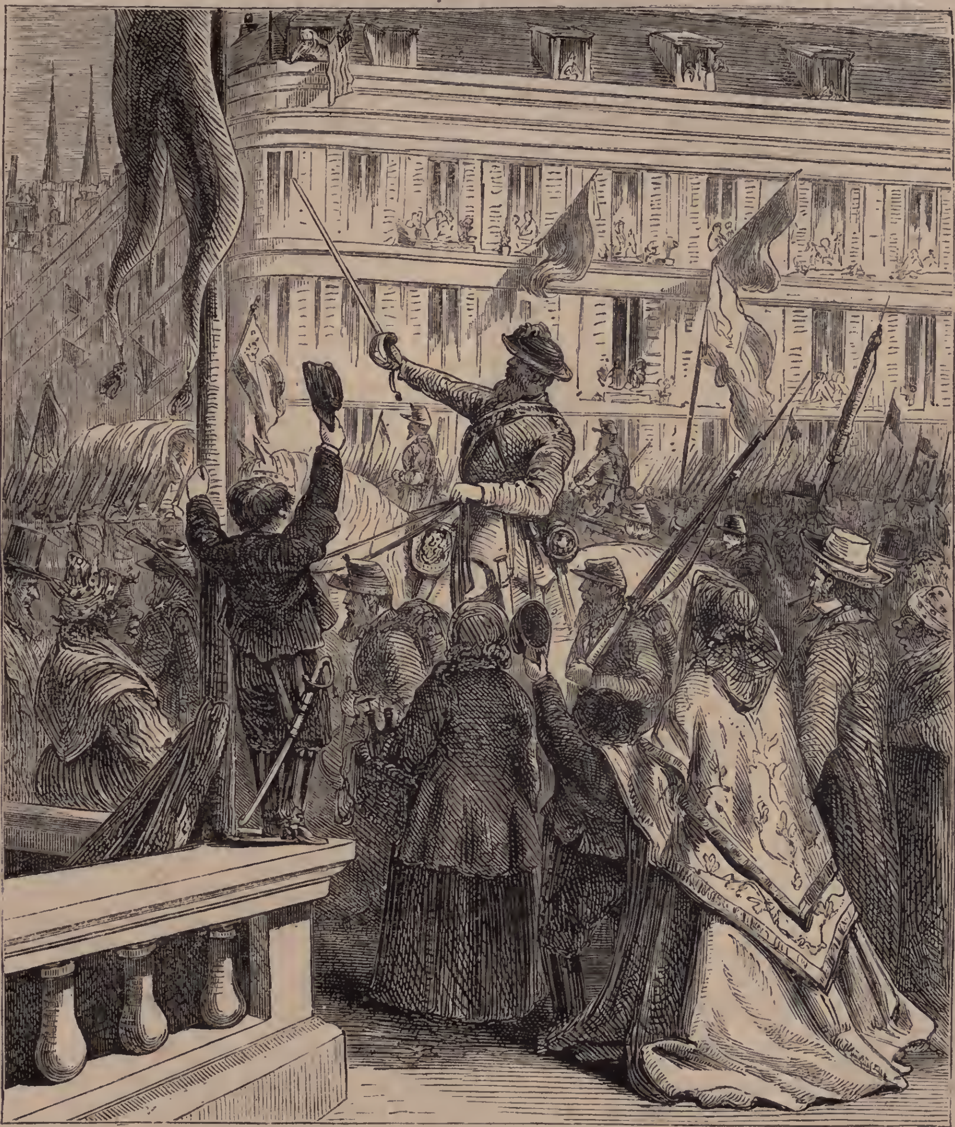
"The first opportunity he had of finding his expectations disappointed, was at the very middling figure I made in the university: he had flattered himself that he should soon see me rising into the foremost rank in literary reputation, but was mortified to find me utterly unnoticed and unknown. His disappointment might have been partly ascribed to his having overrated my talents, and partly to my dislike of mathematical reasonings, at a time when my imagination and memory, yet unsatisfied, were more eager after new objects than desirous of reasoning upon those I knew. This did not, however, please my tutors, who observed indeed, that I was a little dull; but at the same time allowed that I seemed to be very good-natured, and had no harm in me.

"After I had resided at college seven years, my father died, and left me—his blessing. Thus shoved from shore, without ill-nature to protect, or cunning to guide, or proper stores to subsist me in so dangerous a voyage, I was obliged to embark in the wide world at twenty-two. But, in order to settle in life, my friends advised (for they always advise when they begin to despise us), they advised me, I say, to go into orders.

"To be obliged to wear a long wig when I liked a short one, or a black coat when I generally dressed in brown, I thought was such a restraint upon my liberty, that I absolutely rejected the proposal.

"My friends were now perfectly satisfied I was undone; and yet they thought it a pity for one who had not the least harm in him, and was so very good-natured.

"Poverty naturally begets dependence, and I was admitted as flatterer to a great man. At first I was surprised that the situation of a flatterer at a great man's table could be thought disagreeable; there was no great trouble in listening attentively when his lordship spoke, and laughing when he looked round for applause. This even good manners might have obliged me to perform. I found, however, too soon, that his lordship was a greater dunce than myself; and from that very moment my power of flattery was at an end. I now rather aimed at setting him right, than at receiving his absurdities with submission: to flatter those we do not know is an easy task; but to flatter our intimate acquaintances, all whose



[*Drawn by* R. T. PRITCHETT.]

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.
(*See Page* 322.)

foibles are strongly in our eye, is drudgery insupportable. Every time I now opened my lips in praise, my falsehood went to my conscience; his lordship soon perceived me to be unfit for service; I was therefore discharged; my patron at the same time being graciously pleased to observe, that he believed I was tolerably good-natured, and had not the least harm in me.

"Disappointed in ambition, I had recourse to love. A young lady, who lived with her aunt, and was possessed of a pretty fortune in her own disposal, had given me, as I fancied, some reasons to expect success. The symptoms by which I was guided were striking. She had always laughed with me at her awkward acquaintance, and at her aunt among the number; she always observed, that a man of sense would make a better husband than a fool, and I as constantly applied the observation in my own favour. She continually talked, in my company, of friendship and the beauties of the mind, and spoke of Mr. Shrimp my rival's high-heeled shoes with detestation. These were circumstances which I thought strongly in my favour; so, after resolving, and re-resolving, I had courage enough to tell her my mind. Miss heard my proposal with serenity, seeming at the same time to study the figures of her fan. Out at last it came. There was but one small objection to complete our happiness; which was no more, than——that she was married three months before to Mr. Shrimp, with high-heeled shoes!

"Yet still I had friends, numerous friends, and to them I was resolved to apply. O friendship! thou fond soother of the human breast, to thee we fly in every calamity; to thee the wretched seek for succour; on thee the care-tired son of misery fondly relies; from thy kind assistance the unfortunate always hopes relief, and may be ever sure of—disappointment! My first application was to a city-scrivener, who had frequently offered to lend me money when he knew I did not want it. I informed him that now was the time to put his friendship to the test; that I wanted to borrow a couple of hundreds for a certain occasion, and was resolved to take it up from him. 'And pray, sir,' cried my friend, 'do you want all this money?' 'Indeed, I never wanted it more,' returned I. 'I am sorry for that,' cries the scrivener, 'with all my heart; for they who want money when they come to borrow, will always want money when they should come to pay.'

"From him I flew with indignation to one of the best friends I had in the world, and made the same request. 'Indeed, Mr. Drybone,' cries my friend, 'I always thought it would come to this. You know, sir, I would not advise you but for your own good; but your conduct has hitherto been ridiculous in the highest degree, and some of your acquaintance always thought you a very silly fellow. Let me see, you want two hundred pounds. Do you want only two hundred, sir, exactly?' 'To confess a truth,' returned I, 'I shall want three hundred; but then I have another friend, from whom I can borrow the rest.' 'Why, then,' replied my friend, 'if you would take my advice (and you know I should not presume to advise you but for your own good), I would recommend it to you to borrow the whole sum from that other friend; and then one note will serve for all, you know.'

"Poverty now began to come fast upon me; yet instead of growing more provident or cautious as I grew poor, I became every day more indolent and simple. A friend was arrested for fifty pounds; I was unable to extricate him, except by becoming his bail. When at liberty he fled from his creditors, and left me to take his place. In prison I expected greater satisfactions than I had enjoyed at large. I hoped to converse with men in this new world, simple and believing like myself; but I found them as cunning and as cautious as those in the world I had left behind. They spunged up my money whilst it lasted, borrowed my coals, and never paid for them, and cheated me when I played at cribbage. All this was done because they believed me to be very good-natured, and knew that I had no harm in me.

"Upon my first entrance into this mansion, which is to some the abode of despair, I felt no sensations different from those I experienced abroad. I was now on one side the door, and those who were unconfined were on the other: this was all the difference between us. At first, indeed, I felt some uneasiness, in considering how I should be able to provide this week for the wants of the week ensuing; but after some time, if I found myself sure of eating one day, I never troubled my head how I was to supply another. I seized every precarious meal with the utmost good-humour; indulged no rants of spleen at my situation; never called down heaven and all the stars to behold me dining upon an halfpenny-worth of radishes; my very companions were taught to believe that I liked salad better than mutton. I contented myself with thinking, that all my life I should either eat white bread or brown; considered that all that happened was best; laughed when I was not in pain, took the world as it went, and read Tacitus often, for want of more books and company.

"How long I might have continued in this torpid state of simplicity I cannot tell, had I not been roused by seeing an old acquaintance, whom I knew to be a prudent blockhead, preferred to a place in the Government. I now found that I had pursued a wrong track, and that the true way of being able to relieve others, was first to aim at independence myself: my immediate care, therefore, was to leave my present habitation, and make an entire reformation in my conduct and behaviour. For a free, open, undesigning deportment, I put on that of closeness, prudence, and economy. One of the most heroic actions I ever performed, and for which I shall praise myself as long as I live, was the refusing half-a-crown to an old acquaintance, at the time when he wanted it, and I had it to spare: for this alone I deserve to be decreed an ovation.

"I now therefore pursued a course of uninterrupted frugality, seldom wanted a dinner, and was consequently invited to twenty. I soon began to get the character of a saving hunks that had money, and insensibly grew into esteem. Neighbours have asked my advice in the disposal of their daughters; and I have always taken care not to give any. I have contracted a friendship with an alderman, only by observing, that if we take a farthing from a thousand pounds, it will be a thousand pounds no longer. I have been invited to a pawnbroker's table, by pretending to hate gravy; and am now actually upon treaty of marriage with a rich widow, for only having observed that the bread was rising. If ever I am asked a question, whether I know it or not, instead of answering, I only smile and look wise. If a charity is proposed, I go about with the hat, but put nothing in myself. If a wretch solicits my pity, I observe that the world is filled with impostors, and take a certain method of not being deceived, by never relieving. In short, I now find the truest way of finding esteem, even from the indigent, is—to give away nothing, and thus have much in our power to give."

BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

[Sir John Suckling. Son of Comptroller of the Household to Charles I. Born 1608. Served under Gustavus Adolphus. Was impeached by the House of Commons for an attempt to rescue Strafford. Fled to France, but on the road met with an accident which terminated his life, 1641.]

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
Oh, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we—thou knowest—do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine—
His beard no bigger, though, than thine—
Walked on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The king, God bless him! 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him stayed:
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck:
And, to say truth—for out it must—
It looked like the great collar—just—
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get:
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

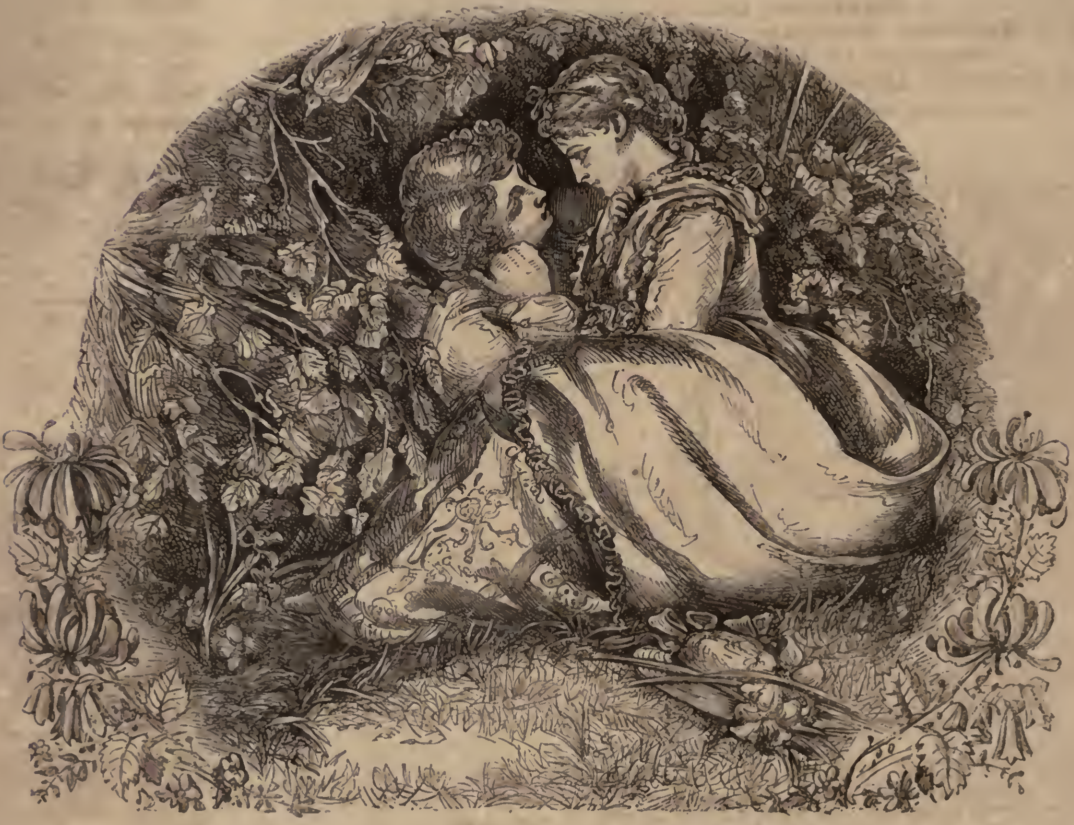
Passion, oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride:
The bus'ness of the kitchen 's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick, the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trained-band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance:
Then dance again, and kiss.
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till every woman wished her place,
And every man wished his.



(*Drawn by* M. E. Edwards.)

BEWARE.

[H. W. Longfellow. *See Page* 14.]

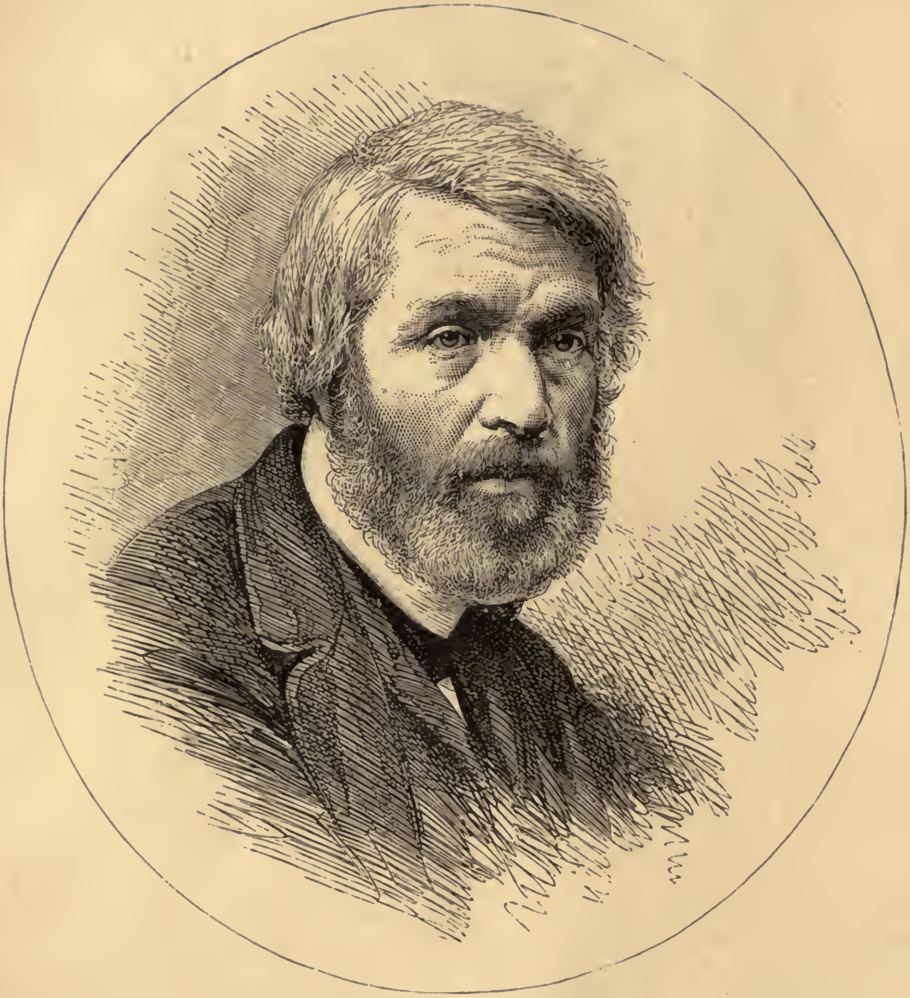
I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

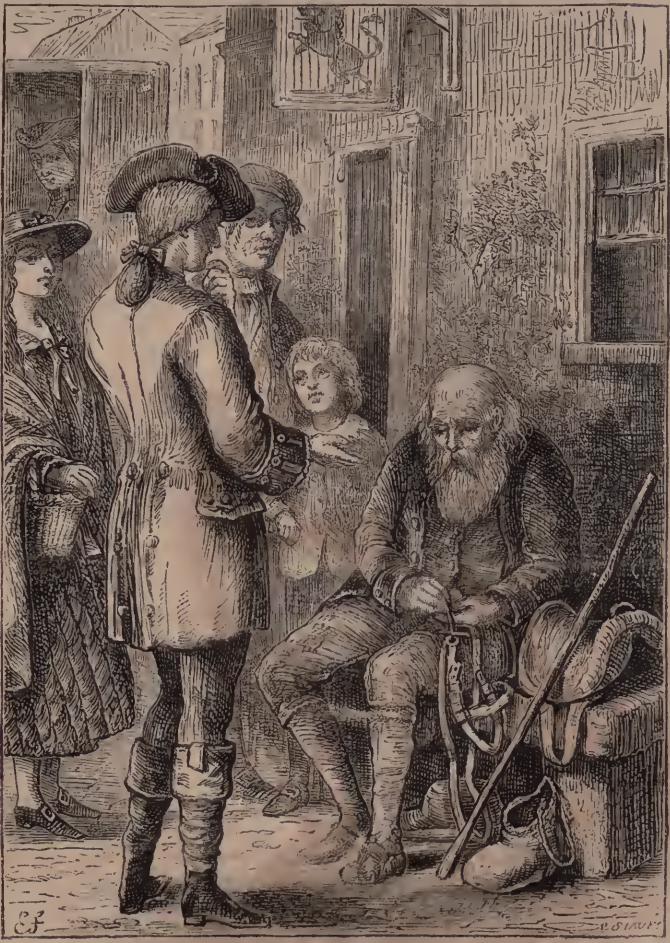
And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!



THOMAS CARLYLE.



(*Drawn by* E. Fitzpatrick.)

THE DEAD ASS.

[Laurence Sterne. *See Page* 15.]

"And this," said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—"and this should have been thy portion," said he, "hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me." I thought by the accent it had been an apostrophe to his child; but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and his bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could hear and see over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia, and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopped to pay Nature her tribute, and wept bitterly.

He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey; that it had ate the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Everybody who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern. La Fleur offered him money. The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him; the ass, he said, he was assured, loved him; and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean Mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had neither scarce ate nor drank till they met.

"Thou hast one comfort, friend," said I, "at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him." "Alas!" said the mourner, "I thought so, when he was alive; but now that he is dead, I think otherwise: I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for." "Shame on the world!" said I to myself: "did we love each other as this poor soul but loved his ass—'twould be something."

THE SONG OF STEAM.

[G. W. CUTTER. Born at Cincinnati in 1848. A captain of volunteers in the United States army during the invasion of Mexico.]

HARNESS me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain!
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant fairly reel
With the toil which he faintly bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar.

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the courier-dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car!

Ha, ha, ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,
And laughed in my iron strength!
Oh, then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah, hurrah! the waters o'er
The mountain's steep decline,
Time—space—have yielded to my power,
The world—the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline,
The giant streams of the queenly West,
And the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice;
And the monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth to the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The wind lags after my flying forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rocks never saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day.
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden cave below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel,
Where my arms of strength are made.
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be laid on the "shelf;"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage this world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein;
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
As the tempest scorns a chain!

AS YOU LIKE IT.

[W. Shakespeare. *See Page* 33.]

Rosalind. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Celia. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this: [*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes. [*Reads.*

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads.*]

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspéct!
Whiles you chide me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas! poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What! to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her (for I see love hath made thee a tame snake), and say this to her:—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* Silvius.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years:—"The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin:—are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself:
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. Oh, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando:—did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling,
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescued?

Cel. Was 't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By-and-by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[ROSALIND *faints.*

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it.—Cousin!—Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man? you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah! sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh-ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

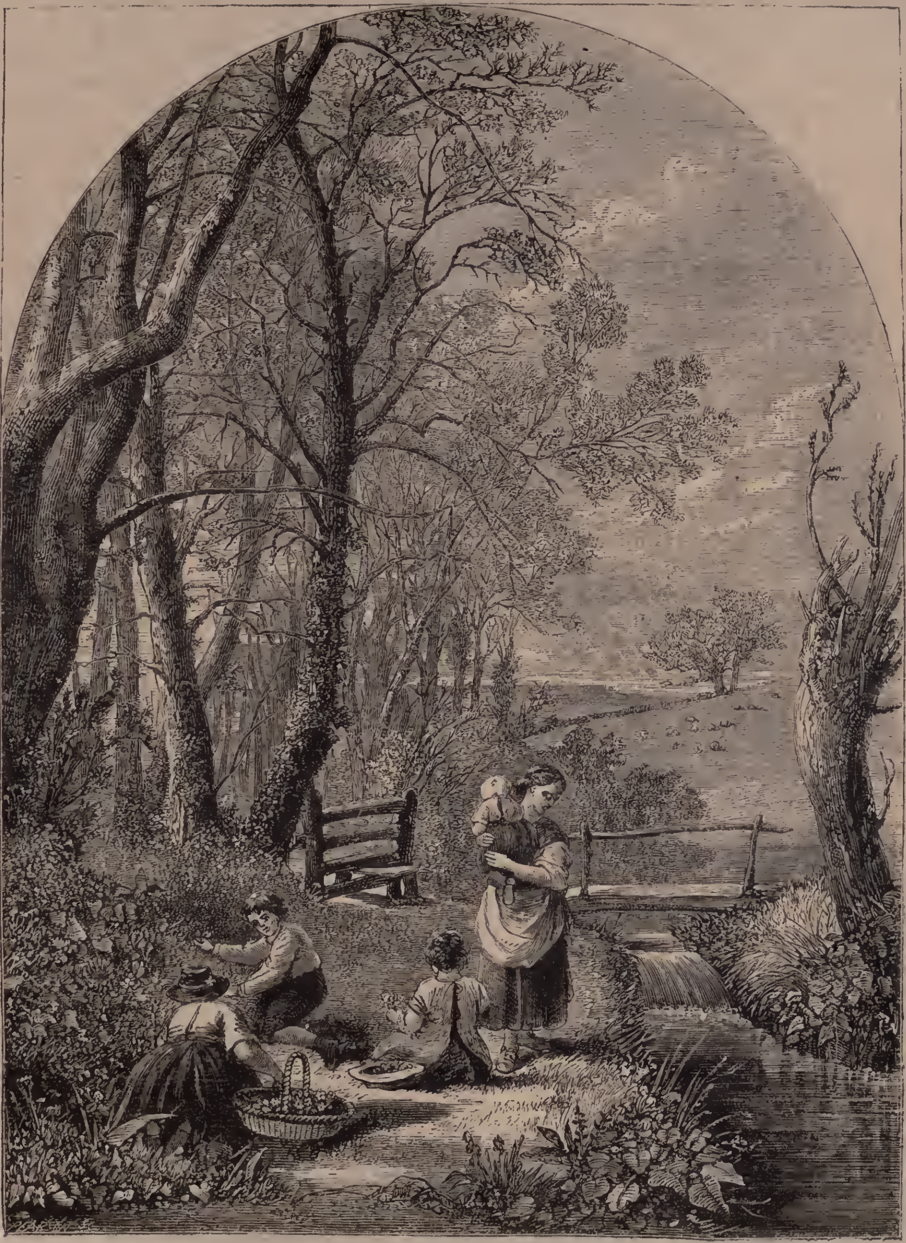
Ros. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him: will you go? [*Exeunt.*

ODE ON THE SPRING.

[THOMAS GRAY. *See Page* 311.]

Lo! where the rosy-bosomed hours,
  Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers
  And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
  Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
  A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
  O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
  How indigent the great!



(*Drawn by* PERCY JUSTYNE.)

Still is the toiling hand of care;
  The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
  The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim
  Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
  Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly
  Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
  They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

THE MOSQUITO.

[William Cullen Bryant. Born 3rd of November, 1794, in Cummington, Mass. At the age of thirteen published a clever satire. Is editor of the *New York Evening Post*.]

Fair insect! that, with thread-like legs spread out,
And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins should bleed,
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

Unwillingly, I own, and, what is worse,
Full angrily, men hearken to thy plaint;
Thou gettest many a brush and many a curse
For saying thou art gaunt, and starved, and faint:
Even the old beggar, while he asks for food,
Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,
Has not the honour of so proud a birth;
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,
The offspring of the gods, though born on earth;
For Titan was thy sire, and fair was she,
The ocean-nymph, that nursed thy infancy.

That bloom was made to look at, not to touch;
To worship—not approach—that radiant white;
And well might sudden vengeance light on such
As dared, like thee, most impiously to bite.
Thou should'st have gazed at distance and admired,
Murmured thy admiration, and retired.

Thou'rt welcome to the town, but why come here
To bleed a brother poet, gaunt, like thee?
Alas! the little blood I have is dear,
And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.
Look round—the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,
Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood,
Enriched by generous wine and costly meat;
On well-fill'd skins, sleek as thy native mud,
Fix thy light pump, and press thy freckled feet:
Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,
The oyster breeds, and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows,
To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now
The ruddy cheek, and now the ruddier nose
Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the brow;
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

Beneath the rushes was thy cradle swung,
And when, at length, thy gauzy wings grew strong,
Abroad to gentle airs their folds were flung,
Rose in the sky, and bore thee soft along;
The south wind breathed to waft thee on thy way,
And danced and shone beneath the billowy bay.

Calm rose afar the city spires, and thence
Came the deep murmur of its throng of men,
And as its grateful odours meet thy sense,
They seem the perfumes of thy native fen.
Fair lay its crowded streets, and at the sight
Thy tiny song grew shriller with delight.

At length, thy pinion fluttered in Broadway,
Ah! there were fairy steps, and white necks kissed
By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray
Shone through the snowy veils like stars through mist;
And fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,
Bloomed the bright blood through the transparent skin.

Sure these were sights to tempt an anchorite!
What! do I hear thy slender voice complain?
Thou wailest when I talk of beauty's light,
As if it brought the memory of pain:
Thou art a wayward being—well—come near,
And pour thy tale of sorrow in my ear.

And say'st thou, slanderer! rouge makes thee sick?
And China bloom at best is sorry food?
And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,
Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for blood?
Go! 'twas a just reward that met thy crime,
But shun the sacrilege another time.

PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

[HENRY FIELDING. Born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire, April 22, 1707. Educated at Eton and Leyden. Died at Lisbon, October 8, 1754.]

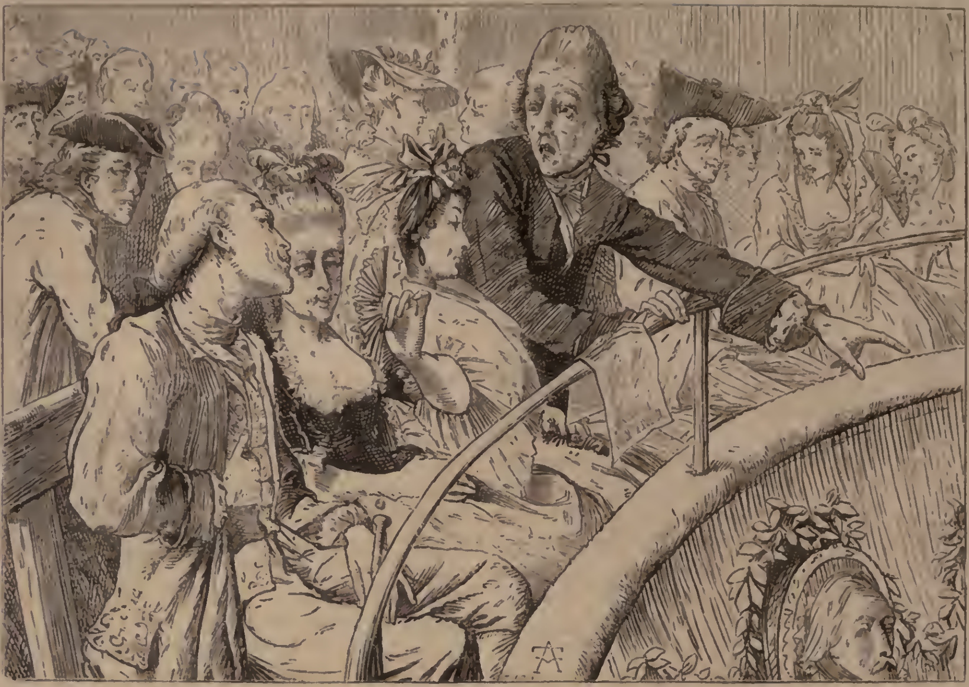
IN the first row, then, of the first gallery, did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge, take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the first music was played, he said, "It was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time without putting one another out." Nor could he help observing, with a sigh, when all the candles were lighted, "That here were candles enough burnt in one night to keep an honest poor family for a twelvemonth."

As soon as the play, which was Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, began, Partridge was all attention, nor did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost, upon which he asked Jones, "What man that was in the strange dress, something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?" Jones answered, "That is the ghost." To which Partridge replied with a smile, "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one if I saw him better than that comes to. No, no, sir; ghosts don't appear in such dresses as that neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue till the scene between the ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a trembling that his knees knocked against each other. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior on the stage. "Oh, la! sir," said he, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and if it was really a ghost, it could do one no harm at such a distance, and in so much company: and yet if I was frightened, I am not the only person." "Why, who," cries Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here beside thyself?" "Nay, you may call me coward if you will; but if that little man there upon the stage is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life. Ay, ay; go along with you! Ay, to be sure! Who's fool then? Will you? Lud have mercy upon such foolhardiness! Whatever happens, it is good enough for you. Follow you! I'd follow the devil as soon. Nay, perhaps it is the devil—for they say he can put on what likeness he pleases. Oh! here he is again. No farther! No, you have gone far enough already; farther than I'd have gone for all the king's dominions." Jones offered to speak, but Partridge cried, "Hush, hush, dear sir! don't you hear him?" And during the whole speech of the ghost, he sat with his eyes fixed partly on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open; the same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet succeeding likewise in him.

When the scene was over, Jones said, "Why, Partridge, you exceed my expectations. You enjoy the play more than I conceived possible." "Nay, sir," answered Partridge, "if you are not afraid of the devil, I can't help it; but, to be sure, it is natural to be surprised at such things, though I know there is nothing in them: not that it was the ghost that surprised me neither; for I should have known that to have been only a man in a strange dress; but when I saw the little man so frightened himself, it was that which took hold of me." "And dost thou imagine then, Partridge," cries Jones, "that he was really frightened?" "Nay, sir," said Partridge, "did not you yourself observe afterwards, when he found it was his own father's spirit, and how he was murdered in the garden, how his fear forsook him by degrees, and he was struck dumb with sorrow, as it were, just as I should have been, had it been my own case? But hush! Oh, la! what noise is that? There he is again. Well, to be certain, though I know there is nothing at all in it, I am glad I am not down yonder where those men are."

During the second act, Partridge made very few remarks. He greatly admired the fineness of the dresses; nor could he help observing upon the king's countenance. "Well," said he, "how people may be deceived by faces! *Nulla fides fronti* is, I find, a true saying. Who would think, by looking in the king's face, that he had ever committed a murder?" He then inquired after the ghost; but Jones, who intended he should be surprised, gave him no other satisfaction than "that he might possibly see him again soon, and in a flash of fire."

Partridge sat in fearful expectation of this; and now, when the ghost made his next appearance, Partridge cried out, "There, sir, now; what say you now; is he frightened now or no? As much frightened as you think me, and to be sure nobody can help some fears; I would not be in so bad a condition as—what's his name?—Squire Hamlet is there, for all the world. Bless me! what's become of the spirit? As I am a living soul, I thought I saw him sink into the earth." "Indeed, you saw right," answered Jones. "Well, well," cries Partridge, "I know it's only a play; and besides, if there was anything in all this, Madam Miller would not laugh so; for as to you, sir, you would not be afraid, I believe, if the devil was



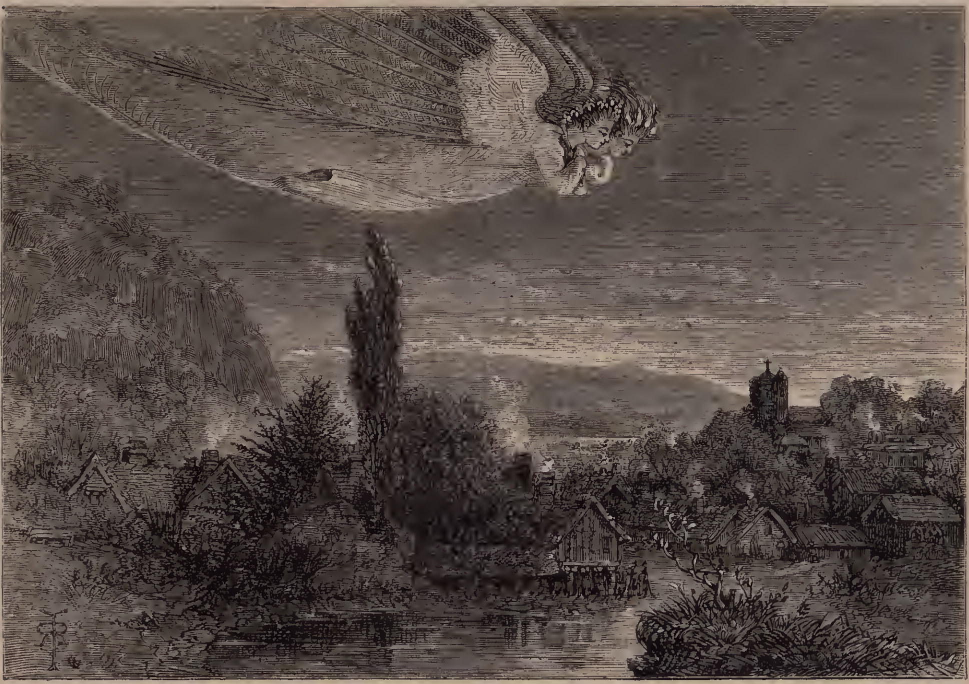
(Drawn by F. A. Fraser.)

here in person. There, there; ay, no wonder you are in such a passion; shake the vile, wicked wretch to pieces. If she was my own mother, I should serve her so. To be sure, all duty to a mother is forfeited by such wicked doings. Ay, go about your business; I hate the sight of you."

Our critic was now pretty silent till the play which Hamlet introduces before the king. This he did not at first understand, till Jones explained it to him; but he no sooner entered into the spirit of it, than he began to bless himself that he had never committed murder. Then turning to Mrs. Miller, he asked her, "If she did not imagine the king looked as if he was touched; though he is," said he, "a good actor, and doth all he can to hide it. Well, I would not have so much to answer for as that wicked man there hath, to sit upon a much higher chair than he sits upon. No wonder he ran away; for your sake I'll never trust an innocent face again."

The grave-digging scene next engaged the attention of Partridge, who expressed much surprise at the number of skulls thrown upon the stage. To which Jones answered, "That it was one of the most famous burial-places about town." "No wonder, then," cries Partridge, "that the place is haunted. But I never saw in my life a worse grave-digger. I had a sexton when I was clerk that should have dug three graves while he is digging one. The fellow handles a spade as if it was the first time he had ever had one in his hand. Ay, ay, you may sing. You had rather sing than work, I believe." Upon Hamlet's taking up the skull, he cried out, "Well! it is strange to see how fearless some men are: I never could bring myself to touch anything belonging to a dead man on any account. He seemed frightened enough too at the ghost, I thought."

Little more worth remembering occurred during the play, at the end of which Jones asked him, "Which of the players he had liked best?" To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question, "The king, without doubt." "Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mrs. Miller; "you are not of the same opinion with the town; for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage." "He the best player!" cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer; "Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then, to be sure, in that scene, as you called it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why, any man, that is any good man, that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but, indeed, madam, though I was never at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country; and the king for my money; he speaks all his words distinctly, half as loud again as the other. Anybody may see he is an actor."



(*Drawn by* R. T. PRITCHETT.)

THE TWO ANGELS.

[H. W. LONGFELLOW. *See Page* 14.]

Two Angels, one of Life and one of Death,
  Passed o'er the village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces; and beneath,
  The sombre houses capped with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same;
  Alike their features and their robes of white;
And one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
  And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way:—
  Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
  The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
  Descending at my door, began to knock;
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
  The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony—
  The terror, and the tremor, and the pain—
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
  And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
  And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And, knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
  Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile that filled the house with light—
  "My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;
And, ere I answered, passing out of sight,
  On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,
  The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended; and, with voice divine,
  Whispered a word, that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom—
  A shadow on those features fair and thin:
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
  Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
  The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud;
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
  Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
  Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
  Against his messengers to shut the door?

THE GOOD-HUMOURED CLUB.

[Sir R. Steele. *See Page 21.*]

A man who has it in his power to choose his own company, would certainly be much to blame, should he not, to the best of his judgment, take such as are of a temper most suitable to his own; and where that choice is wanting, or where a man is mistaken in his choice, and yet under a necessity of continuing in the same company, it will certainly be his interest to carry himself as easily as possible.

In this I am sensible I do but repeat what has been said a thousand times, at which, however, I think nobody has any title to take exception, but they who never failed to put this in practice. Not to use any longer preface, this being the season of the year in which great numbers of all sorts of people retire from this place of business and pleasure to country solitude, I think it not improper to advise them to take with them as great a stock of good humour as they can; for though a country life is described as the most pleasant of all others, and though it may in truth be so, yet it is so only to those who know how to enjoy leisure and retirement.

As for those who cannot live without the constant helps of business or company, let them consider, that in the country there is no Exchange, there are no playhouses, no variety of coffee-houses, nor many of those other amusements which serve here as so many reliefs from the repeated occurrences in their own families; but that there the greatest part of their time must be spent within themselves, and consequently it behoves them to consider how agreeable it will be to them before they leave this dear town.

I remember, Mr. Spectator, we were very well entertained last year with the advices you gave us from Sir Roger's country-seat; which I the rather mention, because it is almost impossible not to live pleasantly, where the master of a family is such a one as you there describe your friend, who cannot therefore (I mean as to his domestic character) be too often recommended to the imitation of others. How amiable is that affability and benevolence with which he treats his neighbours, and every one, even the meanest of his own family! and yet how seldom imitated! Instead of which we commonly meet with ill-natured expostulations, noise, and chidings—— And this I hinted, because the humour and disposition of the head is what chiefly influences all the other parts of a family.

An agreement and kind correspondence between friends and acquaintance is the greatest pleasure of life. This is an undoubted truth; and yet any man who judges from the practice of the world will be almost persuaded to believe the contrary; for how can we suppose people should be so industrious to make themselves uneasy? What can engage them to entertain and foment jealousies of one another upon every the least occasion? Yet so it is, there are people who (as it should seem) delight in being troublesome and vexatious, who (as Tully speaks) *mirâ sunt alacritate ad litigandum*, "have a certain cheerfulness in wrangling." And thus it happens, that there are very few families in which there are not feuds and animosities, though it is every one's interest, there more particularly, to avoid them, because there (as I would willingly hope) no one gives another uneasiness without feeling some share of it.—But I am gone beyond what I designed, and had almost forgot what I chiefly proposed; which was, barely to tell you how hardly we, who pass most of our time in town, dispense with a long vacation in the country; how uneasy we grow to ourselves, and to one another, when our conversation is confined; insomuch that, by Michaelmas, it is odds but we come to downright squabbling, and make as free with one another to our faces, as we do with the rest of the world behind their backs. After I have told you this, I am to desire that you would now and then give us a lesson on good-humour, a family-piece, which, since we are all very fond of you, I hope may have some influence upon us.

After these plain observations, give me leave to give you a hint of what a set of company of my acquaintance, who are now gone into the country, and have the use of an absent nobleman's seat, have settled among themselves, to avoid the inconveniences above mentioned. They are a collection of ten or twelve, of the same good inclination towards each other, but of very different talents and inclinations; from hence they hope that the variety of their tempers will only create variety of pleasures. But as there always will arise, among the same people, either for want of diversity of objects, or the like causes, a certain satiety, which may grow into ill-humour or discontent, there is a large wing of the house which they design to employ in the nature of an infirmary. Whoever says a peevish thing, or acts any thing which betrays a sourness or indisposition to company, is immediately to be conveyed to his chambers in the infirmary; from whence he is not to be relieved, till by his manner of submission, and the sentiments expressed in his petition for that purpose, he appears to the majority of the company to be again fit for society. You are to understand, that all ill-natured words or uneasy gestures are sufficient cause for banishment; speaking impatiently to servants, making a man repeat what he says, or anything that betrays inattention or dishumour, are also criminal without reprieve. But it is provided, that whoever observes the ill-natured fit coming upon himself, and voluntarily retires, shall be received at his return from the infirmary with the highest marks of esteem. By these and other wholesome methods, it is expected that, if they cannot cure one another, yet at least they have taken care that the ill-humour of one shall not be troublesome to the rest of the company. There are many other rules which the society have established for the preservation of their ease and tranquillity, the effects of which, with the incidents that arise among them, shall be communicated to you from time to time, for the public good.

[A further account of the infirmary, extracted from a second letter to the *Spectator*, here follows.]

On Monday the assembly was in very good humour, having received some recruits of French claret that morning: when, unluckily, towards the middle of the dinner, one of the company swore at his servant in a very rough manner for having put too much water in his wine. Upon which the president of the day, who is always the mouth of the company, after having convinced him of the impertinence of his passion, and the insult it had made upon the company, ordered his man to take him from the table, and convey him to the infirmary. There was but one more sent away that day; this was a gentleman, who is reckoned by some persons one of the greatest wits, and by others one of the greatest boobies about town. This you will say is a strange character: but what makes it stranger yet, it is a very true one, for he is perpetually the reverse of himself, being always merry or dull to excess. We brought him hither to divert us, which he did very well upon the road, having lavished away as much wit and laughter upon the hackney-coachman as might have served him during his whole stay here, had it been duly managed. He had been lumpish for two or three days, but was so far connived at, in hopes of recovery, that we dispatched one of the briskest fellows among the brotherhood into the infirmary for having told him at table he was not merry. But our president observing that he indulged himself in this long fit of stupidity, and construing it as a contempt of the college, ordered him to retire into the place prepared for such companions. He was no sooner got into it, but his wit and mirth returned upon him in so violent a manner, that he shook the whole infirmary with the noise of it, and had so good an effect upon the rest of the patients, that he brought them all out to dinner with him the next day.

On Tuesday we were no sooner sat down, but one of the company complained that his head ached; upon which another asked him, in an insolent manner, what he did there then? This insensibly grew into some warm words; so that the president, in order to keep the peace, gave directions to take them both from the table, and lodge them in the infirmary. Not long after, another of the company telling us he knew, by a pain in his shoulder, that we should have some rain, the president ordered him to be removed, and placed as a weather-glass in the apartment above mentioned.

On Wednesday, a gentleman having received a letter written in a woman's hand, and changing colour twice or thrice as he read it, desired leave to retire into the infirmary. The president consented, but denied him the use of pen, ink, and paper, till such time as he had slept upon it. One of the company being seated at the lower end of the table, and discovering his secret discontent, by finding fault with every dish that was served up, and refusing to laugh at anything that was said, the president told him, that he found he was in an uneasy seat, and desired him to accommodate himself better in the infirmary. After dinner, a very honest fellow chancing to let a pun fall from him; his neighbour cried out, "To the infirmary;" at the same time pretending to be sick at it, as having the same natural antipathy to a pun which some have to a cat. This produced a long debate. Upon the whole, the punster was acquitted, and his neighbour sent off.

On Thursday there was but one delinquent. This was a gentleman of strong voice, but weak understanding. He had unluckily engaged himself in dispute with a man of excellent sense, but of a modest elocution. The man of heat replied to every answer of his antagonist with a louder note than ordinary, and only raised his voice when he should have enforced his argument. Finding himself driven to an absurdity, he still reasoned in a more clamorous and confused manner, and concluded with a loud thump upon the table. The president immediately ordered him to be carried off, and dieted with water-gruel, till he should be sufficiently weakened for conversation.

On Friday there passed very little remarkable, saving only that several petitions were read of the persons in custody, desiring to be released from their confinement, and vouching for one another's good behaviour for the future.

On Saturday we received many excuses from persons who had found themselves in an unsociable temper, and had voluntarily shut themselves up. The infirmary was, indeed, never so full as on this day, which I was at some loss to account for, till, upon my going abroad, I observed that it was an easterly wind. The retirement of most of my friends has given me opportunity and leisure of writing you this letter, which I must not conclude without assuring you, that all the members of our college, as well those who are under confinement as those who are at liberty, are your very humble servants.

THE COUNTRY APOTHECARY.

[George Colman, the Younger. *See Page 6.*]

Sir Charles Cropland *at breakfast; his* Valet-de-chambre *adjusting his hair.*

Sir Charles. Has old Warner, the steward, been told that I arrived last night?

Valet. Yes, Sir Charles; with orders to attend you this morning.

Sir Cha. (*Yawning and stretching.*) What can a man of fashion do with himself in the country at this wretchedly dull time of the year?

Valet. It is very pleasant to-day out in the park, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Pleasant, you booby! How can the country be pleasant in the middle of spring? All the world's in London.

Valet. I think, somehow, it looks so lively, Sir Charles, when the corn is coming up.

Sir Cha. Blockhead! Vegetation makes the face of a country look frightful. It spoils hunting. Yet, as my business on my estate here is to raise supplies for my pleasures elsewhere, my journey is a wise one. What day of the month was it yesterday, when I left town on this wise expedition?

Valet. The first of April, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Umph! When Mr. Warner comes, show him in.

Valet. I shall, Sir Charles. (*Exit.*

Enter Servant.

Servant. Mr. Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to inquire after your health.

Sir Cha. Show him in. (*Exit Servant.*) The fellow's a character, and treats time as he does his patients. He shall kill a quarter of an hour for me this morning.

Enter Ollapod.

Ollapod. Sir Charles, I have the honour to be your slave. Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here. Sore throats were plenty; so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple one morning in a half-mile walk from our town to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delights, love and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. He, he, he! Do you take, good sir—do you take?

Sir Cha. Oh, yes, I take. But, by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Olla. He, he! yes, Sir Charles. I have now the honour to be cornet in the Volunteer Association corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden; like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir Cha. Explain.

Olla. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter. You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new gilt him last week, by the by—looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir Cha. Well, no more on that head now. Proceed.

Olla. On that head! he, he, he! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was now making up a cathartic for the patient, when who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer—sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle. I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour.

Sir Cha. Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a favourable sort?

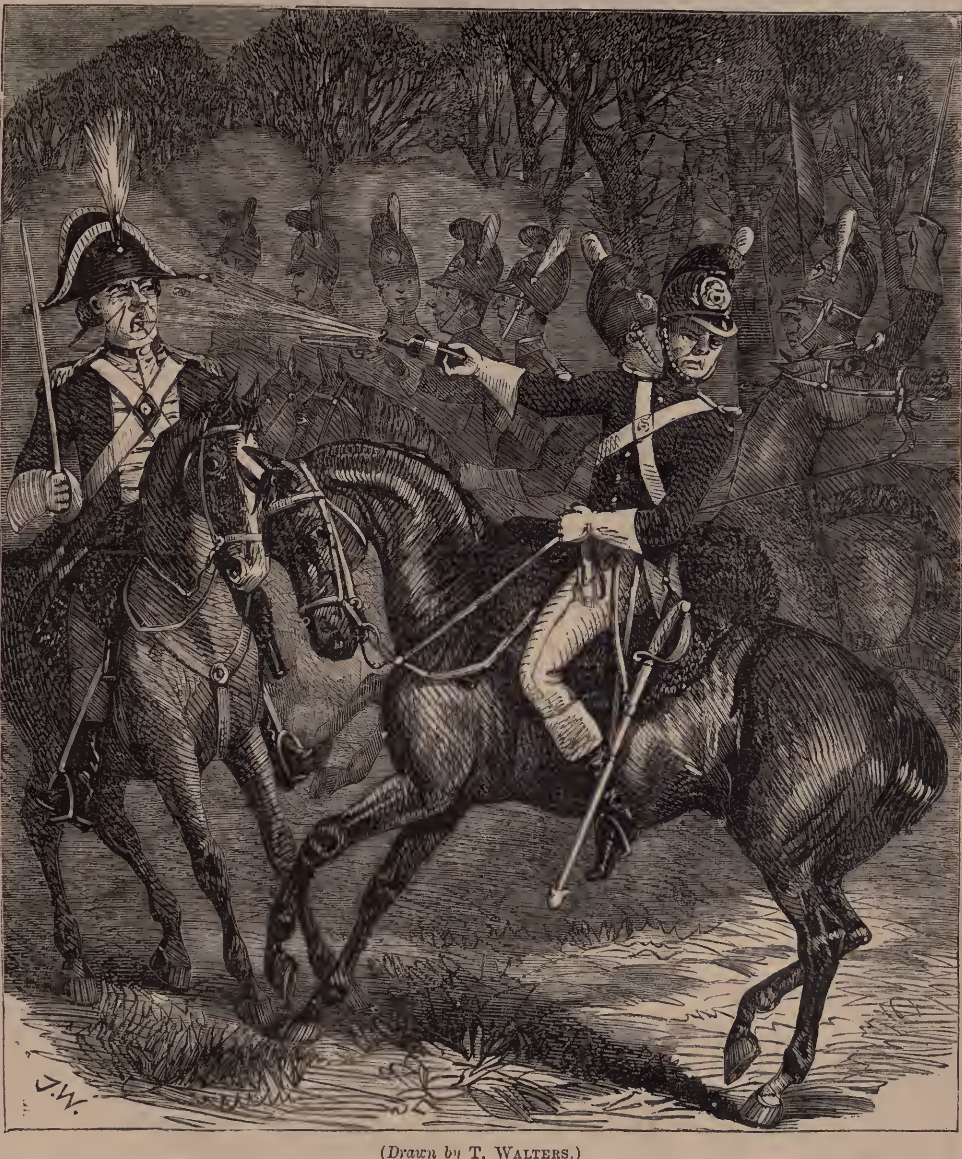
Olla. Ha! ha! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. We first talked of shooting. He knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him the day before I had killed six brace of birds. I thumped on at the mortar. We then talked of physic. I told him the day before I had killed—lost, I mean,—six brace of patients. I thumped on at the mortar, eyeing him all the while; for he looked very flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know; so 'twas natural. He, he! Do you take, good sir—do you take?

Sir Cha. Take? Oh, nobody can miss.

Olla. He then talked of the corps itself; said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the Association—dose the men and drench the horse—he could perhaps procure him a cornetcy.

Sir Cha. Well, you jumped at the offer?

Olla. Jumped! I jumped over the counter, kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into



(*Drawn by* T. WALTERS.)

the pocket of Lieutenant Grains' small scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary at the Galen's Head, of the Association Corps of Cavalry, at your service.

Sir Cha. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

Olla. Water for—oh! laurel water—he, he! Come, that's very well—very well indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

Sir Cha. A mistake?

Olla. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle on a grand field-day, I clapped a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet-drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jalloped—galloped, I mean—wheeled, and flourished, with great *éclat:* but when the word "Fire" was given, meaning to pull out my pistol in a terrible hurry, I presented, neck foremost, that confounded diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being unfortunately fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork with a prodigious pop full in the face of my gallant commander.

NOBLE POVERTY.

[Laurence Sterne. *See Page* 15.]

BEFORE I had got half-way down the street, I changed my mind. "As I am at Versailles," thought I, "I might as well take a view of the town." So I pulled the cord, and ordered the coachman to drive round some of the principal streets. "I suppose the town is not very large?" said I. The coachman begged pardon for setting me right, and told me it was very superb, and that numbers of the first dukes, and marquises, and counts had hotels: the Count de B——, of whom the bookseller at the Quai de Conti had spoke so handsomely the night before, came instantly into my mind. "And why should I not go," thought I, "to the Count de B——, who has so high an idea of English books, and Englishmen, and tell him my story?" So I seeing a man standing with a basket on the other side of the street, as if he had something to sell, I bid La Fleur go up to him and inquire for the count's hotel.

La Fleur returned a little pale; and told me it was a chevalier de St. Louis selling *pâtés*. "It is impossible, La Fleur!" said I. La Fleur could no more account for the phenomenon than myself; but persisted in his story: he had seen the *croix* set in gold, with its red ribbon, he said, tied to his button-hole; and had looked into the basket, and had seen the *pâtés* which the chevalier was selling.

Such a reverse in a man's life awakens a better principle than curiosity: I got out of the *remise*, and went towards him.

He was begirt with a clean linen apron, which fell below his knees, and with a sort of a bib that went half-way up his breast; upon the top of this, but a little below the hem, hung his *croix*. His basket of little *pâtés* was covered over with a white damask napkin: another of the same kind was spread at the bottom; and there was a look of *propreté* and neatness throughout, that one might have bought his *pâtés* of him as much from appetite as sentiment.

He made an offer of them to neither, but stood still with them at the corner of an hotel, for those to buy who chose it, without solicitation.

He was about forty-eight—of a sedate look, something approaching to gravity. I did not wonder. I went up rather to the basket than him, and having lifted up the napkin and taken one of his *pâtés* in my hand, I begged he would explain the appearance which affected me.

He told me in a few words that the best part of his life had passed in the service, in which, after spending a small patrimony, he had obtained a company, and the *croix* with it; but at the conclusion of the last peace his regiment being reformed, and the whole corps, with those of some other regiments, left without provision, he found himself in a large world without friends, without a livre—"and indeed," said he, "without anything but this"—pointing, as he said it, to his *croix*. The poor chevalier won my pity, and he finished the scene with winning my esteem too.

The king, he said, was the most generous of princes; but his generosity could neither relieve nor reward every one, and it was only his misfortune to be amongst the number. He had a little wife, he said, whom he loved, who did the *patisserie;* and added, he felt no dishonour in defending her and himself from want in this way, unless Providence had offered him a better.

It would be wicked to withhold a pleasure from the good, in passing over what happened to this poor chevalier of St. Louis about nine months after.

It seems he usually took his stand near the iron gates which led up to the palace; and as his *croix* had caught the eye of numbers, numbers had made the same inquiry which I had done. He told them the same story, and always with so much modesty and good sense, that it had reached at last the king's ears; who learning the chevalier had been a gallant officer, and respected by the whole regiment, broke up his little trade by a pension of fifteen hundred livres a-year.

As I have told this to please the reader, I beg he will allow me to relate another, to please myself: the two stories reflect light upon each other, and 'tis a pity they should be parted.

I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house of D'E—— in Brittany into decay. The Marquis d'E—— had fought up against his condition with great firmness, wishing to preserve and still show to the world some little fragments of what his ancestors had been—their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of obscurity: but he had two boys who looked up to him for light—he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword—it could not open the way—the mounting was too expensive—and simple economy was not a match for it: there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France save Brittany, this was smiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wished to see re-blossom.

But in Brittany there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it; and taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the marquis, attended with his two boys, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side: "Here," said he, "take it; and be trusty guardians of it till better times put me in condition to reclaim it."

The president accepted the marquis's sword—he stayed a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

The marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinique; and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business—with some unlooked-for bequests from distant branches of his house—returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition: I call it solemn—it was so to me.

The marquis entered the court with his whole family: he supported his lady—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother. He put his handkerchief to his face twice.

There was a dead silence. When the marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the marchioness to his youngest son, and, advancing three steps before his family, he reclaimed his sword. His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almost out of the scabbard: 'twas the shining face of a friend he had once given up—he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same, when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it, I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

"I shall find," said he, "some other way to get it off."

When the marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardian of it; and, with his wife and daughter and his two sons following him, walked out.

Oh, how I envied him his feelings!

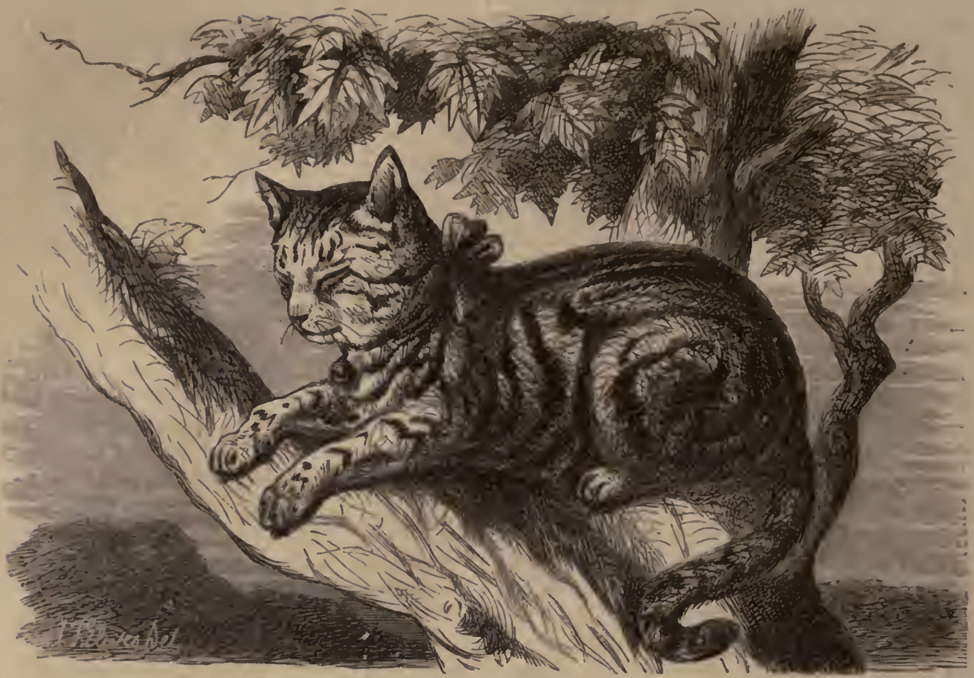
THE RETIRED CAT.

[W. Cowper. *See Page* 39.]

A Poet's Cat, sedate and grave
As Poet well could wish to have,
Was much addicted to inquire
For nooks to which she might retire,
And where, secure as mouse in chink,
She might repose, or sit and think.
I know not where she caught the trick;
Nature, perhaps, herself had cast her
In such a mould *philosophique*,
Or else she learned it of her master.
Sometimes ascending, debonnair,
An apple-tree, or lofty pear,
Lodged with convenience in the fork,
She watched the gardener at his work;
Sometimes, her ease and solace sought
In an old empty watering-pot,
There wanting nothing save a fan,
To seem some nymph in her sedan,
Apparelled in exactest sort,
And ready to be borne to court.

But love of change it seems, has place,
Not only in our wiser race;
Cats also feel, as well as we,
That passion's force, and so did she.
Her climbing she began to find,
Exposed her too much to the wind,
And the old utensil of tin
Was cold and comfortless within:
She therefore wished instead of those,
Some place of more serene repose,
Where neither cold might come, nor air
Too rudely wanton in her hair,
And sought it in the likeliest mode,
Within her master's snug abode.

A drawer, it chanced, at bottom lined
With linen of the softest kind,
With such as merchants introduce
From India, for ladies' use;
A drawer, impending o'er the rest,
Half-open, in the topmost chest,
Of depth enough, and none to spare,
Invited her to slumber there;
Puss, with delight beyond expression,
Surveyed the scene and took possession.
Recumbent at her ease, ere long,
And lulled by her own humdrum song,
She left the cares of life behind,
And slept as she would sleep her last,
When in came, housewifely inclined,
The chambermaid, and shut it fast,
By no malignity impelled,
But all unconscious whom it held.
Awakened by the shock, cried Puss,
"Was ever cat attended thus?
The open drawer was left, I see,
Merely to prove a nest for me,

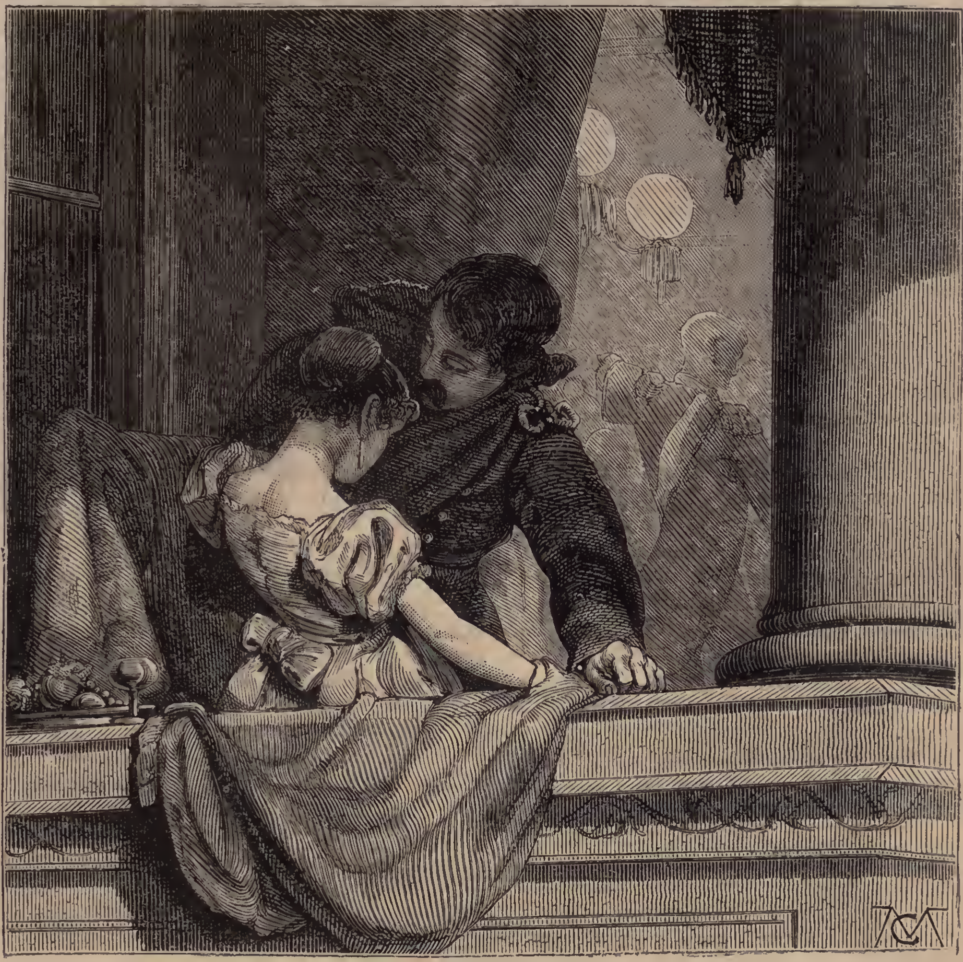


(Drawn by A. J. ELWES)

For soon as I was well composed,
Then came the maid and it was closed.
How smooth these 'kerchiefs, and how sweet!
Oh, what a delicate retreat!
I will resign myself to rest
Till Sol, declining in the west,
Shall call to supper, when, no doubt,
Susan will come and let me out."
The evening came, the sun descended,
And puss remained still unattended,
The night rolled tardily away
(With her indeed 'twas never day);
The sprightly morn her course renewed,
The evening grey again ensued,
And puss came into mind no more,
Than if entombed the day before:
With hunger pinched, and pinched for room,
She now presaged approaching doom;
Nor slept a single wink, nor purred,
Conscious of jeopardy incurred.
That night, by chance, the poet, watching,
Heard an inexplicable scratching;
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said, "What's that?"
He drew the curtain at his side,
And forth he peeped, but nothing spied.
Yet, by his ear directed, guessed
Something imprisoned in the chest;
And, doubtful what, with prudent care,
Resolved it should continue there.
At length, a voice which well he new,
A long and melancholy mew,
Saluting his poetic ears,
Consoled him, and dispelled his fears;
He left his bed, he trod the floor,
He 'gan in haste the drawers explore,
The lowest first, and, without stop,
The next in order to the top.
For 'tis a truth, well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it comes to light,,
In every cranny but the right.
Forth skipped the cat, not now replete
As erst with airy self-conceit,
Nor in her own fond comprehension,
A theme for all the world's attention;
But modest, sober, cured of all
Her notions hyperbolical,
And wishing for a place of rest,
Anything rather than a chest.
Then stepped the poet into bed,
With this reflection in his head:

MORAL.

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence.
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all around, in all that's done,
Must move and act for him alone,
Will learn in school of tribulation
The folly of his expectation.



(*Drawn by* C. MORGAN.)

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

[LORD BYRON. *See Page* 251.]

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife
The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

THE BRAVERY OF BAILIE NICOL JARVIE.

[Sir Walter Scott. *See Page 116.*]

About half a mile's riding, after we crossed the bridge, placed us at the door of a public-house where we were to pass the evening. It was a hovel rather worse than better than that in which we had dined; but its little windows were lighted up, voices were heard from within, and all intimated a prospect of food and shelter, to which we were by no means indifferent. Andrew was the first to observe that there was a peeled willow-wand placed across the half-open door of the little inn. He hung back, and advised us not to enter. "For," said Andrew, "some of their chiefs and grit men are birling at the usquebaugh in by there, and dinna want to be disturbed; and the least we'll get, if we gang ram-stam in on them, will be a broken head, to learn us better havings, if we dinna come by the length of a cauld dirk in our wame, whilk is just as likely."

I looked at the Bailie, who acknowledged, in a whisper, "that the gowk had some reason for singing, ance in the year."

Meantime a staring half-clad wench or two came out of the inn and the neighbouring cottages, on hearing the sound of our horses' feet. No one bade us welcome, nor did any one offer to take our horses, from which we had alighted; and to our various inquiries, the hopeless response of "Ha niel Sassenach" was the only answer we could extract. The Bailie, however, found (in his experience) a way to make them speak English. "If I gie ye a bawbee," said he to an urchin of about ten years old, with a fragment of a tattered plaid about him, "will you understand Sassenach?"

"Ay, ay, that will I," replied the brat, in very decent English.

"Then gang and tell your mammy, my man, there's twa Sassenach gentlemen come to speak wi' her."

The landlady presently appeared, with a lighted piece of split fir blazing in her hand. The turpentine in this species of torch (which is generally dug from out the turf-bogs) makes it blaze and sparkle readily, so that it is often used in the Highlands in lieu of candles. On this occasion such a torch illuminated the wild and anxious features of a female, pale, thin, and rather above the usual size, whose soiled and ragged dress, though aided by a plaid or tartan screen, barely served the purposes of decency, and certainly not those of comfort. Her black hair, which escaped in uncombed elf-locks from under her coif, as well as the strange and embarrassed look with which she regarded us, gave me the idea of a witch disturbed in the midst of her unlawful rites. She plainly refused to admit us into the house. We remonstrated anxiously, and pleaded the length of our journey, the state of our horses, and the certainty that there was not another place where we could be received nearer than Callander, which the Bailie stated to be seven Scots miles distant. How many these may exactly amount to in English measurement, I have never been able to ascertain, but I think the double ratio may be pretty safely taken as a medium computation. The obdurate hostess treated our expostulation with contempt. "Better gang farther than fare waur," she said, speaking the Scottish Lowland dialect, and being indeed a native of the Lennox district. "Her house was taen up wi' them wadna like to be intruded on wi' strangers. She didna ken wha mair might be there—redcoats, it might be, frae the garrison." (These last words she spoke under her breath, and with very strong emphasis.) "The night," she said, "was fair abune head—a night amang the heather wad caller our bloods—we might sleep in our claes as mony a gude blade does in the scabbard—there wasna muckle flowmoss in the shaw, if we took up our quarters right, and we might pit up our horses to the hill, naebody wad say naething against it."

"But, my good woman," said I, while the Bailie groaned and remained undecided, "it is six hours since we dined, and we have not taken a morsel since. I am positively dying with hunger, and I have no taste for taking up my abode supperless among these mountains of yours. I positively must enter; and make the best apology you can to your guests for adding a stranger or two to their number. Andrew, you will see the horses put up."

The Hecate looked at me with surprise, and then ejaculated, "A wilfu' man will hae his way—them that will to Cupar maun to Cupar! To see thae English belly-gods—he has had ae fu' meal the day already, and he'll venture life and liberty rather than he'll want a het supper! Set roasted beef and pudding on the opposite side o' the pit o' Tophet, and an Englishman will mak a spang at it. But I wash my hands o't. Follow me, sir" (to Andrew), "and I'se show ye where to pit the beasts."

I own I was somewhat dismayed at my landlady's expressions, which seemed to be ominous of some approaching danger. I did not, however, choose to shrink back after having declared my resolution, and accordingly I boldly entered the house; and after narrowly escaping breaking my shins over a turf back and a salting-tub, which stood on either side of the narrow exterior passage, I opened a crazy half-decayed door, constructed not of plank, but of wicker, and, followed by the Bailie, entered into the principal apartment of this Scottish caravansary.

The interior presented a view which seemed singular enough to southern eyes. The fire, fed with blazing turf and branches of dried wood, blazed merrily in the centre; but the smoke, having no means to escape but through a hole in the roof, eddied round the rafters of the cottage, and hung in sable folds at the height of about five feet from the floor. The space beneath was kept pretty clear, by innumerable currents of air which rushed towards the fire from the broken panel of basket-work which served as a door, from two square holes, designed as ostensible windows, through one of which was thrust a plaid, and through the other a tattered great-coat; and moreover, through various less distinguishable apertures in the walls of the tenement, which, being built of round stones and turf, cemented by mud, let in the atmosphere at innumerable crevices.

At an old oaken table, adjoining to the fire, sat three men, guests apparently, whom it was impossible to regard with indifference. Two were in the Highland dress; the one, a little dark-complexioned man, with a lively, quick, and irritable expression of features, wore the trews, or close pantaloons, wove out of a sort of chequered stocking stuff. The Bailie whispered me, that "he behoved to be a man of some consequence, for that naebody but their Duinhéwassels wore the trews; they were ill to weave exactly to their Highland pleasure."

The other mountaineer was a very tall, strong man, with a quantity of reddish hair, freckled face, high cheek-bones, and long chin—a sort of caricature of the national features of Scotland. The tartan which he wore differed from that of his companion, as it had much more scarlet in it, whereas the shades of black and dark green predominated in the chequers of the other. The third, who sat at the small table, was in the Lowland dress—a bold, stout-looking man, with a cast of military daring in his eye and manner, his riding-dress showily and profusely laced, and his cocked hat of formidable dimensions. His hanger and a pair of pistols lay on the table before him, Each of the Highlanders had their naked dirks stuck upright in the board beside him—an emblem, I was afterwards informed, but surely a strange one, that their compotation was not to be interrupted by any brawl. A mighty pewter measure, containing about an English quart of usquebaugh, a liquor nearly as strong as brandy, which the Highlanders distil from malt, and drink undiluted in excessive quantities, was placed before these worthies. A broken glass, with a wooden foot, served as a drinking-cup to the whole party, and circulated with a rapidity which, considering the potency of the liquor, seemed absolutely marvellous. These men spoke loud and eagerly together, sometimes in Gaelic, at other times in English. Another Highlander, wrapt in his plaid, reclined on the floor, his head resting on a stone, from which it was only separated by a wisp of straw, and slept, or seemed to sleep, without attending to what was going on around him. He also was probably a stranger, for he lay in full dress, and accoutred with the sword and target, the usual arms of his countrymen when on a journey. Cribs there were of different dimensions beside the walls, formed, some of fractured boards, some of shattered wicker-work or plaited boughs, in which slumbered the family of the house, men, women, and children, their places of repose only concealed by the dusky wreaths of vapour which arose above below, and around them.

Our entrance was made so quietly, and the carousers I have described were so eagerly engaged in their discussions, that we escaped their notice for a minute or two. But I observed the Highlander who lay beside the fire raise himself on his elbow as we entered, and, drawing his plaid over the lower part of his face, fix his look on us for a few seconds, after which he resumed his recumbent posture, and seemed again to betake himself to the repose which our entrance had interrupted.

We advanced to the fire, which was an agreeable spectacle after our late ride, during the chillness of an autumn evening among the mountains, and first attracted the attention of the guests who had preceded us, by calling for the landlady. She approached, looking doubtfully and timidly, now at us, now at the other party, and returned a hesitating and doubtful answer to our request to have something to eat.

"She didna ken," she said, "she wasna sure there was onything in the house," and then modified her refusal with the qualification—"that is, onything fit for the like of us."

I assured her we were indifferent to the quality of our supper; and looking round for the means of accommodation, which were not easily to be found, I arranged an old hen-coop as a seat for Mr. Jarvie, and turned down a broken tub to serve for my own. Andrew Fairservice entered presently afterwards, and took a place in silence behind our backs. The natives, as I may call them, continued staring at us with an air as if confounded by our assurance, and we—at least, I myself—disguised as well as we could under an appearance of indifference any secret anxiety we might feel concerning the mode in which we were to be received by those whose privacy we had disturbed.

At length, the lesser Highlander, addressing himself to me, said, in very good English, and in a tone of great haughtiness, "Ye make yourself at home, sir, I see."

"I usually do so," I replied, "when I come into a house of public entertainment."

"And did she na see," said the taller man, "by the white wand at the door, that gentlemans had taken up the public-house on their ain business?"

"I do not pretend to understand the customs of this country; but I am yet to learn," I replied, "how three persons should be entitled to exclude all other travellers from the only place of shelter and refreshment for miles round."

"There's nae reason for't, gentlemen," said the Bailie; "we mean nae offence—but there's neither law nor reason for't—but as far as a stoup o' gude brandy wad make up the quarrel, we, being peaceable folk, wad be willing——"

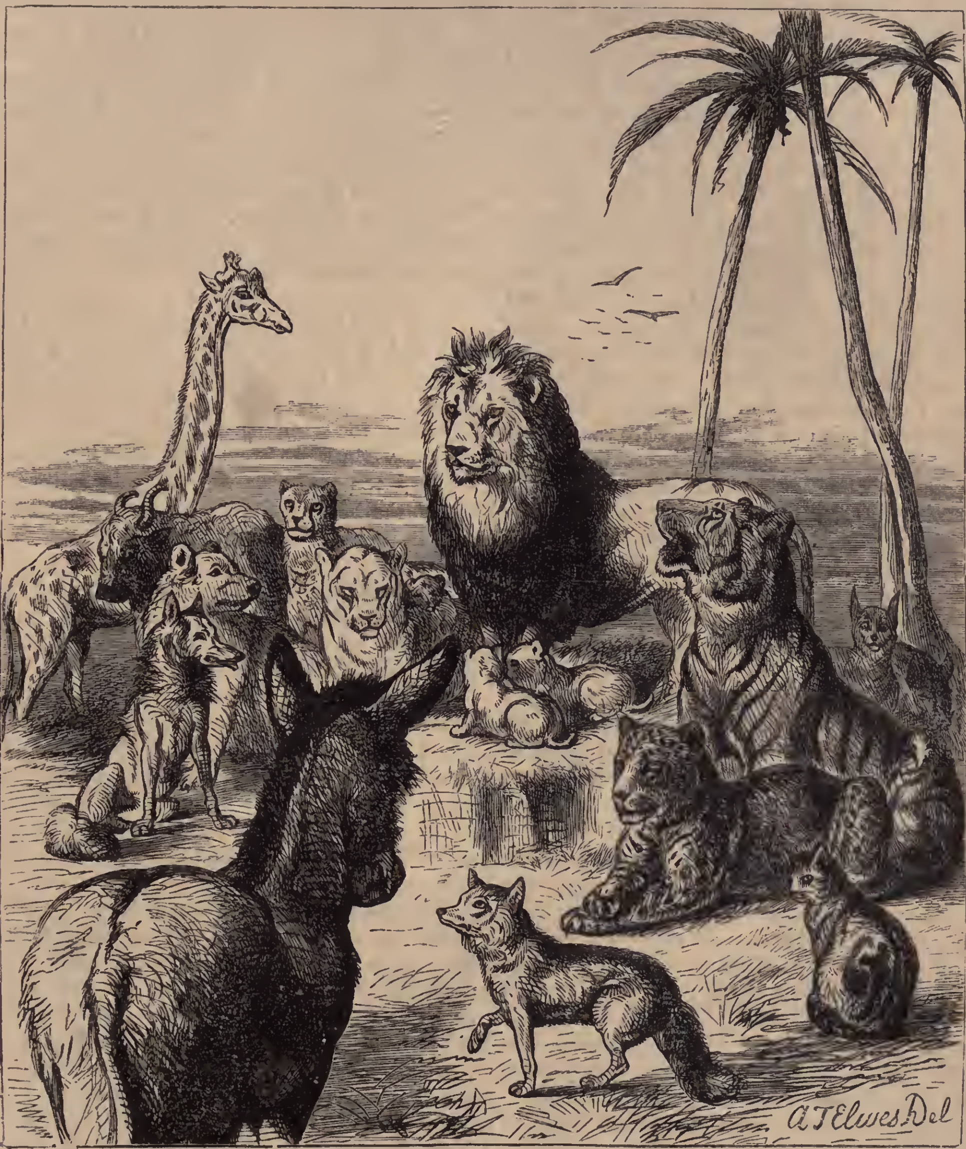
"Hang your brandy, sir!" said the Lowlander, adjusting his cocked-hat fiercely upon his head; "we desire neither your brandy nor your company," and up he rose from his seat. His companions also arose, muttering to each other, drawing up their plaids, and snorting and sniffing the air after the manner of their countrymen when working themselves into a passion.

"I tauld ye what wad come, gentlemen," said the landlady, "an ye wad hae been tauld. Get awa' wi' ye out o' my house, and make nae disturbance here—there's nae gentleman be disturbed at Jeanie MacAlpine's an she can hinder. A wheen idle English loons, gaun about the country under cloud o' night, and disturbing honest peaceable gentlemen that are drinking their drap drink at the fireside!"

At another time I should have thought of the old Latin adge—

> "Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas"—

but I had not any time for classical quotation, for there was obviously a fray about to ensue, at which, feeling myself indignant at the inhospitable insolence with which I was treated, I was totally indifferent, unless on the Bailie's account, whose person and qualities were ill qualified for such an adventure. I started up, however, on seeing the



(*Drawn by* A. T. ELWES.)

THE PLAGUE IN THE FOREST.
(*See Page* 351.)

others rise, and dropped my cloak from my shoulders, that I might be ready to stand on the defensive.

"We are three to three," said the lesser Highlander, glancing his eyes at our party; "if ye be pretty men, draw!" and, unsheathing his broadsword, he advanced on me. I put myself in a posture of defence, and, aware of the superiority of my weapon, a rapier or small-sword, was little afraid of the issue of the contest. The Bailie behaved with unexpected mettle. As he saw the gigantic Highlander confront him with his weapon drawn, he tugged for a second or two at the hilt of his *shabble*, as he called it; but finding it loth to quit the sheath, to which it had long been secured by rust and disuse, he seized as a substitute on the red-hot coulter of a plough which had been employed in arranging the fire by way of a poker, and brandished it with such effect, that at the first pass he set the Highlander's plaid on fire, and compelled him to keep a respectful distance till he could get it extinguished. Andrew, on the contrary, who ought to have faced the Lowland champion, had, I grieve to say it, vanished at the very commencement of the fray. But his antagonist, crying, "Fair play! fair play!" seemed courteously disposed to take no share in the scuffle. Thus we commenced our rencontre on fair terms as to numbers. My own aim was to possess myself, if possible, of my antagonist's weapon; but I was deterred from closing for fear of the dirk which he held in his left hand, and used in parrying the thrusts of my rapier. Meantime the Bailie, notwithstanding the success of his first onset, was sorely bested. The weight of his weapon, the corpulence of his person, the very effervescence of his own passions, were rapidly exhausting both his strength and his breath, and he was almost at the mercy of his antagonist, when up started the sleeping Highlander from the floor on which he reclined, with his naked sword and target in his hand, and threw himself between the discomfited magistrate and his assailant, exclaiming, "Her nainsell has eaten the town pread at the Cross o' Glasgow, and py her troth she'll fight for Bailie Sharvie at the Clachan of Aberfoil—tat will she e'en!" And seconding his words with deeds, this unexpected auxiliary made his sword whistle about the ears of his tall countryman, who, nothing abashed, returned his blows with interest. But being both accoutred with round targets made of wood, studded with brass, and covered with leather, with which they readily parried each other's strokes, their combat was attended with much more noise and clatter than serious risk of damage. It appeared, indeed, that there was more of bravado than of serious attempt to do us any injury; for the Lowland gentleman, who, as I mentioned, had stood aside for want of an antagonist when the brawl commenced, was now pleased to act the part of moderator and peace-maker.

"Haud your hands—haud your hands—eneugh done—eneugh done!—the quarrel's no mortal. The strange gentlemen have shown themselves men of honour, and gien reasonable satisfaction. I'll stand on mine honour as kittle as ony man, but I hate unnecessary bloodshed."

It was not, of course, my wish to protract the fray—my adversary seemed equally disposed to sheath his sword—the Bailie, gasping for breath, might be considered as *hors de combat*, and our two sword-and-buckler men gave up their contest with as much indifference as they had entered into it.

"And now," said the worthy gentleman who acted as umpire, "let us drink and gree like honest fellows—the house will haud us a'. I propose that this good little gentleman that seems sair for-foughen, as I may say, in this tuilzie, shall send for a tass o' brandy, and I'll pay for another, by way of archilowe,* and then we'll birl our bawbees a' round about, like brethren."

"And fa's to pay my new ponnie plaid," said the larger Highlander, "wi' a hole burnt in't ane might put a kail-pat through? Saw ever onybody a decent gentleman fight wi' a firebrand before?"

"Let that be nae hinderance," said the Bailie, who had now recovered his breath, and was at once disposed to enjoy the triumph of having behaved with spirit, and avoid the necessity of again resorting to such hard and doubtful arbitrement. "Gin I hae broken the head," he said, "I sall find the plaister. A new plaid sall ye hae, and o' the best—your ain clan-colours, man—an ye will tell me where it can be sent t'ye frae Glasco."

"I needna name my clan—I am of a king's clan, as is weel kend," said the Highlander; "but ye may tak a bit o' the plaid—figh! she smells like a singit sheep's head—and that'll learn ye the sett—and a gentleman, that's a cousin o' my ain, that carries eggs doun frae Glencroe, will ca' for't about Martimas, an ye will tell her where ye bide. But, honest gentleman, neist time ye fight, an ye hae ony respect for your athversary, let it be wi' your sword, man, since ye wear ane, and no wi' thae het culters and fireprands, like a wild Indian."

"Conscience!" replied the Bailie, "every man maun do as he dow—my sword hasna seen the light since Bothwell Brigg, when my father, that's dead and gane, ware it; and I kenna weel if it was forthcoming than either, for the battle was o' the briefest. At ony rate, it's glewed to the scabbard now beyond my power to part them; and, finding that, I e'en grippit at the first thing I could make a fend wi'. I trow my fighting days is done, though I like ill to take the scorn, for a' that. But where's the honest lad that tuik my quarrel on himsell sae frankly?—I'se bestow a gill o' aquavitæ on him, an I suld never ca' for anither."

The champion for whom he looked around was, however, no longer to be seen. He had escaped, unobserved by the Bailie, immediately when the brawl was ended, yet not before I had recognised, in his wild features and shaggy red hair, our acquaintance Dougal, the fugitive turnkey of the Glasgow gaol.

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* Archilowe, of unknown derivation, signifies a peace-offering.

THE PLAGUE IN THE FOREST.

[John Gurney Adams. Born in the United States in 1767. Educated at Harvard. President in 1824. Died 1848.]

Time was when round the lion's den
A peopled city raised its head;
'Twas not inhabited by men,
But by four-footed beasts instead.
The lynx, the leopard and the bear,
The tiger and the wolf, were there;
The hoof-defended steed;
The bull, prepared with horns to gore;
The cat with claws, the tusky boar,
And all the canine breed.

In social compact thus combined,
Together dwelt the beasts of prey;
Their murderous weapons all resigned,
And vowed each other not to slay.
Among them Reynard thrust his phiz;
Not hoof, nor horn, nor tusk was his,
For warfare all unfit:
He whispered to the royal dunce,
And gained a settlement at once;
His weapon was—his wit.

One summer, by some fatal spell
(Phœbus was peevish for some scoff),
The plague upon that city fell,
And swept the beasts by thousands off.
The lion, as became his part,
Loved his own people from his heart;
And, taking counsel sage,
His peerage summoned to advise,
And offer up a sacrifice,
To soothe Apollo's rage.

Quoth Lion: "We are sinners all;
And even it must be confessed,
If among sheep I chanced to fall,
I—I am guilty as the rest.
To me the sight of lamb is curst,
It kindles in my throat a thirst
I struggle to refrain:
Poor innocent! his blood so sweet!
His flesh so delicate to eat!
I find resistance vain.

"Now, to be candid, I must own
The sheep are weak, and I am strong;
But when we find ourselves alone,
The sheep have never done me wrong.
And since I purpose to reveal
All my offences, nor conceal
One trespass from your view,
My appetite is made so keen,
That, with the sheep, the time has been
I took the shepherd too.

"Then let us all our sin confess;
And who'soe'er the blackest guilt,
To ease my people's deep distress,
Let his atoning blood be spilt.
My own confession now you hear;
Should none of deeper dye appear,
Your sentence freely give:
And if on me should fall the lot,
Make me the victim on the spot,
And let my people live."

The council with applauses rung,
To hear the Codrus of the wood;
Though still some doubt suspended hung
If he would make his promise good.
Quoth Reynard: "Since the world was made,
Was ever love like this displayed?
Let us, like subjects true,
Swear, as before your feet we fall,
Sooner than you should die for all,
We all will die for you.

"But, please your majesty, I deem,
Submissive to your royal grace,
You hold in far too high esteem
That paltry, poltroon, sheepish race;
For oft, reflecting in the shade,
I ask myself why sheep were made
By all-creating power?
And howsoe'er I tax my mind,
This the sole reason I can find—
For lions to devour.

"As for eating, now and then,
As well the shepherd as the sheep,
How can that braggart breed of men
Expect with you the peace to keep?
'Tis time their blustering boast to stem,
That all the world was made for them,
And prove Creation's plan;
Teach them, by evidence profuse,
That man was made for lions' use,
Not lions made for man."

And now the noble peers begin,
And, cheered with such examples bright,
Disclosing each his secret sin,
Some midnight murder brought to light.
Reynard was counsel for them all—
No crime the assembly could appal,
But he could botch with paint:
Hark! as his honeyed accents roll,
Each tiger is a gentle soul,
Each bloodhound is a saint.

When each had told his tale in turn,
The long-eared beast of burden came,
And meekly said, "My bowels yearn
To make confession of my shame;
But I remember, on a time,
I passed, not thinking of a crime,
A hay-stack on my way:
His lure some tempting devil spread,
I stretched across the fence my head,
And cropped—a lock of hay."

"Oh, monster! villain!" Reynard cried;
"No longer seek the victim, sire;
Nor why your subjects thus have died,
To expiate Apollo's ire."
The council with one voice decreed;
All joined to execrate the deed.
"What? steal another's grass!"
The blackest crime their lives could show
Was washed as white as virgin snow:
The victim was—the Ass.

TO THE DANDELION.

[J. R. LOWELL. *See Page* 41.]

DEAR common flower, that growest beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and full of pride uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His conquered Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap—and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTTINGEN.

[The Right Hon. GEORGE CANNING. Born 1770. Educated at Eton. Entered Parliament in 1793, and was Secretary of State in 1796. Died 1827.]

WHENE'ER with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen,
—niversity of Gottingen!

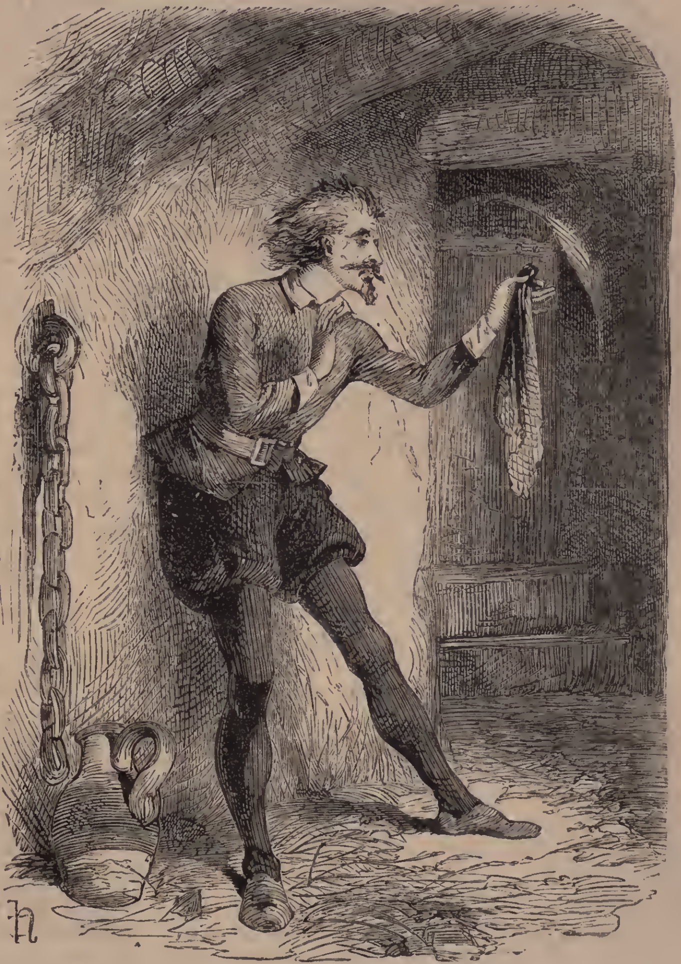
Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he proceeds to wipe his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat notting in!
Alas! Matilda then was true!
At least I thought so at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen!
—niversity of Gottingen.

At the repetition of this line Rogers clanks his chains in cadence.

Barbs! Barbs! alas, how swift you flew,
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen,
—niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in;
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen,
—niversity of Gottingen.



(*Drawn by* A. HEBBLETHWAITE.)

There, sweet, for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my tu—
—tor, law professor at the U—
—niversity of Gottingen,
—niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou, vain world, adieu!
That kings and priests are plotting in;
Here, doomed to starve on water gru—
—el, never shall I see the U—
—niversity of Gottingen,
—niversity of Gottingen.

During the last stanza, Rogers dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion; he then throws himself on the floor in agony. The curtain drops; the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

[Sir Walter Scott. *See Page* 116.]

EVENING had fallen; and, for the last two hours, they had seen none of their ill-fated companions, when Morton and his faithful attendant gained the moorland, and approached a large and solitary farmhouse, situated in the entrance of a wild glen, far remote from any other habitation.

"Our horses," said Morton, "will carry us no farther without rest or food, and we must try to obtain them here, if possible."

So speaking, he led the way to the house. The place had every appearance of being inhabited. There was smoke issuing from the chimney in a considerable volume, and the marks of recent hoofs were visible around the door. They could even hear the murmuring of human voices within the house. But all the lower windows were closely secured; and when they knocked at the door, no answer was returned. After vainly calling and entreating admittance, they withdrew to the stable, or shed, in order to accommodate their horses, ere they used farther means of gaining admission. In this place they found ten or twelve horses, whose state of fatigue, as well as the military yet disordered appearance of their saddles and accoutrements, plainly indicated that their owners were fugitive insurgents in their own circumstances.

"This meeting bodes luck," said Cuddie; "and they hae walth o' beef, that's ae thing certain, for here's a raw hide that has been about the hurdies o' a stot not half an hour syne—it's warm yet."

Encouraged by these appearances, they returned again to the house, and, announcing themselves as men in the same predicament with the inmates, clamoured loudly for admittance.

"Whoever ye be," answered a stern voice from the window, after a long and obdurate silence, "disturb not those who mourn for the desolation and captivity of the land, and search out the causes of wrath and defection, that the stumbling-blocks may be removed over which we have stumbled."

"They are wild western Whigs," said Cuddie, in a whisper to his master, "I ken by their language. Fiend hae me, if I like to venture on them!"

Morton, however, again called to the party within, and insisted on admittance; but, finding his entreaties still disregarded, he opened one of the lower windows, and pushing asunder the shutters, which were but slightly secured, stepped into the large kitchen from which the voice had issued. Cuddie followed him, muttering betwixt his teeth, as he put his head within the window, "That he hoped there was nae scalding brose on the fire;" and master and servant both found themselves in the company of ten or twelve armed men, seated around the fire, on which refreshments were preparing, and busied apparently in their devotions.

In the gloomy countenances, illuminated by the fire-light, Morton had no difficulty in recognising several of those zealots who had most distinguished themselves by their intemperate opposition to all moderate measures, together with their noted pastor, the fanatical Ephraim Macbriar, and the maniac, Habakkuk Mucklewrath. The Cameronians neither stirred tongue nor hand to welcome their brethren in misfortune, but continued to listen to the low murmured exercise of Macbriar, as he prayed that the Almighty would lift up his hand from his people, and not make an end in the day of his anger. That they were conscious of the presence of the intruders only appeared from the sullen and indignant glances which they shot at them, from time to time, as their eyes encountered.

Morton, finding into what unfriendly society he had unwittingly intruded, began to think of retreating; but, on turning his head, observed with some alarm that two strong men had silently placed themselves beside the window through which they had entered. One of these ominous sentinels whispered to Cuddie, "Son of that precious woman, Mause Headrigg, do not cast thy lot farther with this child of treachery and perdition—pass on thy way, and tarry not, for the avenger of blood is behind thee."

With this he pointed to the window, out of which Cuddie jumped without hesitation; for the intimation he had received plainly implied the personal danger he would otherwise incur.

"Winnocks are no lucky wi' me," was his first reflection when he was in the open air; his next was upon the probable fate of his master. "They'll kill him, the murdering loons, and think they're doing a gude turn; but I'se tak the back road for Hamilton, and see if I canna get some o' our ain folk to bring help in time of needcessity."

So saying, Cuddie hastened to the stable, and taking the best horse he could find instead of his own tired animal, he galloped off in the direction he proposed.

The noise of his horse's tread alarmed for an instant the devotion of the fanatics. As it died in the distance, Macbriar brought his exercise to a conclusion, and his audience raised themselves from the stooping posture, and louring downward look, with which they had listened to it, and all fixed their eyes sternly on Henry Morton.

"You bend strange countenances on me, gentlemen," said he, addressing them. "I am totally ignorant in what manner I can have deserved them."

"Out upon thee! out upon thee!" exclaimed Mucklewrath, starting up: "the word that thou hast spurned shall become a rock to crush and to bruise thee; the spear which thou wouldst have broken shall pierce thy side; we have prayed, and wrestled, and petitioned for an offering to atone the sins of the congregation, and lo! the very head of the offence is delivered into our hand. He hath burst in like a thief through the window; he is a ram caught in the thicket, whose blood shall be a drink-offering to redeem vengeance from the church, and the place shall from henceforth be called Jehovah-Jireh, for the sacrifice is provided. Up then, and bind the victim with cords to the horns of the altar!"

There was a movement among the party; and deeply did Morton regret at that moment the incautious haste with which he had ventured into their company. He was armed only with his sword, for he had left his pistols at the bow of his saddle; and, as the Whigs were all provided with fire-arms, there was little or no chance of escaping from them by resistance. The interposition, however, of Macbriar protected him for the moment.

"Tarry yet a while, brethren; let us not use the sword rashly, lest the load of innocent blood lie heavy on us. Come," he said, addressing himself to Morton, "we will reckon with thee ere we avenge the cause thou hast betrayed. Hast thou not," he continued, "made thy face as hard as flint against the truth in all the assemblies of the host?"

"He has—he has," murmured the deep voices of the assistants.

"He hath ever urged peace with the malignants," said one.

"And pleaded for the dark and dismal guilt of the Indulgence," said another.

"And would have surrendered the host into the hands of Monmouth," echoed a third; "and was the first to desert the honest and manly Burley, while he yet resisted at the pass. I saw him on the moor, with his horse bloody with spurring, long ere the firing had ceased at the bridge."

"Gentlemen," said Morton, "if you mean to bear me down by clamour, and take my life without hearing me, it is perhaps a thing in your power; but you will sin before God and man by the commission of such a murder."

"I say, hear the youth," said Macbriar; "for heaven knows our bowels have yearned for him, that he might be brought to see the truth, and exert his gifts in its defence. But he is blinded by his carnal knowledge, and has spurned the light when it blazed before him."

Silence being obtained, Morton proceeded to assert the good faith which he had displayed in the treaty with Monmouth, and the active part he had borne in the subsequent action.

"I may not, gentlemen," he said, "be fully able to go the lengths you desire, in assigning to those of my own religion the means of tyrannising over others; but none shall go farther in asserting our own lawful freedom. And I must needs aver, that had others been of my mind in counsel, or disposed to stand by my side in battle, we should this evening, instead of being a defeated and discordant remnant, have sheathed our weapons in a useful and honourable peace, or brandished them triumphantly after a decisive victory."

"He hath spoken the word," said one of the assembly—"he hath avowed his carnal self-seeking and Erastianism; let him die the death!"

"Peace yet again," said Macbriar, "for I will try him further. Was it not by thy means that the malignant Evandale twice escaped from death and captivity? Was it not through thee that Miles Bellenden and his garrison of cut-throats were saved from the edge of the sword?"

"I am proud to say that you have spoken the truth in both instances," replied Morton.

"Lo! you see," said Macbriar, "again hath his mouth spoken it. And didst thou not do this for the sake of a Midianitish woman, one of the spawn of prelacy, a toy with which the arch-enemy's trap is baited? Didst thou not do all this for the sake of Edith Bellenden?"

"You are incapable," answered Morton, boldly, "of appreciating my feelings towards that young lady; but all that I have done I would have done had she never existed."

"Thou art a hardy rebel to the truth," said another dark-browed man; "and didst thou not so act, that, by conveying away the aged woman, Margaret Bellenden, and her grand-daughter, thou mightest thwart the wise and godly project of John Balfour of Burley for bringing forth to battle Basil Olifant, who had agreed to take the field if he were ensured possession of these women's worldly endowments?"

"I never heard of such a scheme," said Morton, "and therefore I could not thwart it. But does your religion permit you to take such uncreditable and immoral modes of recruiting?"

"Peace!" said Macbriar, somewhat disconcerted; "it is not for thee to instruct tender professors, or to construe Covenant obligations. For the rest, you have acknowledged enough of sin and sorrowful defection, to draw down defeat on a host, were it as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore. And it is our judgment, that we are not free to let you pass from us safe and in life, since Providence hath given you into our hands at the moment that we prayed with godly Joshua, saying, 'What shall we say when Israel turneth their backs before their enemies?' Then camest thou, delivered to us as it were by lot, that thou mightest sustain the punishment of one that hath wrought folly in Israel. Therefore, mark my words. This is the Sabbath, and our hand shall not be on thee to spill thy blood upon this day; but, when the twelfth hour shall strike, it is a token that thy time on earth hath run! Wherefore improve thy span, for it flitteth fast away. Seize on the prisoner, brethren, and take his weapon!"

The command was so unexpectedly given, and so suddenly executed by those of the party who had gradually closed behind and around Morton, that he was overpowered, disarmed, and a horse-girth passed round his arms, before he could offer any effectual resistance. When this was accomplished, a dead and stern silence took place. The fanatics ranged themselves around a large oaken table, placing Morton amongst them bound and helpless, in such a manner as to be opposite to the clock which was to strike his knell. Food was placed before them, of which they offered their intended victim a share; but, it will readily be believed, he had little appetite. When this was removed, the party resumed their devotions. Macbriar, whose fierce zeal did not perhaps exclude some feelings of doubt and compunction, began to expostulate in prayer, as if to wring from the Deity a signal that the bloody sacrifice they proposed was an acceptable service. The eyes and ears of his hearers were anxiously strained, as if to gain some sight or sound which might be converted or wrested into a type of approbation, and ever and anon dark looks were turned on the dial-plate of the timepiece to watch its progress towards the moment of execution.

Morton's eye frequently took the same course, with the sad reflection, that there appeared no possibility of his life being expanded beyond the narrow segment which the index had yet to travel on the circle until it arrived at the fatal hour. Faith in his religion, with a constant unyielding principle of honour, and the sense of conscious innocence, enabled him to pass through this dreadful interval with less agitation than he himself could have expected, had the situation been prophesied to him. Yet there was a want of that eager and animating sense of right which supported him in similar circumstances, when in the power of Claverhouse. Then he was conscious that amid the spectators were many who were lamenting his condition, and some who applauded his conduct. But now, among these pale-eyed and ferocious zealots, whose hardened brows were soon to be bent, not merely with indifference, but with triumph, upon his execution—without a friend to speak a kindly word, or give a look either of sympathy or encouragement—awaiting till the sword destined to slay him crept out of the scabbard gradually, and, as it were, by straw-breadths, and condemned to drink the bitterness of death drop by drop—it was no wonder that his feelings were less composed than they had been on any former occasion of danger. His destined executioners, as he gazed around them, seemed to alter their forms and features, like the spectres in a feverish dream; their figures became larger, and their faces more disturbed; and, as an excited imagination predominated over the realities which his eyes received, he could have thought himself surrounded rather by a band of demons than of human beings; the walls seemed to drop with blood, and the light tick of the clock thrilled on his ear with such loud, painful distinctness, as if each sound were the prick of a bodkin inflicted on the naked nerve of the organ.

It was with pain that he felt his mind wavering, while on the brink between this and the future world. He made a strong effort to compose himself to devotional exercises, and unequal, during that fearful strife of nature, to arrange his own thoughts into suitable expressions, he had, instinctively, recourse to the petition for deliverance and for composure of spirit which is to be found in the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England. Macbriar, whose family were of that persuasion, instantly recognised the words, which the unfortunate prisoner pronounced half aloud.

"There lacked but this," he said, his pale cheek kindling with resentment, "to root out my carnal reluctance to see his blood spilt. He is a prelatist who has sought the camp under the disguise of an Erastian, and all, and more than all, that has been said of him must needs be verity. His blood be on his head, the deceiver!—let him go down to Tophet with the ill-mumbled mass which he calls a prayer-book, in his right hand!"

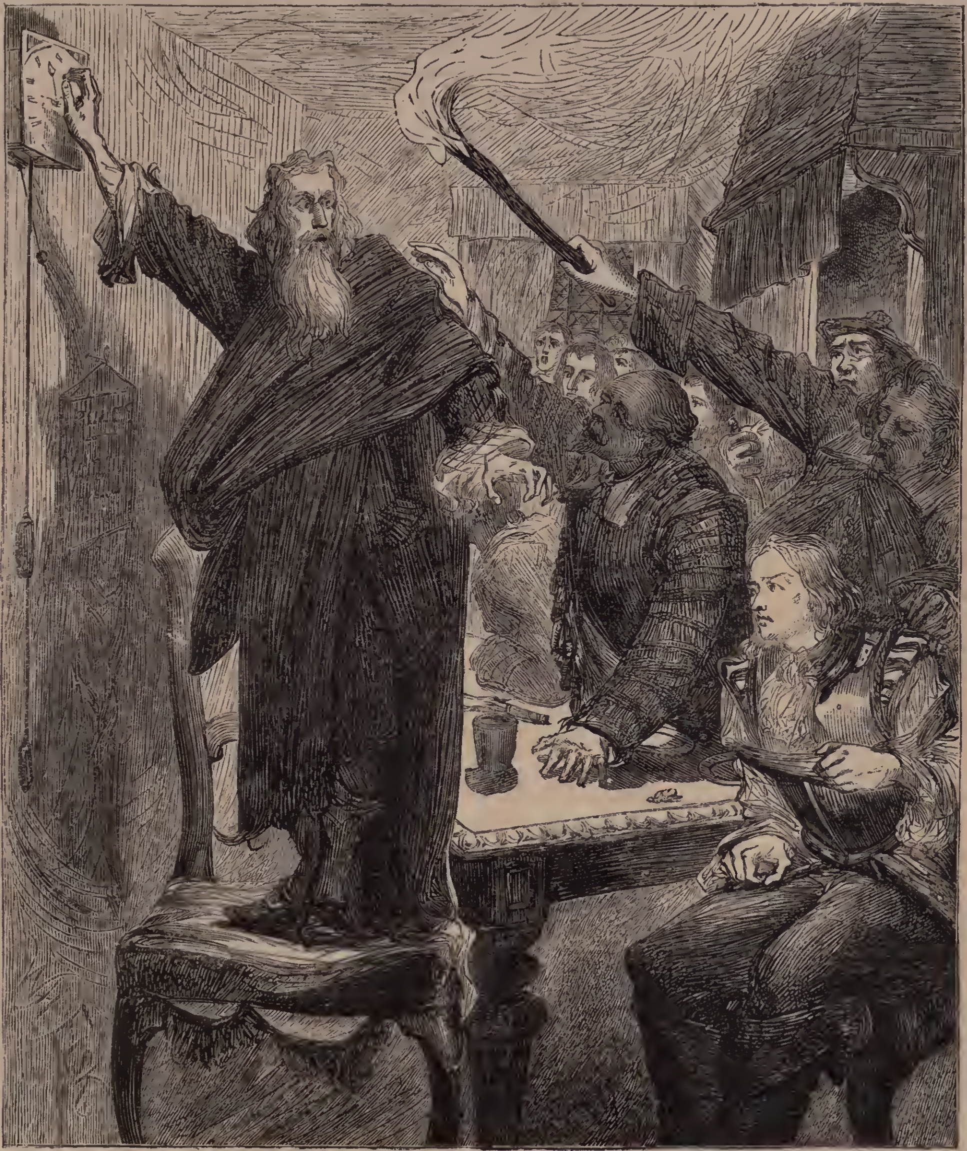
"I take up my song against him!" exclaimed the maniac. "As the sun went back on the dial ten degrees for intimating the recovery of holy Hezekiah, so shall it now go forward, that the wicked may be taken away from among the people, and the Covenant established in its purity."

He sprang to a chair with an attitude of frenzy, in order to anticipate the fatal moment by putting the index forward; and several of the party began to make ready their slaughter-weapons for immediate execution, when Mucklewrath's hand was arrested by one of his companions.

"Hist!" he said, "I hear a distant noise."

"It is the rushing of the brook over the pebbles," said one.

"It is the sough of the wind among the bracken," said another.



(*Drawn by* W. H. Fisk.)

"It is the galloping of horse," said Morton to himself, his sense of hearing rendered acute by the dreadful situation in which he stood. "God grant they may come as my deliverers!"

The noise approached rapidly, and became more and more distinct.

"It is horse!" cried Macbriar. "Look out and descry who they are."

"The enemy are upon us!" cried one who had opened the window, in obedience to his order.

A thick trampling and loud voices were heard immediately round the house. Some rose to resist, and some to escape; the doors and windows were forced at once, and the red coats of the troopers appeared in the apartment.

"Have at the bloody rebels! Remember Cornet Grahame!" was shouted on every side.

The lights were struck down, but the dubious glare of the fire enabled them to continue the fray. Several pistol-shots were fired; the Whig who stood next to Morton received a shot as he was rising, stumbled against the prisoner, whom he bore down with his weight, and lay stretched above him a dying man. This accident probably saved Morton from the damage he might otherwise have received in so close a struggle, where fire-arms were discharged and sword-blows given for upwards of five minutes.

"Is the prisoner safe?" exclaimed the well-known voice of Claverhouse. "Look about for him, and dispatch the Whig dog who is groaning there."

Both orders were executed. The groans of the wounded man were silenced by a thrust with a rapier, and Morton, disencumbered of his weight, was speedily raised and in the arms of the faithful Cuddie, who blubbered for joy when he found that the blood with which his master was covered had not flowed from his own veins. A whisper in Morton's ear, while his trusty follower relieved him from his bonds, explained the secret of the very timely appearance of the soldiers.

"I fell into Claverhouse's party when I was seeking for some o' our ain folk to help ye out o' the hands o' the Whigs; sae being atween the deil and the deep sea, I e'en thought it best to bring him on wi' me, for he'll be wearied wi' felling folk the night, and the morn's a new day, and Lord Evandale awes ye a day in ha'arst; and Monmouth gies quarter, the dragoons tell me, for the asking. Sae haud up your heart, an' I'se warrant we'll do a' weel eneugh yet."

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

[William Shakespeare. *See Page 33.*]

Grumio. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.
Katharina. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What! did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,—
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.—
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?
Kath. 'Tis passing good: I pr'ythee let me have it.
Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay, then I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.
Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio *with a dish of meat; and* Hortensio.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What! sweeting, all amort?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What! not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.—
Here, take away this dish.
Kath. I pray you, let it stand.
Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
Kath. I thank you, sir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.—
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.
Pet. [*Aside to him.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—
[*To her.*] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.—

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish:—fie, fie! 'tis low and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us see't.
Oh, mercy! Look, what masquing stuff is here!
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:—
Why, what, o' mischief's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. [*Aside.*] I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh, monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave orders how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces; *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. [*Reads.*] "*Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown:—"

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. [*Reads.*] "With a small compassed cape:"

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. [*Reads.*] "With a trunk sleeve:—"

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. [*Reads.*] "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

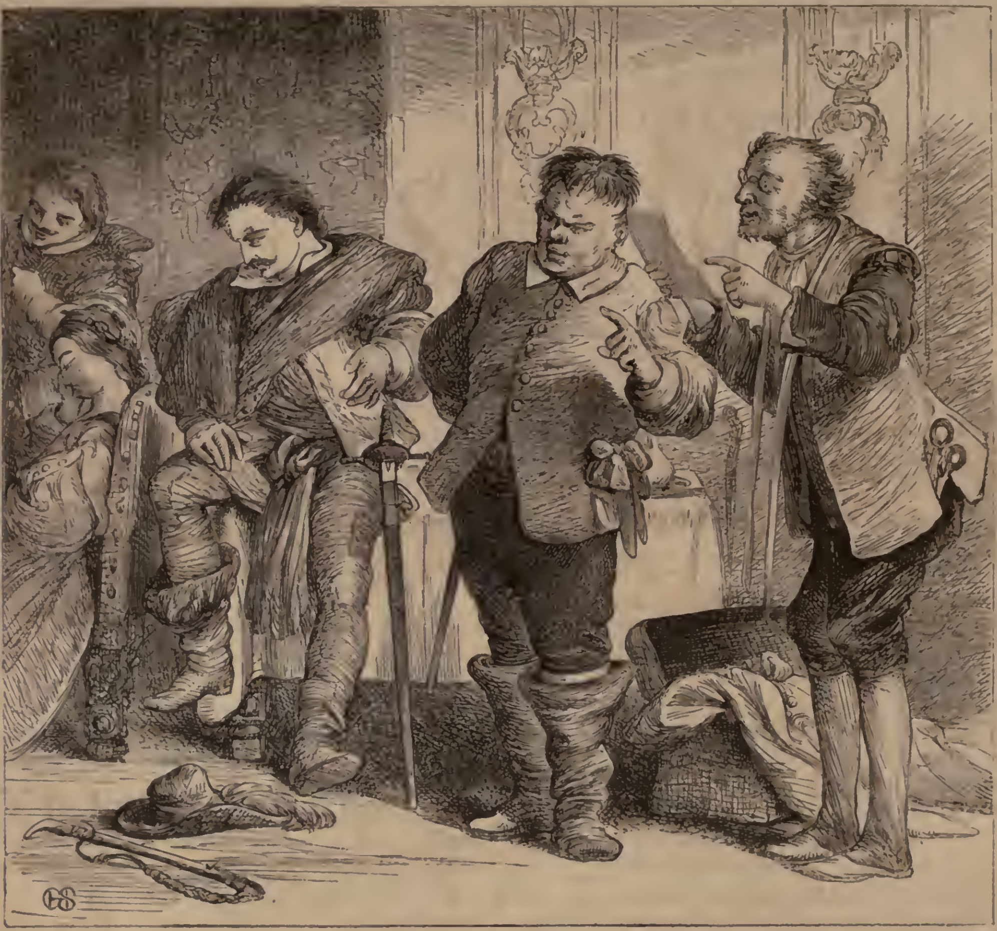
Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. Od's-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.



(*Drawn by* H. C. Selous.)

Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up.—
[*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—
[*To Tailor.*] Go, take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

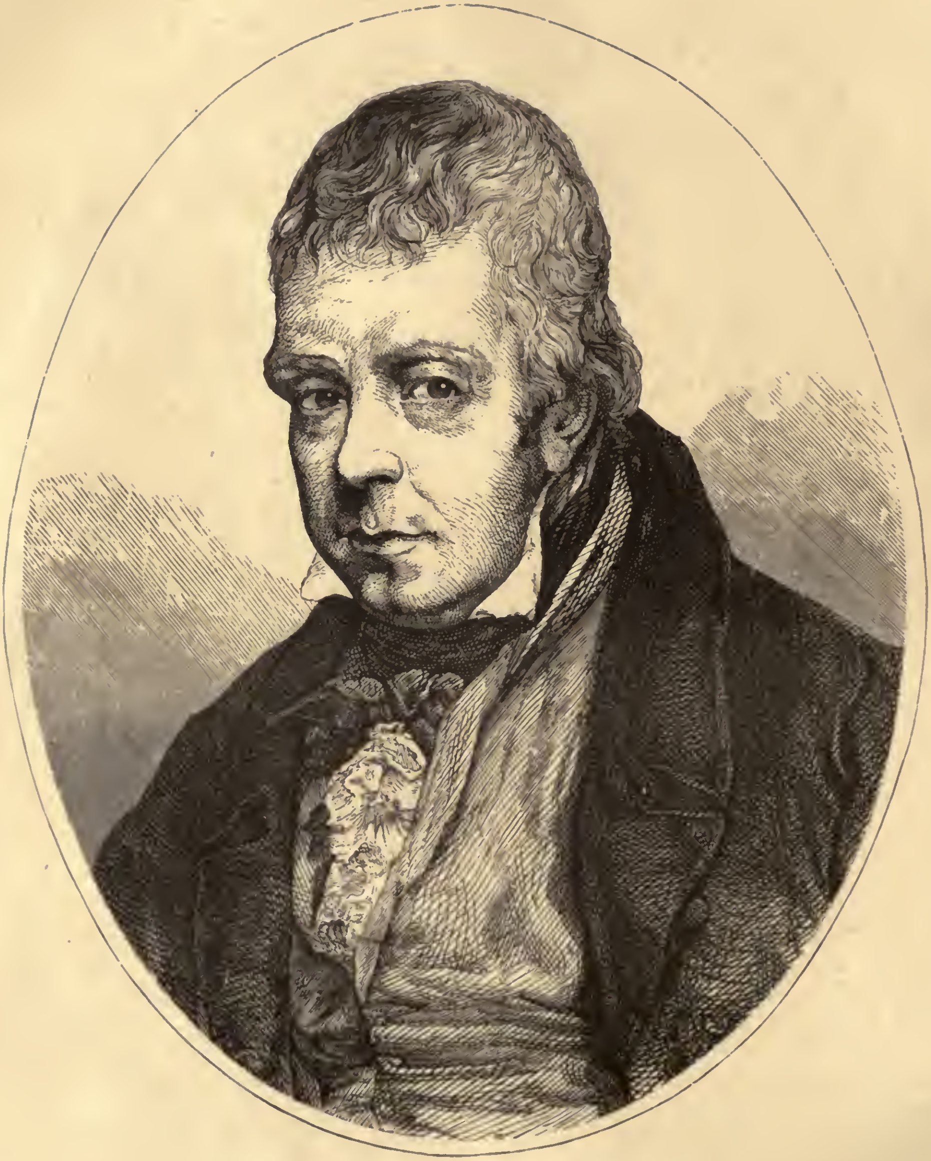
Hor. [*Aside to Tailor.*] Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exeunt* Tailor *and* Haberdasher.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long Lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

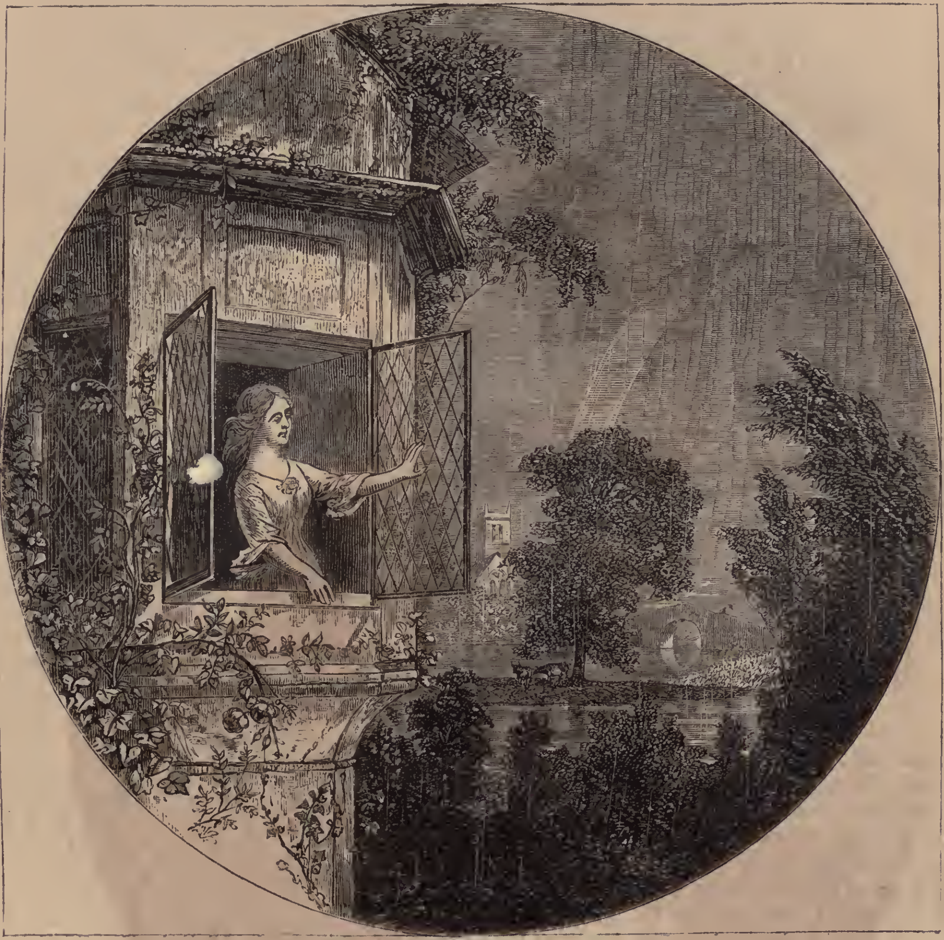
Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it!—Sirs, let 't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*



SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.



(*Drawn by* PERCY JUSTYNE.)

ON RAIN IN SUMMER.

[LEIGH HUNT. *See Page* 71.]

OPEN the window, and let the air
Freshly blow upon face and hair,
And fill the room, as it fills the night,
With the breath of the rain's sweet might.
Hark! the burden swift and prone;
And how the odorous leaves are blown!
Stormy love's abroad, and keeps
Hopeful coil for silver sleeps.
Not a blink shall burn to-night,
In my chamber, of sordid light;
Nought will I have, not a window-pane,
'Twixt me and the air and the great good rain;
Which ever shall sing me sharp lullabies,
And God's own darkness shall close mine eyes;
And I will sleep, with all things blest,
In the pure earth-shadow of natural rest.

THE STORY OF THE SPECTATOR.*

[Lord MACAULAY. *See Page* 129.]

THE Spectator himself was conceived and drawn by Addison; and it is not easy to doubt that the portrait was meant to be in some features a likeness of the painter. The Spectator is a gentleman who, after passing a studious youth at the university, has travelled on classic ground, and has bestowed much attention on curious points of antiqnity. He has, on his return, fixed his residence in London, and has observed all the forms of life which are to be found in that great city, has daily listened to the wits of Will's, has smoked with the philosophers of the Grecian, and has mingled with the parsons at Child's, and with the politicians at the St. James's. In the morning, he often listens to the hum of the Exchange; in the evening, his face is constantly to be seen in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre. But an insurmountable bashfulness prevents him from opening his mouth, except in a small circle of intimate friends.

These friends were first sketched by Steele. Four of the club, the templar, the clergyman, the soldier, and the merchant, were uninteresting figures, fit only for a background. But the other two, an old country baronet and an old town rake, though not delineated with a very delicate pencil, had some good strokes. Addison took the rude outlines into his own hands, retouched them, coloured them, and is in truth the creator of the Sir Roger de Coverley and the Will Honeycomb with whom we are all familiar.

The plan of the Spectator must be allowed to be both original and eminently happy. Every valuable essay in the series may be read with pleasure separately; yet the five or six hundred essays form a whole, and a whole which has the interest of a novel. It must be remembered, too, that at that time no novel, giving a lively and powerful picture of the common life and manners of England, had appeared. Richardson was working as a compositor. Fielding was robbing birds' nests. Smollett was not yet born. The narrative, therefore, which connects together the Spectator's Essays, gave to our ancestors their first taste of an exquisite and untried pleasure. That narrative was indeed constructed with no art or labour. The events were such events as occur every day. Sir Roger comes up to town to see Eugenio, as the worthy baronet always calls Prince Eugene, goes with the Spectator on the water to Spring Gardens, walks among the tombs in the Abbey, and is frightened by the Mohawks, but conquers his apprehension so far as to go to the theatre, when the "Distressed Mother" is acted. The Spectator pays a visit in the summer to Coverley Hall, is charmed with the old house, the old butler, and the old chaplain, eats a jack caught by Will Wimble, rides to the assizes, and hears a point of law discussed by Tom Touchy. At last a letter from the honest butler brings to the club the news that Sir Roger is dead. Will Honeycomb marries and reforms at sixty. The club breaks up; and the Spectator resigns his functions. Such events can hardly be said to form a plot; yet they are related with such truth, such grace, such wit, such humour, such pathos, such knowledge of the human heart, such knowledge of the ways of the world, that they charm us on the hundredth perusal. We have not the least doubt that, if Addison had written a novel on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered not only as the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists.

THE CULPRIT FAY.

PART I.

[JOSEPH R. DRAKE. Born at New York, 7th August, 1795. Educated at Columbia College. Adopted the profession of medicine, but died of consumption at the early age of twenty-six, September, 1820.]

'TIS the hour of fairy ban and spell:
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke,
Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve,
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry:
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell)—
"Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither, wing your way,
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day."

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;

---

* By kind permission of Messrs. Longman and Co.

Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb-hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmèd hour;
Some had lain on the scoop of the rock,
With glittering rising stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlit glade:
Above—below—on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride!

They come not now to print the lea,
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,
And drink the dew from the buttercup:
A scene of sorrow waits them now,
For an Ouphe has broken his festal vow;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue,
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste away;
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the culprit Fay.

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and of sassafras;
And on pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy,
And o'er it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone,
The prisoner Fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the throne.
He waved his sceptre in the air,
He looked around and calmly spoke,
His brow was grave, and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke:—

"Fairy, fairy, list and mark!
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain:
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye;
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high;
But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above—
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love.
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment.
Tied to the hornet's shardy wings,
Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings,
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
With the lazy-worm in the walnut-shell
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede;
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your gaoler a spider, huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie
Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly:
These it had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.
Now list, and mark our mild decree—
Fairy, this your doom must be:

"Thou shalt seek the beach of sand,
Where the water bounds the elfin land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine,
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water-sprites will wield their arms,
And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirits' charms,
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might;
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

"If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is washed away;
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime can be lost for aye:
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
Thou must re-illume its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy;
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far;
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay;
Hence! to the water-side, away!"

The goblin marked his monarch well;
He spake not, but he bowed him low,
Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,
And turned him round in act to go.
The way is long, he cannot fly,
His soilèd wing has lost its power,
And he winds adown the mountain high,
For many a sore and weary hour.
Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Through groves of nightshade dark and dern,
Over the grass and through the brake,

Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake:
Now o'er the violet's azure flush
He skips along in lightsome mood;
And now he threads the bramble-bush,
Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.
He has leaped the bog, he has pierced the briar,
He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,
Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,
And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
He had fallen to the ground outright,
For rugged and dim was his onward track,
But there came a spotted toad in sight,
And he laughed as he jumped upon her back.
He bridled her mouth with a silk-weed twist,
He lashed her sides with an osier thong,
And now through evening's dewy mist,
With leap and spring they bound along,
Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
And the beach of sand is reached at last.

Soft and pale is the moony beam,
Moveless still the glassy stream;
The wave is clear, the beach is bright
With snowy shell and sparkling stones;
The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
In murmurings faint and distant moans;
And ever afar in the silence deep
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—
A glittering arch of silver sheen,
Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
And dripping with gems of the river-dew.

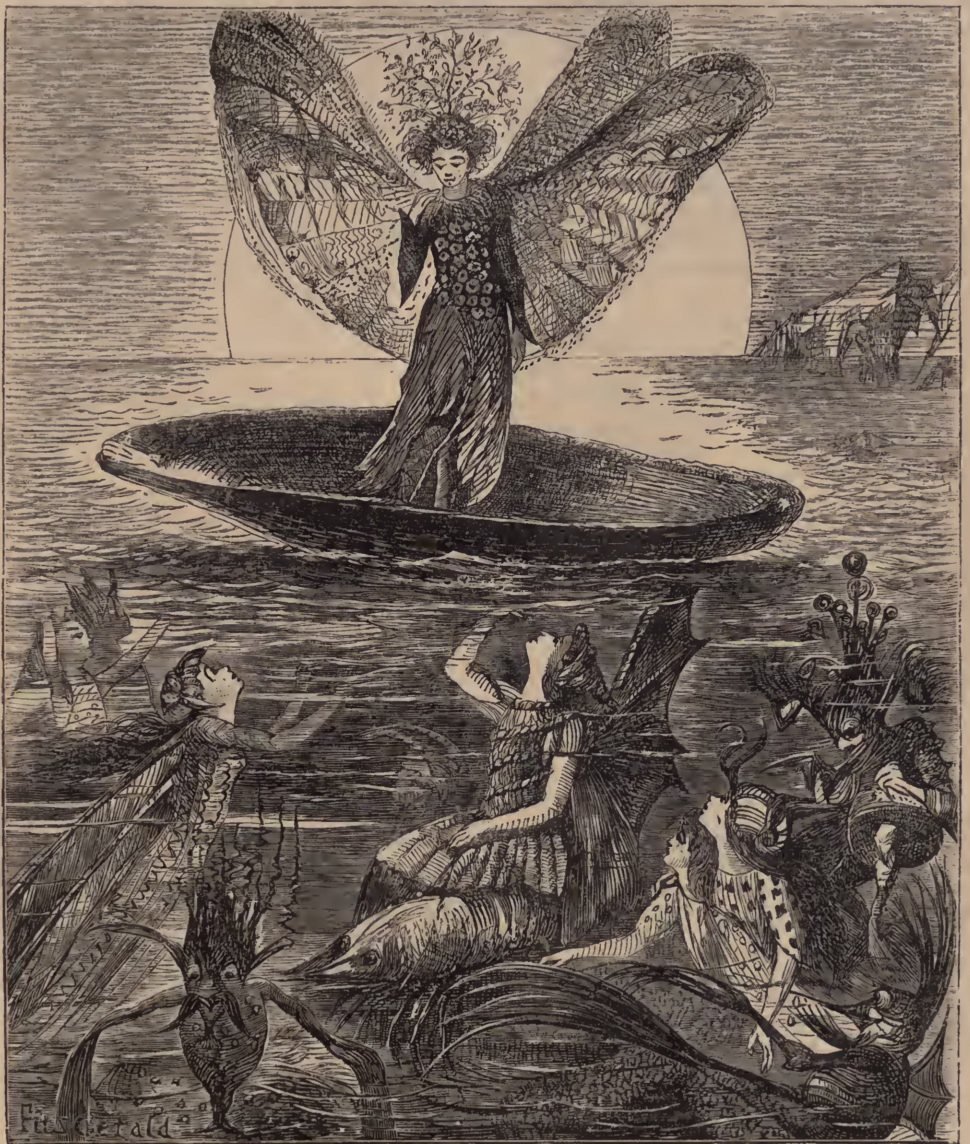
The Elfin cast a glance around,
As he lighted down from his courser toad,
Then round his breast his wings he wound,
And close to the river's brink he strode.
He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
Above his head his arms he threw,
Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

Up sprang the spirits of the waves,
From the sea-silk beds in their coral caves,
With snail-plate armour, snatched in haste,
They speed their way through the liquid waste
Some are rapidly borne along
On the mailèd shrimp or the prickly prong;
Some on the blood-red leeches glide,
Some on the stony star-fish ride,
Some on the back of the lancing squab,
Some on the sidling soldier-crab,
And some on the jellied quarl, that flings
At once a thousand streamy stings;
They cut the wave with the living oar,
And hurry on to the moonlit shore,
To guard their realms, and chase away
The footsteps of the invading Fay.

Fearlessly he skims along,
His hope is high, and his limbs are strong;
He spreads his arm like the swallow's wing,
And throws his feet with a frog-like fling;
His locks of gold on the waters shine,
At his breast the tiny foam-beads rise;
His back gleams bright above the brine,
And the wake-line foam behind him lies.
But the water-sprites are gathering near
To check his course along the tide;
Their warriors come in swift career,
And hem him round on every side.
On his side the leech has fixed his hold,
The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,
The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
And the squab has thrown his javelin,
The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
And the crab has struck with his giant claw;
He howls with rage, he shrieks with pain,
He strikes around, but his blows are vain:
Hopeless is the unequal fight:
Fairy! nought is left but flight.

He turned him round and fled amain,
With hurry and dash, to the beach again.
He twisted over from side to side,
He laid his cheek to the cleaving tide;
The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
And with all his might he flings his feet;
But the water-sprites are round him still,
To cross his path and to work him ill.
They bade the wave before him rise;
They flung the sea-fire in his eyes,
And they stunned his ears with the scallop stroke,
With the porpoise heave, and the drum-fish croak.
Oh! but a weary wight was he
When he reached the foot of the dogwood-tree.
Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,
He laid him down on the sandy shore;
He blessed the force of the charmèd line,
And he banned the water-goblins' spite,
For he saw around, in the sweet moonshine,
Their little wee faces above the brine,
Giggling and laughing with all their might
At the piteous hap of the Fairy wight.

Soon he gathered the balsam dew
From the sorrel-leaf and the henbane bud;
Over each wound the balm he drew,
And with cobweb-lint he stanched the blood.
The mild west wind was soft and low,
It cooled the heat of his burning brow,
And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,
As he drank the juice of the calamus root;
And now he treads the fatal shore,
As fresh and vigorous as before.
Wrapped in musing stands the sprite:
'Tis the middle wane of night;
His task is hard, his way is far,
But he must do his errand right,
Ere dawning mounts her beamy car,
And rolls her chariot-wheels of light;



(*Drawn by* J. A. Fitzgerald.)

And vain are the spells of fairy-land;
He must work with a human hand.

He cast a saddened look around,
But he felt anew his bosom swell,
When, glittering on the shadowed ground,
He saw a purple mussel-shell;
Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow,
And he pushed her over the yielding sand,
Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.
She was as lovely a pleasure-boat
As ever fairy had paddled in,
For she glowed with purple paint without,
And shone with silvery pearl within.
A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
An oar he shaped of the bootle-blade;
Then sprang to his seat with lightsome leap,
And launched afar on the calm, blue deep.

The imps of the river yell and rave;
They had no power above the wave;
But they heaved the billow before the prow,
And they dashed the surge against her side,
And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,
Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.

She wimpled about to the pale moonbeam,
Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed stream;
And momently athwart her track
The quarl upreared his island back,
And the fluttering scallop behind would float,
And spatter the water about the boat;
But he baled her out with his colen-bell,
And he kept her trimmed with a wary tread,
While on every side like lightning fell
The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

Onward still he held his way,
Till he came where the column of moonshine lay,
And saw beneath the surface dim
The brown-backed sturgeon slowly swim:
Around him were the goblin train;
But he sculled with all his might and main,
And followed wherever the sturgeon led,
Till he saw him upward point his head;
Then he dropped his paddle-blade,
And held his colen-goblet up
To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

With sweeping tail and quivering fin,
Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
And, like the heaven-shot javelin,
He sprang above the water's blue.
Instant as the star-fall light,
He plunged him in the deep again,
But left an arch of silver bright,
The rainbow of the moony main.
It was a strange and lovely sight
To see the puny goblin there;
He seemed an angel framed with light,
With azure wings and sunny hair,
Throned on a cloud of purple fair,
Circled with blue and edged with white,
And sitting at the fall of even
Beneath the bow of summer heaven.
A moment, and its lustre fell;
But ere it met the billow blue,
He caught within his crimson bell
A droplet of its sparkling dew.
Joy to the Fay! thy task is done,
Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won;
Cheerily ply thy dripping oar,
And haste away to the elfin shore.

He turns, and lo! on either side
The ripples on his path divide,
And the track o'er which his boat must pass
Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass.
Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,
With snowy arms half swelling out,
While on the glossed and gleaming wave
Their sea-green ringlets loosely float;
They swim around with smile and song;
They press the bark with pearly hand,
And gently urge her course along
Toward the beach of speckled sand;
And as he lightly leaped to land,
They bade adieu with nod and bow,
Then gaily kissed each little hand,
And dropped in the crystal deep below.

A moment stayed the Fairy there;
He kissed the beach and breathed a prayer;
Then spread his wings of gilded blue,
And on to the elfin court he flew.
As e'er ye saw a bubble rise,
And shine with a thousand changing dyes,
Till, lessening far through ether driven,
It mingles with the dews of heaven;
As, at the glimpse of morning pale,
The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,
And gleams with blendings soft and bright,
Till lost in the shades of fading night—
So rose from earth the lovely Fay,
So vanished far in heaven away!

A THEORY OF THE PASSION OF LAUGHTER.

[JOSEPH ADDISON. *See Page 79.*]

MR. HOBBS, in his Discourse of Human Nature, which, in my humble opinion, is much the best of all his works, after some very curious observations upon laughter, concludes thus: "The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmities of others, or with our own formerly: for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour."

According to this author, therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And, indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in this opinion. Every one laughs at somebody that is in an inferior state of folly to himself. It was formerly the custom for every great house in England to keep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, that the heir of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting himself with his absurdities. For the same reason, idiots are still in request in most of the courts of Germany, where there is not a prince of any great magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed fools in his retinue, whom the rest of the courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for their industry and application than for wit and humour, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of the Gaper, that is, the head of an idiot dressed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner. This is a standing jest at Amsterdam.

Thus every one diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius, whilst he has such objects of derision before his eyes. Mr. Dennis has very well expressed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a translation of a satire in Monsieur Boileau:—

> "Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
> And shakes his empty noddle at his brother."

Mr. Hobbs's reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people above-mentioned are stirrers up of laughter among men of a gross taste: but as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their risibility affected by such ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several provocatives of laughter in men of superior sense and knowledge.

In the first place I must observe, that there is a set of merry drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well, "that they could eat them," according to the old proverb: I mean those circumforaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best: in Holland they are termed Pickled Herrings; in France, Jean Pottages; in Italy, Macaronies; and in Great Britain, Jack Puddings. These merry wags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in a fool's coat, and commit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take, and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is nowhere more visible than in that custom which prevails everywhere among us on the first day of April, when everybody takes it into his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow, conceited fellow, makes his boast that for these ten years successively he has not made less than a hundred April fools. My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some sleeveless errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy a halfpenny-worth of inkle at a shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was dispatched half a mile to see a monster; and in short the whole family of innocent children made April fools. Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him. This empty fellow has laughed upon these conceits ever since.

This art of wit is well enough, when confined to one day in a twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up of late years, who are for making April fools every day in the year. These gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of Biters: a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production.

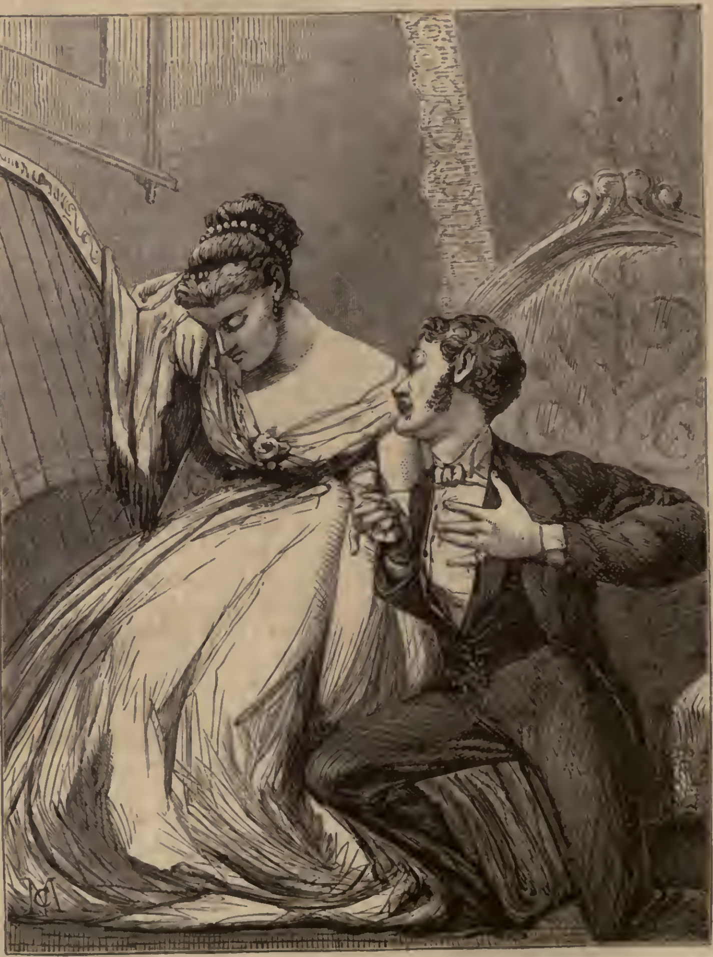
Thus we see, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chooses his fool out of a lower or higher class of mankind; or, to speak in a more philosophical language, that secret elation or pride of heart which is generally called laughter, arises in him, from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial fool. It is, indeed, very possible that the persons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiser men than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too abstracted in my speculations, if I show that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some action or incident that bears a remote analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

But to come into common life; I shall pass by the consideration of those stage coxcombs that are able to shake a whole audience, and take notice of a particular sort of men who are such provokers of mirth in conversation, that it is impossible for a club or merry meeting to subsist without them—I mean those honest gentlemen that are always exposed to the wit and raillery of their well-wishers and companions; that are pelted by men, women, and children, friends and foes, and, in a word, stand as butts in conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these butts who are men of wit and sense, though by some odd turn of humour, some unlucky cast in their person or behaviour, they have always the misfortune to make the company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a butt who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his character. A stupid butt is only fit for the conversation of ordinary people: men of wit require one that will give them play, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his behaviour. A butt with these accomplishments frequently gets the laugh on his side, and turns the ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir John Falstaff was a hero of this species, and gives a good description of himself in his capacity of a butt, after the following manner: "Men of all sorts," says that merry knight, "take a pride to gird at me. The brain of man is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

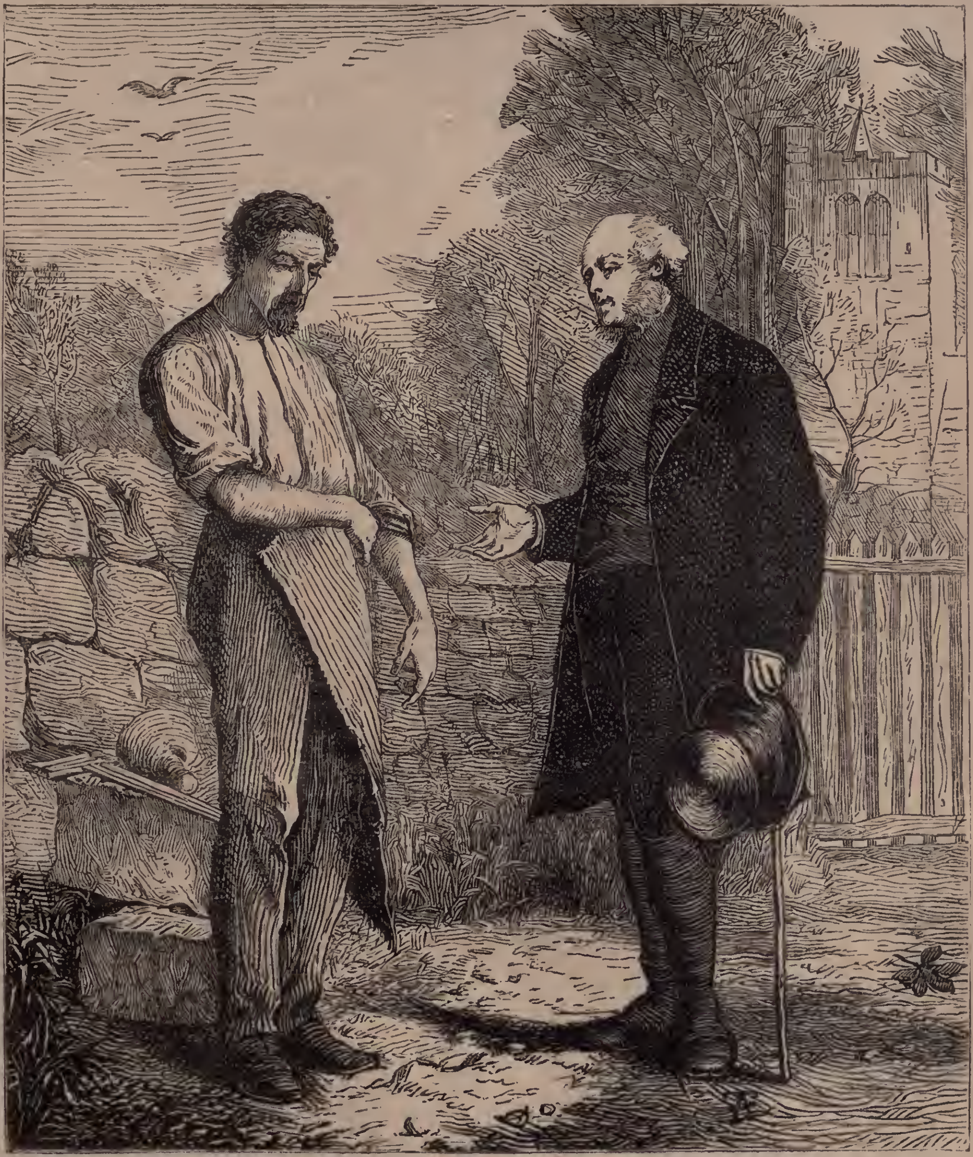
THE DECLARATION.

[N. P. Willis. *See Page 233.*]



(*Drawn by* C. Morgan.)

'Twas late, and the gay company was gone,
And light lay soft on the deserted room
From alabaster vases, and a scent
Of orange-leaves and sweet verbena came
Through the unshuttered window on the air;
And the rich pictures, with their dark old tints,
Hung like twilight landscape, and all things
Seemed hushed into a slumber. Isabel,
The dark-eyed, spiritual Isabel,
Was leaning on her harp, and I had stayed
To whisper what I could not when the crowd
Hung on her look like worshippers. I knelt,
And with the fervour of a lip unused
To the cool breath of reason, told my love.
There was no answer, and I took the hand
That rested on the strings, and pressed a kiss
Upon it unforbidden; and again
Besought her that this silent evidence
That I was not indifferent to her heart,
Might have the seal of one sweet syllable.
I kissed the small white fingers as I spoke,
And she withdrew them gently, and upraised
Her forehead from its resting-place, and looked
Earnestly on me. She had been asleep!



(*Drawn by* F. A. Fraser.)

THE LABOURER.

[W. D. Gallagher. Born in Philadelphia in 1808. Became connected early with journalism, and was conductor of various magazines.]

Stand up erect! thou hast the form
  And likeness of thy God:—who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
  And pure as breast e'er wore.

What then? Thou art as true a man
  As moves the human mass among—
As much a part of the great plan
That with Creation's dawn began
  As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? the high
  In station, or in wealth the chief;
The great, who coldly pass thee by
With proud step and averted eye?
  Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
  What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as lightly as the blast
  The light leaf from the tree.

No; uncurbed passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect;
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
For ever, till thus checked.

These are thine enemies—thy worst:
They chain thee to thy lowly lot;
Thy labour and thy life accursed.
Oh, stand erect! and from them burst,
And longer suffer not.

Thou art thyself thine enemy:
The great, what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favours thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust;
Nor place—uncertain as the wind:
But that thou hast which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man:
Look up, then, that thy little span
Of life may be well trod.

PELHAM.*

[Lord Macaulay. *See Page* 129.]

Henry Pelham, it is true, was by no means a contemptible person. His understanding was that of Walpole on a somewhat smaller scale. Though not a brilliant orator, he was, like his master, a good debater, a good parliamentary tactician, a good man of business. Like his master, he distinguished himself by the neatness and clearness of his financial expositions. Here the resemblance ceased. Their characters were altogether dissimilar. Walpole was good-humoured, but would have his way: his spirits were high, and his manners frank even to coarseness. The temper of Pelham was yielding, but peevish: his habits were regular, and his deportment strictly decorous. Walpole was constitutionally fearless, Pelham constitutionally timid. Walpole had to face a strong opposition; but no man in the Government durst wag a finger against him. Almost all the opposition which Pelham had to encounter was from members of the Government of which he was the head. His own paymaster spoke against his estimates. His own secretary-at-war spoke against his Regency Bill. In one day Walpole turned Lord Chesterfield, Lord Burlington, and Lord Clinton out of the royal household, dismissed the highest dignitaries of Scotland from their posts, and took away the regiments of the Duke of Bolton and Lord Cobham, because he suspected them of having encouraged the resistance to his Excise Bill. He would far rather have contended with the strongest minority, under the ablest leaders, than have tolerated mutiny in his own party. It would have gone hard with any of his colleagues who had ventured, on a Government question, to divide the House of Commons against him. Pelham, on the other hand, was disposed to bear anything rather than drive from office any man round whom a new opposition could form. He therefore endured with fretful patience the insubordination of Pitt and Fox. He thought it far better to connive at their occasional infractions of discipline than to hear them, night after night, thundering against corruption and wicked ministers from the other side of the House.

We wonder that Sir Walter Scott never tried his hand on the Duke of Newcastle. An interview between his Grace and Jeanie Deans would have been delightful, and by no means unnatural. There is scarcely any public man in our history of whose manners and conversation so many particulars have been preserved. Single stories may be unfounded or exaggerated; but all the stories about him, whether told by people who were perpetually seeing him in Parliament and attending his levée in Lincoln's Inn Fields, or by Grub Street writers who never had more than a glimpse of his star through the windows of his gilded coach, are of the same character. Horace Walpole and Smollett differed in their tastes and opinions as much as two human beings could differ. They kept quite different society. The one played at cards with countesses, and corresponded with ambassadors; the other passed his life surrounded by printers' devils and famished scribblers. Yet Walpole's Duke and Smollett's Duke are as like as if they were both from one hand. Smollett's Newcastle runs out of his dressing-room, with his face covered with soap-suds, to embrace the Moorish envoy. Walpole's Newcastle pushes his way into the Duke of Grafton's sick room to kiss the old nobleman's plasters. No man was ever so unmercifully satirised. But in truth he was himself a satire ready made. All that the art of the satirist does for other men, nature had done for him. Whatever was absurd about him stood out with grotesque prominence from the rest of the character. He was a living, moving, talking caricature. His gait was a shuffling trot; his utterance a rapid stutter; he was always in a hurry; he was never in time; he abounded in fulsome caresses and hysterical tears. His oratory resembled that of Justice Shallow. It was nonsense effervescent with animal spirits and impertinence. Of his ignorance many anecdotes remain, some well authenticated, some probably invented at coffee-houses, but all exquisitely characteristic. "Oh—yes—yes—to be sure—Annapolis must be defended—troops must be sent to Annapolis. Pray where is Annapolis?"—"Cape Breton an island! wonderful!—show it me in the map. So it is, sure enough. My dear sir, you always bring us good news. I must go and tell the King that Cape Breton is an island."

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* By kind permission of Messrs. Longman and Co.

And this man was during near thirty years Secretary of State, and during near ten years First Lord of the Treasury! His large fortune, his strong hereditary connection, his great Parliamentary interest, will not alone explain this extraordinary fact. His success is a signal instance of what may be effected by a man who devotes his whole heart and soul without reserve to one object. He was eaten up by ambition. His love of influence and authority resembled the avarice of the old usurer in the "Fortunes of Nigel." It was so intense a passion that it supplied the place of talents, that it inspired even fatuity with cunning. "Have no money dealings with my father," says Martha to Lord Glenvarloch; "for, dotard as he is, he will make an ass of you." It was as dangerous to have any political connection with Newcastle as to buy and sell with old Trapbois. He was greedy after power with a greediness all his own. He was jealous of all his colleagues, and even of his own brother. Under the disguise of levity he was false beyond all example of political falsehood. All the able men of his time ridiculed him as a dunce, a driveller, a child who never knew his own mind for an hour together; and he overreached them all round.

If the country had remained at peace, it is not impossible that this man would have continued at the head of affairs without admitting any other person to a share of his authority until the throne was filled by a new Prince, who brought with him new maxims of Government, new favourites, and a strong will. But the inauspicious commencement of the Seven Years' War brought on a crisis to which Newcastle was altogether unequal. After a calm of fifteen years the spirit of the nation was again stirred to its inmost depths. In a few days the whole aspect of the political world was changed.

THE CULPRIT FAY.

PART II.

[Joseph R. Drake. *See Page 362.*]

Up, Fairy! quit thy chickweed bower,
The cricket has called the second hour;
Twice again, and the lark will rise
To kiss the streaking of the skies.
Up! thy charmèd armour don,
Thou'lt need it ere the night be gone.

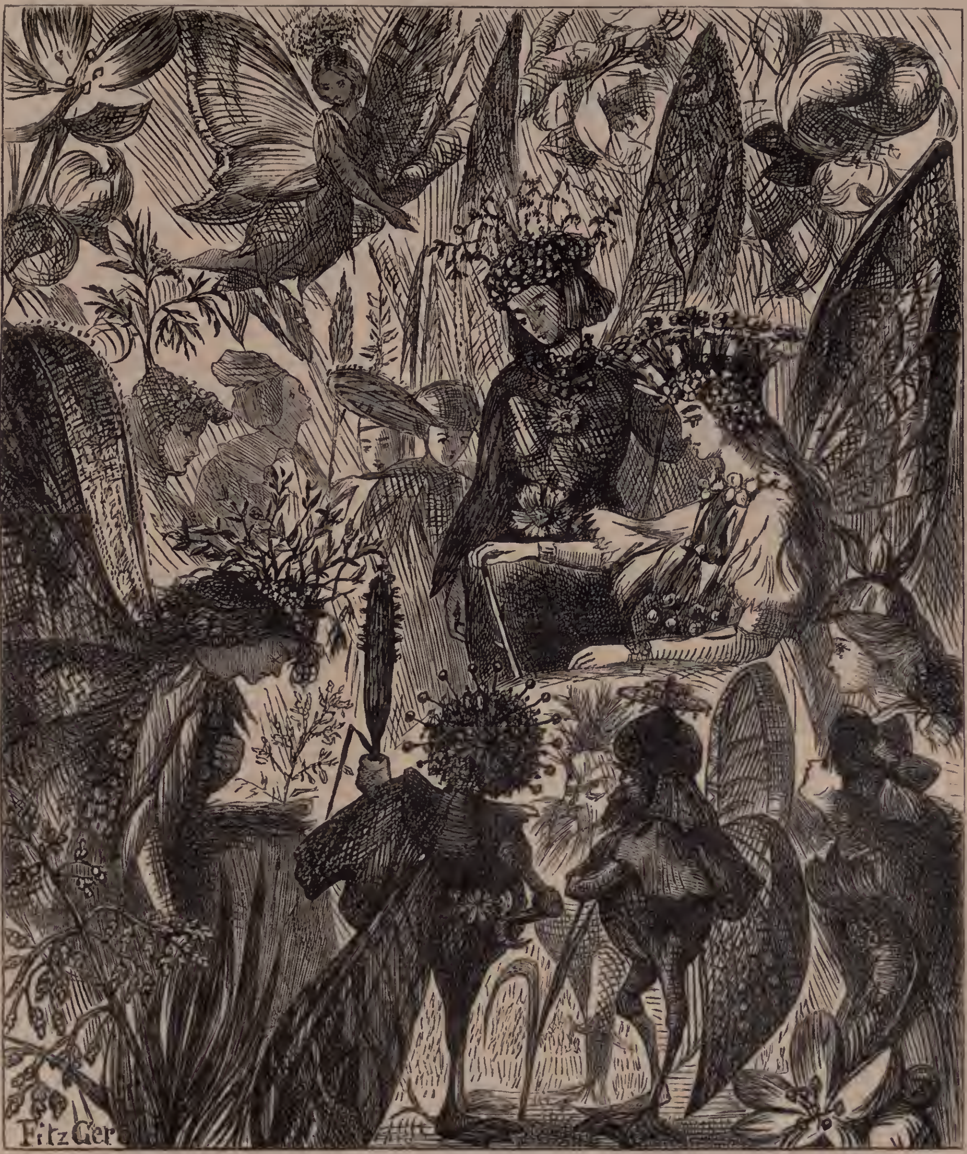
He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistledown;
The corslet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of the butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on the ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent grass blue,
He drove his spurs of cockle-seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew
To skim the heavens, and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.
The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf, and hid her there;
The katydid forgot its lay,
The prowling gnat fled fast away,
The fell mosquito checked his drone,
And folded his wings till the Fay was gone;
And the wily beetle dropped his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were dead.
They crouched them close in the darksome shade,
They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear.
Many a time on a summer's night,
When the sky was clear and the moon was bright,
They had been roused from the haunted ground
By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;
They had heard of the tiny bugle-horn,
They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string
When the vine-twig bows were tightly drawn,
And the needle-shaft through air was borne,
Feathered with down of the hum-bird's wing;
And now they deemed the courier Ouphe
Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground,
And they watched till they saw him mount the roof

That canopies the world around;
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.
Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent,
And at every gallop on the wind
He flung a glittering spark behind;
He flies like a feather in the blast,
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.
But the shapes of air have begun their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast;
He cannot see through the mantle murk,
He shivers with cold, but he urges fast;
Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade,
He lashes his steed and spurs amain,
For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,
And flame-shot tongues around him played;
And near him many a fiendish eye
Glared with a fell malignity,
And yells of rage and shrieks of fear
Came screaming on his startled ear.

His wings are wet around his breast,
The plume hangs dripping from his crest;
His eyes are blurred with the lightning's glare,
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare;
But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,
He thrust before and he struck behind,
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,
And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind.
Howling, the misty spectres flew,
They rend the air with frightful cries,
For he has gained the welkin blue,
And the land of clouds beneath him lies.
Up to the cope careering swift,
In breathless motion fast,
Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
Or the sea-roc rides the blast,
The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
The spherèd moon is passed;
The earth but seems a tiny blot
On a sheet of azure cast.
Oh! it was sweet in the clear moonlight
To tread the starry plain of even,
To meet the thousand eyes of night,
And feel the cooling breath of heaven:
But the Elfin made no stop or stay
Till he came to the bank of the milky-way,
Then he checked his courser's foot,
And watched for the glimpse of the planet shoot.

Sudden along the snowy tide
That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall,
The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,
Attired in sunset's crimson pall.
Around the Fay they weave the dance,
They step before him on the plain,
And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,
And one upholds his bridle-rein.
With warblings wild they lead him on
To where, through clouds of amber seen,
Studded with stars, resplendent shone
The palace of the sylphide queen.
Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,
Were streamers of the northern light;
Its curtain's light and lovely flush
Was of the morning's rosy blush;
And the ceiling fair that rose aboon
The white and feathery fleece of noon.
But oh! how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright!
She seemed to the entrancèd Fay
The loveliest of the forms of light:
Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily soon
That veils the vestal planet's hue;
Her eyes two beamlets from the moon
Set floating in the welkin blue;
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

She raised her eyes to the wandering sprite,
And they leaped with smiles, for well I ween
Never before in the bowers of light
Had the form of an earthly Fay been seen.
Long she looked in his tiny face,
Long with his butterfly cloak she played,
She smoothed his wings of azure lace,
And handled the tassel of his blade;
And as he told, in accents low,
The story of his love and woe,
She felt new pains in her bosom rise,
And the tear-drop started in her eyes;
And "Oh, sweet spirit of earth," she cried,
"Return no more to your woodland height,
But ever here with me abide,
In the land of everlasting light;
Within the fleecy drift we'll lie,
We'll hang upon the rainbow's rim,
And all the jewels of the sky
Around thy brow shall brightly beam;
And thou shalt bathe thee in the stream
That rolls its whitening foam aboon,
And ride upon the lightning's gleam,
And dance upon the orbèd moon.
We'll sit within the Pleiad ring,
We'll rest on Orion's starry belt,
And I will bid my sylphs to sing
The song that makes the dew-mist melt.
Their harps are of the umber shade,
That hides the blush of waking day,
And every gleamy string is made
Of silvery moonshine's lengthened ray.



(*Drawn by* J. A. FITZGERALD.)

And thou shalt pillow on my breast,
While heavenly breathings float around,
And, with the sylphs of other blest,
Forget the joys of fairy ground."

She was lovely and fair to see,
And the Elfin's heart beat fitfully;
But lovelier far, and still more fair,
The earthly form imprinted there.
Naught he saw in the heavens above
Was half so dear as his mortal love;
For he thought upon her looks so meek,
And he thought of the light flush on her cheek.
Never again might he bask and lie
On that sweet cheek and moonlight eye;
But in his dreams her form to see,
To clasp her in his reverie,
To think upon his virgin bride,
Was worth all heaven and earth beside.
"Lady," he cried, "I have sworn to-night,
On the word of a fairy-knight,
To do my sentence task aright;
My honour scarce is free from stain,
I may not soil its snows again;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
Its mandate must be answered now."

Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,
The tear was in her drooping eye;
But she led him to the palace gate,
And called the sylphs who hovered there,
And bade them fly and bring him straight
Of clouds condensed a sable car.
With charm and spell she blessed it there
From all the fiends of upper air;
Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,
And tied his steed behind the cloud,
And pressed his hand as she bade him fly
Far to the verge of the northern sky;
For by its wane and wavering light,
There was a star would fall to-night.

Borne afar on the wings of the blast
Northward away, he speeds him fast,
And his courser follows the cloudy wain,
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.
The clouds roll backward as he flies,
And he has reached the northern plain,
And backed his fire-fly steed again,
Ready to follow in its flight
The streaming of the rocket-light.

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,
But it rocks in the summer gale;
And now 'tis fitful and uneven,
And now 'tis deadly pale;
And now 'tis wrapped in sulphur-smoke,
And quenched in its rayless beam,
And now with a rattling thunder-stroke
It bursts in flash and flame.
As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance,
That the storm-spirit flings from high,
The star-shots flew o'er the welkin blue,
As it fell from the sheeted sky;
As swift as the wind, in its trail behind
The Elfin gallops along,
The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,
But the sylphide charm is strong.
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze;
He watches each flake till its sparks expire,
And rides in the light of its rays;
But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,
And caught a glimmering spark,
Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,
And sped through the midnight dark.

Ouphe and goblin! imp and sprite!
Elf of eve, and starry Fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither, hither wend your way.
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.
Hail the wanderer again,
With dance and song, and lute and lyre;
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire.
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and print the lea,
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
He flies about the haunted place,
And if mortal there be found,
He hums in his ears and flaps his face.
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay;
The owlet's eyes our lanterns be;
Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But, hark! from tower on tree-top high,
The sentry-elf his call has made;
A streak is in the eastern sky,
Shapes of moonlight flit and fade;
The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,
The sky-lark shakes his dappled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
The cock has crowed—and the Fays are gone.

THE DEATH OF SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

[Joseph Addison. *See Page 79.*]

We last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead! He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

"Honoured Sir,

"Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed, we were once in great hopes of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding that he used to ride a hunting upon to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him; and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning to every man in the parish a great frieze-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown grey-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge; and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church: for he was heard to say some time ago, that, if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father, Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum. The whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits; the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never enjoyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

"Honoured Sir, your most sorrowful Servant,
"Edward Biscuit.

"P.S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger, the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's handwriting burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

[Edmund Waller. *See Page 29.*]

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. *See Page* 33.]

QUINCE. Is all our company here?

Bottom. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll.—Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith; let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby, too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—"Thisne, Thisne,"—"Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus:—and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father; Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse,—for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

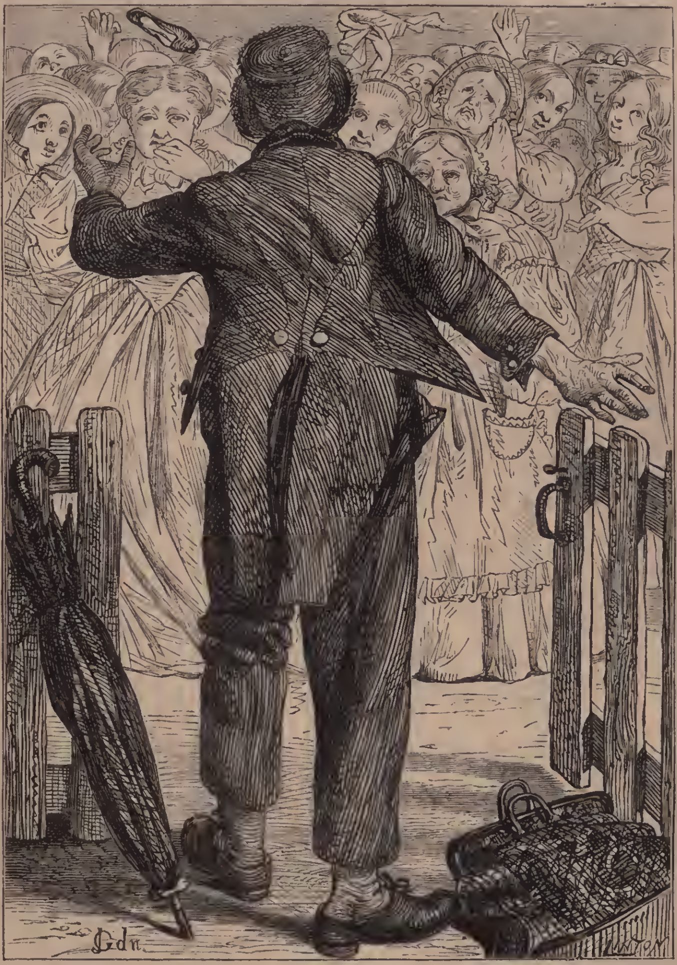
Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.

[*Exeunt.*

A MORMON ROMANCE.—REGINALD GLOVERSON.

["Artemus Ward." *See Page* 281.]



(*Drawn by* J. Gordon.)

The morning on which Reginald Gloverson was to leave Great Salt Lake City with a mule-train, dawned beautifully.

Reginald Gloverson was a young and thrifty Mormon, with an interesting family of twenty young and handsome wives. His unions had never been blessed with children. As often as once a year he used to go to Omaha, in Nebraska, with a mule-train for goods; but although he had performed the rather perilous journey many times with entire safety, his heart was strangely sad on this particular morning, and filled with gloomy forebodings.

The time for his departure had arrived. The high-spirited mules were at the door, impatiently champing their bits. The Mormon stood sadly among his weeping wives.

"Dearest ones," he said, "I am singularly sad at heart this morning; but do not let this depress you. The journey is a perilous one, but—pshaw! I have always come back safely heretofore, and why should I fear? Besides, I know that every night, as I lay down on the broad star-lit prairie, your bright faces will come to me in my dreams, and make my slumbers sweet and gentle. You, Emily, with your mild blue eyes; and you, Henrietta, with your splendid black hair; and you, Nelly, with your hair so brightly, beautifully golden; and you, Molly, with your cheeks so downy; and you, Betsy, with your wine-red lips—far more delicious, though, than any wine I ever tasted—and you, Maria, with your winsome voice; and you, Susan, with your—with your—that is to say, Susan, with your——and the other thirteen of you, each so good and beautiful, will come to me in sweet dreams, will you not, Dearestists?"

"Our own," they lovingly chimed, "we will!"

"And so farewell!" cried Reginald. "Come to my arms, my own!" he said; "that is, as many of you as can do it conveniently at once, for I must away."

He folded several of them to his throbbing breast, and drove sadly away.

But he had not gone far when the trace of the off-hind mule became unhitched. Dismounting, he essayed to adjust the trace; but ere he had fairly commenced the task, the mule, a singularly refractory animal, snorted wildly, and kicked Reginald frightfully in the stomach. He arose with difficulty, and tottered feebly towards his mother's house, which was near by, falling dead in her yard with the remark, "Dear mother, I've come home to die!"

"So I see," she said; "where's the mules?"

Alas! Reginald Gloverson could give no answer. In vain the heart-stricken mother threw herself upon his inanimate form, crying, "Oh, my son—my son! only tell me where the mules are, and then you may die if you want to."

In vain—in vain! Reginald had passed on.

The mules were never found.

Reginald's heartbroken mother took the body home to her unfortunate son's widows. But before her arrival she indiscreetly sent a boy to bust the news gently to the afflicted wives, which he did by informing them, in a hoarse whisper, that their "old man had gone in."

The wives felt very badly indeed.

"He was devoted to me," sobbed Emily.

"And to me," said Maria.

"Yes," said Emily, "he thought considerably of you, but not so much as he did of me."

"I say he did!"

"And I say he didn't!"

"He did!"

"He didn't!"

"Don't look at *me*, with your squint eyes!"

"Don't shake your red head at *me!*"

"Sisters!" said the black-haired Henrietta, "cease this unseemly wrangling. I, as his first wife, shall strew flowers on his grave."

"No, you *won't*," said Susan. "I, as his last wife, shall strew flowers on his grave. It's *my* business to strew!"

"You shan't, so there!" said Henrietta.

"You bet I will!" said Susan, with a tear-suffused cheek.

"Well, as for me," said the practical Betsy, "I aint on the strew, much; but I shall ride at the head of the funeral procession!"

"Not if I've been introduced to myself, you won't," said the golden-haired Nelly; "that's my position. You bet your bonnet-strings it is."

"Children," said Reginald's mother, "you must do some crying, you know, on the day of the funeral; and how many pocket-handkerchers will it take to go round? Betsy, you and Nelly ought to make one do between you."

"I'll tear her eyes out if she perpetuates a sob on my handkercher!"

"Dear daughters-in-law," said Reginald's mother, "how unseemly is this anger. Mules is five hundred dollars a span, and every identical mule my poor boy had has been gobbled up by the red man. I knew when my Reginald staggered into the door-yard that he was on the die; but if I'd only thunk to ask him about them mules ere his gentle spirit took flight, it would have been four thousand dollars in *our* pockets, and *no* mistake! Excuse those real tears, but you've never felt a parent's feelin's."

"It's an oversight," sobbed Maria. "Don't blame us!"

The funeral passed off in a very pleasant manner, nothing occurring to mar the harmony of the occasion. By a happy thought of Reginald's mother the wives walked to the grave twenty a-breast, which rendered that part of the ceremony thoroughly impartial.

* * * * * *

That night, the twenty wives, with heavy hearts, sought their twenty respective couches. But no Reginald occupied those twenty respective couches—Reginald would never more linger all night in blissful repose in those twenty respective couches—Reginald's head would never more press the twenty respective pillows of those twenty respective couches—never, never more!

* * * * * *

In another house, not many leagues from the house of mourning, a grey-haired woman was weeping passionately. "He died," she cried, "he died without sigerfyin', in any respect, where them mules went to!"

Two years are supposed to elapse between the third and fourth chapters of this original American romance.

* * * * * *

A manly Mormon, one evening, as the sun was preparing to set among a select apartment of gold and crimson clouds in the western horizon—although for that matter the sun has a right to "set" where it wants to, and so, I may add, has a hen—a manly Mormon, I say, tapped gently at the door of the mansion of the late Reginald Gloverson.

The door was opened by Mrs. Susan Gloverson.

"Is this the house of the widow Gloverson?" the Mormon asked.

"It is," said Susan.

"And how many is there of she?" he inquired.

"There is about twenty of her, including me," courteously returned the fair Susan.

"Can I see her?"

"You can."

"Madam," he softly said, addressing the twenty disconsolate widows, "I have seen part of you before! And although I have already twenty-five wives, whom I respect and tenderly care for, I can truly say that I never felt love's holy thrill till I saw thee! Be mine—be mine!" he enthusiastically cried; "and we will show the world a striking illustration of the beauty and truth of the noble lines, only a good deal more so—

"'Twenty-one souls with a single thought,
Twenty-one hearts that beat as one.'"

They were united, they were!

Gentle reader, does not the moral of this romance show that—does it not, in fact, show that however many there may be of a young widow woman; or, rather, does it not show that, whatever number of persons one woman may consist of—well, never mind what it *shows*. Only this writing Mormon romances is confusing to the intellect. You try it and see.

THE RISING TIDE.

[Sir Walter Scott. *See Page* 116.]

AS Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour paced along, enjoying the pleasant footing afforded by the cool, moist hard sand, Miss Wardour could not help observing that the last tide had risen considerably above the usual water-mark. Sir Arthur made the same observation, but without its occurring to either of them to be alarmed at the circumstance. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder. Appalled by this sudden change of weather, Miss Wardour drew close to her father, and held his arm fast. "I wish," at length she said, but almost in a whisper, as if ashamed to express her increasing apprehensions, "I wish we had kept the road we intended, or waited at Monkbarns for the carriage."

They were now near the centre of a deep but narrow bay, or recess, formed by two projecting capes of high and inaccessible rock, which shot out into the sea like the horns of a crescent; and neither durst communicate the apprehension which each began to entertain, that, from the unusually rapid advance of the tide, they might be deprived of the power of proceeding by doubling the promontory which lay before them, or of retreating by the road which brought them thither. As they thus pressed forward, longing doubtless to exchange the easy curving line which the sinuosities of the bay compelled them to adopt, for a straighter and more expeditious path, though less conformable to the line of beauty, Sir Arthur observed a human figure on the beach advancing to meet them. "Thank heaven," he exclaimed, "we shall get round Halket-head! that person must have passed it."

The figure which advanced to meet them made many signs, which the haze of the atmosphere, now disturbed by wind and by a drizzling rain, prevented them from seeing or comprehending distinctly. Some time before they met, Sir Arthur could recognise the old blue-gowned beggar, Edie Ochiltree. It is said that even the brute creation lay aside their animosities and antipathies when pressed by an instant and common danger. The beach under Halket-head, rapidly diminishing in extent by the encroachments of a spring-tide and a north-west wind, was in like manner a neutral field, where even a justice of peace and a strolling mendicant might meet upon terms of mutual forbearance.

"Turn back! turn back!" exclaimed the vagrant; "why did ye not turn when I waved to you?"

"We thought," replied Sir Arthur, in great agitation, "we thought we could get round Halket-head."

"Halket-head! The tide will be running on Halket-head, by this time, like the Fall of Fyers! It was a' I could do to get round it twenty minutes since—it was coming in three feet abreast. We will maybe get back by Bally-burgh Ness Point yet. The Lord help us, it's our only chance. We can but try."

"Oh, my child!"—"My father, my dear father!" exclaimed the parent and daughter, as, fear lending them strength and speed, they turned to retrace their steps, and endeavoured to double the point the projection of which formed the southern extremity of the bay.

"I heard ye were here, frae the bit callant ye sent to meet your carriage," said the beggar, as he trudged stoutly on a step or two behind Miss Wardour, "and I couldna bide to think o' the dainty young leddy's peril, that has aye been kind to ilka forlorn heart that cam near her. Sae I lookit at the lift and the rin o' the tide, till I settled it that if I could get down time eneugh to gie you warning, we wad do weel yet. But I doubt, I doubt, I have been beguiled! for what mortal ee ever saw sic a race as the tide is rinning e'en now? See, yonder's the Ratton's Skerry—he aye held his neb abune the water in my day—but he's aneath it now."

Sir Arthur cast a look in the direction in which the old man pointed. A huge rock, which in general, even in spring-tides, displayed a hulk like the keel of a large vessel, was now quite under water, and its place only indicated by the boiling and breaking of the eddying waves which encountered its submarine resistance.

"Mak haste, mak haste, my bonny leddy," continued the old man, "mak haste, and we may do yet! Take haud o' my arm—an auld and frail arm it's now, but it's been in as sair stress as this is yet. Take haud o' my arm, my winsome leddy! D'ye see yon wee black speck amang the wallowing waves yonder? This morning it was as high as the mast o' a brig—it's sma' eneugh now—but, while I see as muckle black about it as the crown o' my hat, I winna believe but we'll get round the Bally-burgh Ness, for a' that's come and gane yet."

It was indeed a dreadful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea-fowl, and sounded like the dirge of the three devoted beings, who, pent between two of the most magnificent yet most dreadful objects of nature—a raging tide and an insurmountable precipice—toiled along their painful and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow, which threw itself higher on the beach than those that had preceded it. Each minute did their enemy gain ground perceptibly upon them! Still, however, loth to relinquish the last hopes of life, they bent their eyes on the black rock pointed out by Ochiltree. It was yet distinctly visible among the breakers, and continued to be so, until they came to a turn in their precarious path, where an intervening projection of rock hid it from their sight. Deprived of the view of the beacon on which they had relied, they now experienced the double agony of terror and suspense. They struggled forward, however; but when they arrived at the point from which they ought to have seen the crag, it was no longer visible. The signal of safety was lost among a thousand white breakers, which, dashing upon the point of the promontory, rose in prodigious sheets of snowy foam, as high as the mast of a first-rate man-of-war, against the dark brow of the precipice.

The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella gave a faint shriek and "God have mercy upon us!" which her guide solemnly uttered, was piteously echoed by Sir Arthur—"My child! my child!—to die such a death!"

"My father! my dear father!" his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him—"and you too, who have lost your own life in endeavouring to save ours!"

"That's not worth the counting," said the old man. "I hae lived to be weary o' life; and here or yonder—at the back o' a dyke, in a wreath o' snaw, or in the wame o' a wave, what signifies how the auld gaberlunzie dies?"

"Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing?—of no help?—I'll make you rich—I'll give you a farm—I'll——"

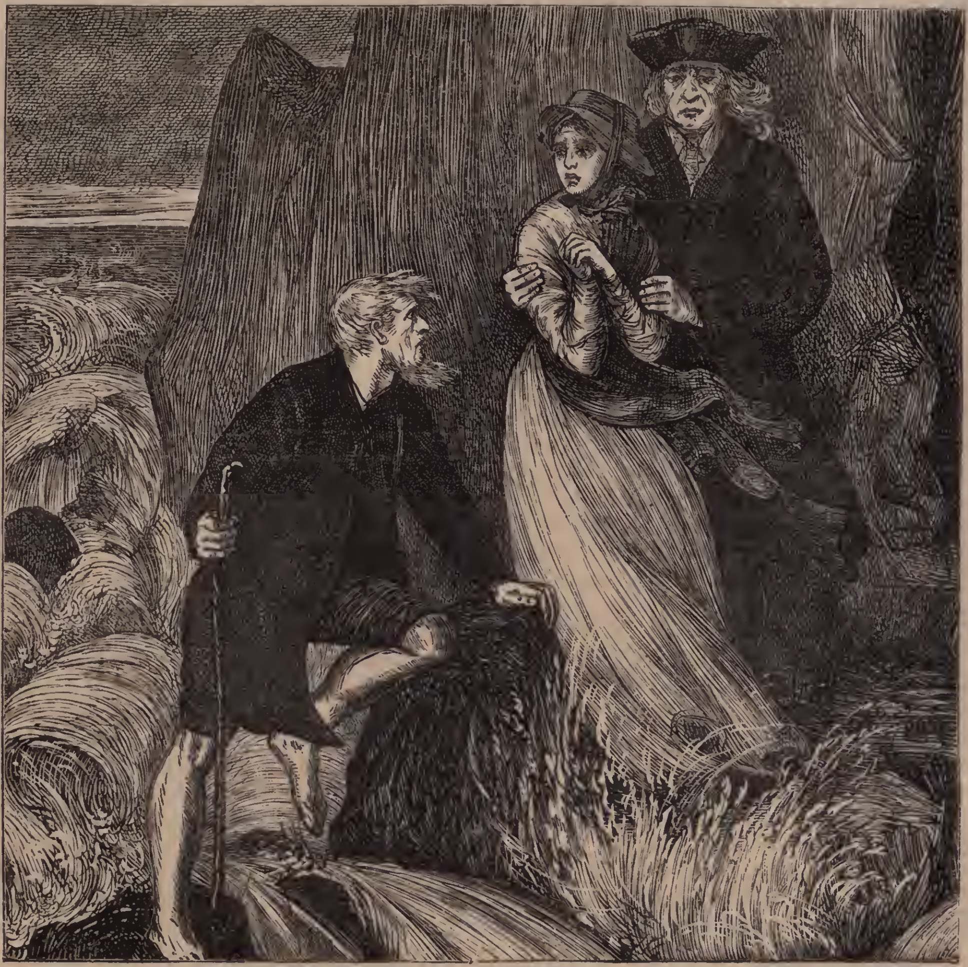
"Our riches will be soon equal," said the beggar, looking out upon the strife of the waters—"they are sae already; for I hae nae land, and you would give your fair bounds and barony for a square yard of rock that would be dry for twal hours."

While they exchanged these words, they paused upon the highest ledge of rock to which they could attain; for it seemed that any further attempt to move forward could only serve to anticipate their fate.

Yet even this fearful pause gave Isabella time to collect the powers of a mind naturally strong and courageous, and which rallied itself at this terrible juncture. "Must we yield life," she said, "without a struggle? Is there no path, however dreadful, by which we could climb the crag, or at least attain some height above the tide, where we could remain till morning, or till help comes?

Sir Arthur, who heard, but scarcely comprehended, his daughter's question, turned, nevertheless, instinctively and eagerly to the old man, as if their lives were in his gift. Ochiltree paused. "I was a bauld craigsman," he said, "ance in my life, but it's lang, lang syne, and my foot-step and my hand-grip hae a' failed mony a day sinsyne. There was a path here ance, though maybe, if we could see it, ye would rather bide where we are. His name be praised!" he ejaculated suddenly, "there's ane coming down the crag e'en now!" Then, exalting his voice, he hilloa'd out to the daring adventurer such instructions as his former practice, and the remembrance of local circumstances, suddenly forced upon his mind:—"Ye're right—ye're right!—that gate, that gate!—fasten the rope weel round Crummie's-horn, that's the muckle black stane—cast twa plies round it—that's it!—now, weize yoursell a wee easel-ward—a wee mair yet to that ither stane—we ca'd it the Cat's-lug—there used to be the root o' an aik-tree there—that will do!—canny now, lad—canny now—tak tent and tak time. Vera weel! Now ye maun get to Bessy's Apron, that's the muckle braid flat blue stane—and then I think, wi' your help and the tow thegither, I'll win at ye, and then we'll be able to get up the young leddy and Sir Arthur."

The adventurer, following the directions of old Edie, flung him down the end of the rope, which he secured around Miss Wardour, wrapping her previously in his own blue gown, to preserve her as much as possible from injury. Then, availing himself of the rope, which was made fast at the other end, he began to ascend the face of the crag—a most precarious and dizzy undertaking, which, however, after one or two perilous escapes, placed him safe on the broad flat stone beside our friend



(*Drawn by* F. OAKES.)

Lovel. Their joint strength was able to raise Isabella to the place of safety which they had attained. Lovel then descended in order to assist Sir Arthur, around whom he adjusted the rope; and again mounting to their place of refuge, with the assistance of old Ochiltree, and such aid as Sir Arthur himself could afford, he raised himself beyond the reach of the billows.

The sense of reprieve from approaching and apparently inevitable death, had its usual effect. The father and daughter threw themselves into each other's arms, kissed and wept for joy, although their escape was connected with the prospect of passing a tempestuous night upon a precipitous ledge of rock, which scarce afforded footing for the four shivering beings, who now, like the sea-fowl around them, clung there in hopes of some shelter from the devouring element which raged beneath. It was a summer night, doubtless; yet the probability was slender that a frame so delicate as that of Miss Wardour should survive till morning the drenching of the spray; and the dashing of the rain, which now burst in full violence, accompanied with deep and heavy gusts of wind, added to the constrained and perilous circumstances of their situation.

"The lassie—the puir sweet lassie!" said the old man; "mony such a night have I weathered at hame and abroad, but, guide us, how can she ever win through it!"

His apprehension was communicated in low, smothered accents to Lovel; for, with the sort of freemasonry by which bold and ready spirits correspond in moments of danger, they had established a mutual confidence. "I'll climb up the cliff again," said Lovel, "there's daylight enough left to see my footing; I'll climb up, and call for more assistance."

"Do so, do so, for heaven's sake!" said Sir Arthur eagerly.

"Are you mad?" said the mendicant. "Francie o' Fowlsheugh, and he was the best craigsman that ever speel'd heugh (mair by token, he brake his neck upon the Dunbuy of Slaines), wadna hae ventured upon the Halket-head craigs after sundown. It's heaven's grace, and a great wonder besides, that ye are not in the middle o' that roaring sea wi' what ye hae done already. But to venture up again—it's a mere and a clear tempting o' Providence."

"I have no fear," answered Lovel; "I marked all the stations perfectly as I came down, and there is still light enough left to see them quite well—I am sure I can do it with perfect safety. Stay here, my good friend, by Sir Arthur and the young lady."

"Deil be in my feet then," answered the bedesman sturdily; "if ye gang, I'll gang too; for between the twa o' us, we'll hae mair than wark eneugh to get to the tap o' the heugh."

"No, no—stay you here and attend to Miss Wardour—you see Sir Arthur is quite exhausted."

"Stay yoursell then, and I'll gae," said the old man; "let death spare the green corn and take the ripe."

"Stay both of you, I charge you," said Isabella, faintly, "I am well, I can spend the night very well here—I feel quite refreshed." So saying, her voice failed her—she sunk down, and would have fallen from the crag, had she not been supported by Lovel and Ochiltree.

"It is impossible to leave them," said Lovel. "What is to be done? Hark! hark! Did I not hear a halloo?"

"The skriegh of a Tammie Norie," answered Ochiltree, "I ken the skirl weel."

"No, by Heaven," replied Lovel, "it was a human voice!"

A distant hail was repeated, the sound plainly distinguishable among the various elemental noises, and the clang of the sea-mews by which they were surrounded. The mendicant and Lovel exerted their voices in a loud halloo, the former waving Miss Wardour's handkerchief on the end of his staff to make them conspicuous from above. Though the shouts were repeated, it was some time before they were in exact response to their own, leaving the unfortunate sufferers uncertain whether, in the darkening twilight and increasing storm, they had made the persons who apparently were traversing the verge of the precipice to bring them assistance, sensible of the place in which they had found refuge. At length their halloo was regularly and distinctly answered, and their courage confirmed, by the assurance that they were within hearing, if not within reach, of friendly assistance.

The shout of human voices from above was soon augmented, and the gleam of torches mingled with those lights of evening which still remained amidst the darkness of the storm.

On the verge of the precipice an anxious group had now assembled.

The fishers had brought with them the mast of a boat, and as half of the country fellows about had now appeared, either out of zeal or curiosity, it was soon sunk in the ground, and sufficiently secured. A yard across the upright mast, and a rope stretched along it, and reeved through a block at each end, formed an extempore crane, which afforded the means of lowering an arm-chair, well secured and fastened, down to the flat shelf on which the sufferers had roosted. Their joy at hearing the preparations going on for their deliverance was considerably qualified when they beheld the precarious vehicle by means of which they were to be conveyed to upper air. It swung about a yard free of the spot which they occupied, obeying each impulse of the tempest, the empty air all around it, and depending upon the security of a rope, which, in the increasing darkness, had dwindled to an almost imperceptible thread. Besides the hazard of committing a human being to the vacant atmosphere in such a slight means of conveyance, there was the fearful danger of the chair and its occupant being dashed, either by the wind or the vibrations of the cord, against the rugged face of the precipice. Yet wild as the sounds and sights of danger were both above, beneath, and around, and doubtful and dangerous as the mode of escaping appeared to be, Lovel and the old mendicant agreed, after a moment's consultation, and after the former, by a sudden strong pull, had, at his own imminent risk, ascertained the security of the rope, that it would be best to secure Miss Wardour in the chair, and trust to the tenderness and care of those above for her being safely craned up to the top of the crag.

With the sedulous attention of a parent to a child, Lovel bound Miss Wardour with his handkerchief, neckcloth, and the mendicant's leathern belt, to the back and arms of the chair, ascertaining accurately the security of each knot.

"Farewell, my father," murmured Isabella—"farewell, my—my friends;" and shutting her eyes, as Edie's experience recommended, she gave the signal to Lovel, and he to those who were above. She rose, while the chair in which she sat was kept steady by the line which Lovel managed beneath. With a beating heart he watched the flutter of her dress, until the vehicle was on a level with the brink of the precipice.

"Canny now, lads, canny now!" exclaimed old Mucklebackit, who acted as commodore; "swerve the yard a bit. Now—there! there she sits, safe on dry land!"

A loud shout announced the successful experiment to her fellow-sufferers beneath, who replied with a ready and cheerful halloo. Monkbarns, in his ecstasy of joy, stripped his great-coat to wrap up the young lady, and then said—"Miss Wardour, let me convey you to the chariot."

"Not for worlds, till I see my father safe."

In a few distinct words, evincing how much her resolution had surmounted even the mortal fear of so agitating a hazard, she explained the nature of the situation beneath, and the wishes of Lovel and Ochiltree.

"Right, right, that's right. But he's safe now, and here a' comes (for the chair was again lowered, and Sir Arthur made fast in it, without much consciousness on his own part) here a' comes—bowse, away my boys—canny wi' him. Welcome, welcome, my good old friend, to firm land, though I cannot say to warm land or to dry land."

While Oldbuck ran on in this way, Sir Arthur was safely wrapped in the close embraces of his daughter, who, assuming that authority which the circumstances demanded, ordered some of the assistants to convey him to the chariot, promising to follow shortly. She lingered on the cliff, holding an old countryman's arm, to witness probably the safety of those whose dangers she had shared.

"What have we here?" said Oldbuck, as the vehicle once more ascended. "What patched and weather-beaten matter is this?" Then, as the torches illumined the rough face and grey hairs of old Ochiltree, "What! is it thou?—come, old Mocker, I must needs be friends with thee—but who the devil makes up your party besides?"

"Ane that's weel worth ony twa o' us, Monkbarns—it's the young stranger lad they ca' Lovel—and he's behaved this blessed night as if he had three lives to rely on, and was willing to waste them a' rather than endanger ither folks'. Ca' hooly, sirs, as ye wad win an auld man's blessing!—mind there's naebody below now to haud the gy—hae a care o' the Cat's-lug-corner—bide weel aff Crummie's-horn!"

Lovel did, in fact, run a much greater risk than any of his precursors. His weight was not sufficient to render his ascent steady amid such a storm of wind, and he swung like an agitated pendulum, at the mortal risk of being dashed against the rocks. But he was young and bold, and retained his alertness of exertion and presence of mind; and it was not until he was safely grounded upon the summit of the cliff that he felt temporary and giddy sickness. As he recovered from a sort of half swoon, he cast his eyes eagerly around. The object which they would most willingly have sought, was already in the act of vanishing. Her white garment was just discernible as she followed on the path which her father had taken.

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

[Ebenezer Elliott. Born 1781. Died 1849.]

Strong climber of the mountain side,
  Though thou the vale disdain,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
  The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rushy springs of Don
  The stormy gloom is rolled;
The moorland hath not yet put on
  His purple, green, and gold.
But here the titling* spreads his wing,
  Where dewy daisies gleam;
And here the sunflower† of the spring
  Burns bright in morning's beam.
To mountain winds the famished fox
  Complains that Sol is slow
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
  His royal robe to throw.
But here the lizard seeks the sun,
  Here coils in light the snake;
And here the fire-tuft‡ hath begun
  Its beauteous nest to make.
Oh, then, while hums the earliest bee,
  Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
  The glories of the lane!
For, oh, I love these banks of rock,
  This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
  And wakes the earliest bee!
As spirits from eternal day
  Look down on earth secure,
Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey
  A world in miniature;
A world not scorned by Him who made
  Even weakness by his might;
But solemn in his depths of shade,
  And splendid in his light.
Light! not alone on clouds afar
  O'er storm-loved mountains spread,
Or widely-teaching sun and star
  Thy glorious thoughts are read;
Oh, no! thou art a wond'rous book,
  To sky, and sea, and land—
A page on which the angels look,
  Which insects understand!
And here, O Light! minutely fair,
  Divinely plain and clear,
Like splinters of a crystal hair,
  Thy bright small hand is here.

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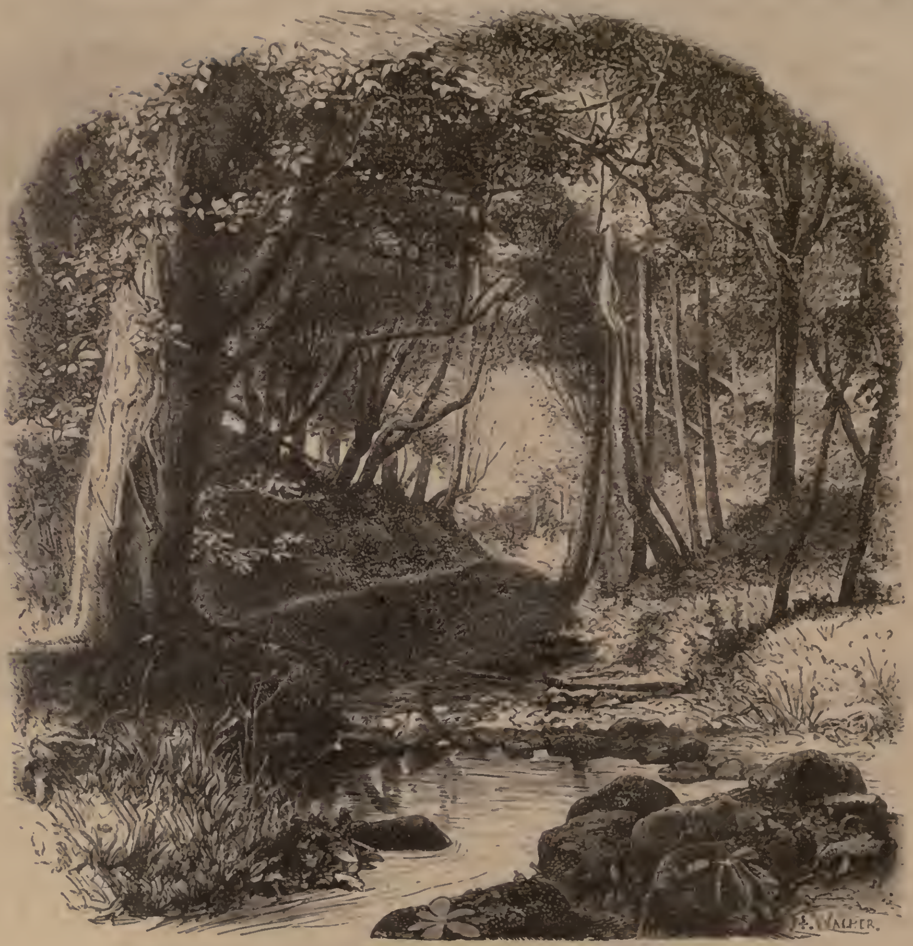
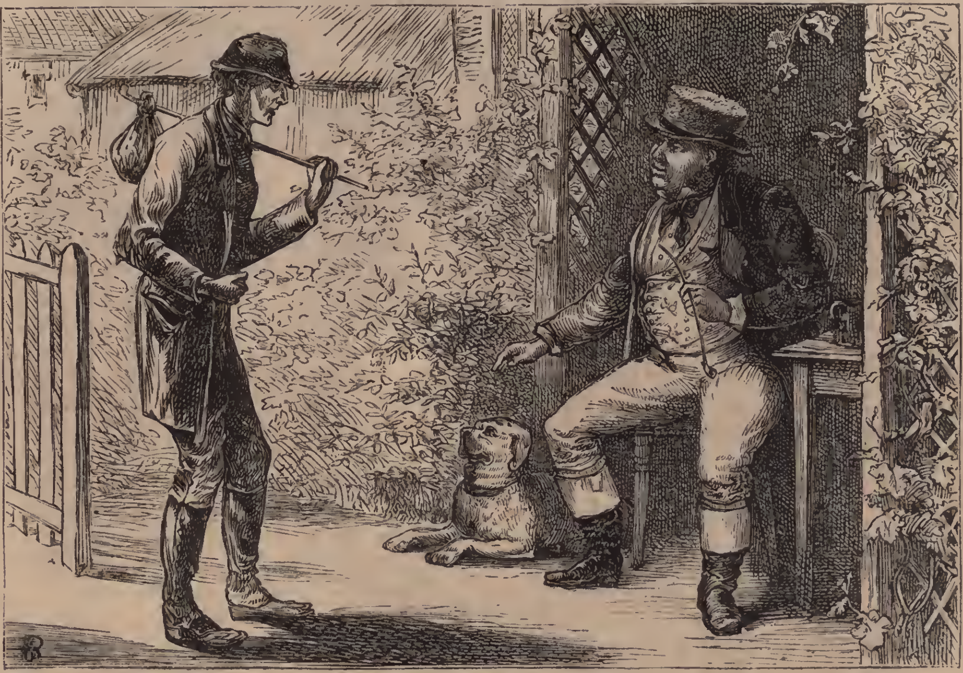
* The Hedge Sparrow.
† The Dandelion.
‡ The Golden-Crested Wren.



(*Drawn by* Francis Walker.)

Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,
  Is Huron, girt with wood;
This driplet feeds Missouri's tide—
  And that Niagara's flood.
What tidings from the Andes brings
  Yon line of liquid light,
That down from heaven in madness flings
  The blind foam of its might?
Do I not hear his thunder roll—
  The roar that ne'er is still?
'Tis mute as death!—but in my soul
  It roars, and ever will.
What forests tall of tiniest moss
  Clothe every little stone!
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
  O'er pigmy valleys lone!
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
  Ambitious of the sky,
They feather o'er the steepest edge
  Of mountains mushroom high.
O God of marvels! who can tell
  What myriad living things
On these grey stones unseen may dwell!
  What nations with their kings!
I feel no shock, I hear no groan
  While fate perchance o'erwhelms
Empires on this subverted stone—
  A hundred ruined realms!
Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,
  Impelled by woe or whim,
May crawl, some atom cliffs to see—
  A tiny world to him!
Lo! while he pauses, and admires
  The work of Nature's might,
Spurned by my foot, his world expires,
  And all to him is night!
O God of terrors! what are we?—
  Poor insects, sparked with thought!
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,
  Could smite us into nought!
But shouldst thou wreck our father-land,
  And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of Thy hand
  Thy little ones would sleep.



(*Drawn by* T. Robinson.)

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND THE SCHOOL.

[Washington Irving. *See Page* 1.]

Among the worthies of the village that enjoy the peculiar confidence of Master Simon, is one who has struck my fancy so much that I have thought him worthy of a separate notice. It is Slingsby, the schoolmaster, a thin, elderly man, rather threadbare and slovenly, somewhat indolent in manner, and with an easy, good-humoured look not often met with in his craft. I have been interested in his favour by a few anecdotes which I have picked up concerning him.

He is a native of the village, and was a contemporary and playmate of Ready-Money Jack in the days of their boyhood. Indeed, they carried on a kind of league of mutual good offices. Slingsby was rather puny, and withal somewhat of a coward, but very apt at his learning; Jack, on the contrary, was a bully-boy out of doors, but a sad laggard at his books. Slingsby helped Jack, therefore, to all his lessons; Jack fought all Slingsby's battles; and they were inseparable friends. This mutual kindness continued even after they left school, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of their characters. Jack took to ploughing and reaping, and prepared himself to till his paternal acres; while the other loitered negligently on in the path of learning, until he penetrated even to the confines of Latin and mathematics.

In an unlucky hour, however, he took to reading voyages and travels, and was smitten with a desire to see the world. This desire increased upon him as he grew up; so, early one bright, sunny morning, he put all his effects in a knapsack, slung it on his back, took staff in hand, and called on his way to take leave of his early schoolmate. Jack was just going out with the plough: the friends shook hands over the farm-house gate; Jack drove his team afield, and Slingsby whistled "over the hills and far away," and sallied forth gaily to "seek his fortune."

Years and years passed by, and young Tom Slingsby was forgotten; when, one mellow Sunday afternoon in autumn, a thin man, somewhat advanced in life, with a coat out at elbows, a pair of old nankeen gaiters, and a few things tied in a handkerchief, and slung on the end of a stick, was seen loitering through the village, He appeared to regard several houses attentively, to peer into the windows that were open, to eye the villagers wistfully as they returned from church, and then to pass some time in the churchyard, reading the tombstones.

At length he found his way to the farmhouse of Ready-Money Jack, but paused ere he attempted the wicket, contemplating the picture of substantial independence before him. In the porch of the house sat Ready-Money Jack, in his Sunday dress, with his hat upon his head, his pipe in his mouth, and his tankard before him, the monarch of all he surveyed. Beside him lay his fat house-dog. The varied sounds of poultry were heard from the well-stocked farm-yard; the bees hummed from their hives in the garden; the cattle lowed in the rich meadow; while the crammed barns and ample stacks bore proof of an abundant harvest.

The stranger opened the gate and advanced dubiously towards the house. The mastiff growled at the sight of the suspicious-looking intruder, but was immediately silenced by his master, who, taking his pipe from his mouth, awaited with inquiring aspect the address of this equivocal personage. The stranger eyed old Jack for a moment, so portly in his dimensions, and decked out in gorgeous apparel; then cast a glance upon his own threadbare and starving condition, and the scanty bundle which he held in his hand; then giving his shrunk waistcoat a twitch to make it meet his receding waistband, and casting another look, half sad, half humorous, at the sturdy yeoman, "I suppose," said he, "Mr. Tibbets, you have forgot old times and old playmates?"

The latter gazed at him with scrutinising look, but acknowledged that he had no recollection of him.

"Like enough, like enough," said the stranger; "everybody seems to have forgotten poor Slingsby."

"Why, no sure! it can't be Tom Slingsby?"

"Yes, but it is, though!" replied the stranger, shaking his head.

Ready-Money Jack was on his feet in a twinkling; thrust out his hand, gave his ancient crony the grip of a giant, and slapping the other hand on a bench, "Sit down there," cried he, "Tom Slingsby!"

A long conversation ensued about old times, while Slingsby was regaled with the best cheer the farmhouse afforded; for he was hungry as well as wayworn, and had the keen appetite of a poor pedestrian. The early playmates then talked over their subsequent lives and adventures. Jack had but little to relate, and was never good at a long story. A prosperous life, passed at home, has little incident for narrative; it is only poor devils, that are tossed about the world, that are the true heroes of story. Jack had stuck by the paternal farm, followed the same plough that his forefathers had driven, and had waxed richer and richer as he grew older. As to Tom Slingsby, he was an exemplification of the old proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." He had sought his fortune about the world, without ever finding it, being a thing oftener found at home than abroad. He had been in all kinds of situations, and had learnt a dozen different modes of making a living; but had found his way back to his native village rather poorer than when he left it, his knapsack having dwindled down to a scanty bundle.

As luck would have it, the squire was passing by the farmhouse that very evening, and called there, as is often his custom. He found the two schoolmates still gossiping in the porch, and, according to the good old Scottish song, "taking a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne." The squire was struck with the contrast in appearance and fortunes of these early playmates. Ready-Money Jack, seated in lordly state, surrounded by the good things of this life, with golden guineas hanging to his very watch chain, and the poor pilgrim, Slingsby, thin as a weasel, with all his worldly effects, his bundle, hat, and walking-staff, lying on the ground beside him.

The good squire's heart warmed towards the luckless cosmopolite, for he is a little prone to like such half-vagrant characters. He cast about in his mind how he should contrive once more to anchor Slingsby in his native village. Honest Jack had already offered him a present shelter under his roof, in spite of the hints, and winks, and half remonstrances of the shrewd Dame Tibbets; but how to provide for his permanent maintenance was the question. Luckily the squire bethought himself that the village school was without a teacher. A little farther conversation convinced him that Slingsby was as fit for that as for anything else, and in a day or two he was seen swaying the rod of empire in the very schoolhouse where he had often been horsed in the days of his boyhood.

Here he has remained for several years, and being honoured by the countenance of the squire, and the fast friendship of Mr. Tibbets, he has grown into much importance and consideration in the village. I am told, however, that he still shows, now and then, a degree of restlessness, and a disposition to rove abroad again, and see a little more of the world; an inclination which seems particularly to haunt him about spring-time. There is nothing so difficult to conquer as the vagrant humour, when once it has been fully indulged.

Since I have heard these anecdotes of poor Slingsby, I have more than once mused upon the picture presented by him and his schoolmate, Ready-Money Jack, on their coming together again after so long a separation. It is difficult to determine between lots in life, where each is attended with its peculiar discontents. He who never leaves his home repines at his monotonous existence, and envies the traveller, whose life is a constant tissue of wonder and adventure; while he who is tossed about the world, looks back with many a sigh to the safe and quiet shore which he has abandoned. I cannot help thinking, however, that the man that stays at home, and cultivates the comforts and pleasures daily springing up around him, stands the best chance for happiness There is nothing so fascinating to a young mind as the idea of travelling; and there is very witchcraft in the old phrase found in every nursery tale, of "going to seek one's fortune." A continual change of place and change of object, promises a continual succession of adventure and gratification of curiosity. But there is a limit to all our enjoyments, and every desire bears its death in its very gratification. Curiosity languishes under repeated stimulants, novelties cease to excite surprise, until at length we cannot wonder even at a miracle. He who has sallied forth into the world, like poor Slingsby, full of sunny anticipations, finds too soon how different the distant scene becomes when visited. The smooth place roughens as he approaches; the wild place becomes tame and barren; the fairy tints that beguiled him on still fly to the distant hill, or gather upon the land he has left behind and every part of the landscape seems greener than the spot he stands on.

Having given the reader a slight sketch of the village schoolmaster, he may be curious to learn something concerning his school. As the squire takes much interest in the education of the neighbouring children, he put into the hands of the teacher, on first installing him in office, a copy of Roger Ascham's Schoolmaster, and advised him, moreover to con over that portion of old Peachum which treats of the duty of masters, and which condemns the favourite method of making boys wise by flagellation.

He exhorted Slingsby not to break down or depress the free spirit of the boys, by harshness and slavish fear, but to lead them freely and joyously on in the path of knowledge, making it pleasant and desirable in their eyes. He wished to see the youth trained up in the manners and habitudes of the peasantry of the good old times, and thus to lay the foundation for the accomplishment of his favourite object, the revival of old English customs and character. He recommended that all the ancient holidays should be observed, and that the sports of the boys, in their hours of play, should be regulated according to the standard authorities laid down by Strutt; a copy of whose invaluable work, decorated with plates, was deposited in the school-house. Above all, he exhorted the pedagogue to abstain from the use of the birch, an instrument of instruction which the good squire regards with abhorrence, as fit only or the coercion of brute natures, that cannot be reasoned with.

Mr. Slingsby has followed the squire's instructions to the best of his disposition and abilities. He never flogs the boys, because he is too easy, good-humoured a creature to inflict pain on a worm. He is bountiful in holidays, because he loves holidays himself, and has a sympathy with the urchins' impatience of confinement, from having divers times experienced its irksomeness during the time that he was seeing the world. As for sports and pastimes, the boys are faithfully exercised in all that are on record—quoits, races prison-bars, tipcat, trap-ball, bandy-ball, wrestling, leaping, and what not. The only misfortune is that having banished the birch, honest Slingsby had not studied Roger Ascham sufficiently to find out a substitute, or rather he has not the management in his nature to apply one; his school, therefore, though one of the happiest, is one of the most unruly in the country; and never was a pedagogue more liked, or less heeded, by his disciples than Slingsby.

He has lately taken a coadjutor worthy of himself, being another stray sheep that has returned to the village fold. This is no other than the son of the musical tailor, who had bestowed some cost upon his education, hoping to see him one day arrive at the dignity of an exciseman, or at least of a parish clerk. The lad grew up, however, as idle and musical as his father; and, being captivated by the drum and fife of a recruiting party, he followed them off to the army. He returned not long since out of money, and out at elbows, the prodigal son of the village. He remained for some time lounging about the place in half-tattered soldier's dress, with a foraging cap on one side of his head, jerking stones across the brook, or loitering about the tavern door, a burthen to his father, and regarded with great coldness by all warm householders.

Something, however, drew honest Slingsby towards the youth. It might be the kindness he bore to his father, who is one of the schoolmaster's greatest cronies; it might be that secret sympathy, which draws men of vagrant propensities towards each other; for there is something truly magnetic in the vagabond feeling; or it might be, that he remembered the time when he himself had come back, like this youngster, a wreck to his native place. At any rate, whatever the motive, Slingsby drew towards the youth. They had many conversations in the village tap-room about foreign parts, and the various scenes and places they had witnessed during their wayfaring about the world. The more Slingsby talked with him, the more he found him to his taste, and finding him almost as learned as himself, he forthwith engaged him as an assistant, or usher in the school.

Under such admirable tuition, the school, as may be supposed, flourishes apace; and if the scholars do not become versed in all the holiday accomplishments of the good old times, to the squire's heart's content, it will not be the fault of their teachers. The prodigal son has become almost as popular among the boys as the pedagogue himself. His instructions are not limited to school hours; and having inherited the musical tastes and talents of his father, he has bitten the whole school with the mania. He is a great hand at beating a drum, which is often heard rumbling from the rear of the school-house. He is teaching half the boys of the village, also, to play the fife, and the pandean pipes; and they weary the whole neighbourhood with their vague piping, as they sit perched on stiles, or loitering about the barn-doors in the evenings. Among the other exercises of the school, also, he has introduced the ancient art of archery, one of the squire's favourite themes, with such success, that the whipsters roam in truant bands about the neighbourhood, practising with their bows and arrows upon the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field; and not unfrequently making a foray into the squire's domains, to the great indignation of the gamekeepers. In a word, so completely are the ancient English customs and habits cultivated at this school, that I should not be surprised if the squire should live to see one of his poetic visions realised, and a brood reared up worthy successors to Robin Hood, and his merry gang of outlaws.

PAPER.

[BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Born at Boston, U.S., January 6, 1706. Began life as a printer. Became a leading man in America. Died April 17, 1790.]

SOME wit of old—such wits of old there were—
Whose hints showed meaning, whose allusions care,
By one brave stroke, to mark all human-kind,
Called clear blank paper every infant mind,
Where still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true;
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
I—can you pardon my presumption?—I,
No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various the paper, various wants produce—
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use;
Men are various; and, if right I scan,
Each sort of paper represents some man.

Pray, note the fop—half powder and half lace—
Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling-place;
He's the gilt paper, which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands the scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are copy-paper, of inferior worth;
Less prized, more useful, for your desk decreed,
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch whom avarice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer to enrich an heir,
Is coarse brown paper, such as pedlers choose
To wrap up wares which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout,
He's a true sinking paper, past all doubt.

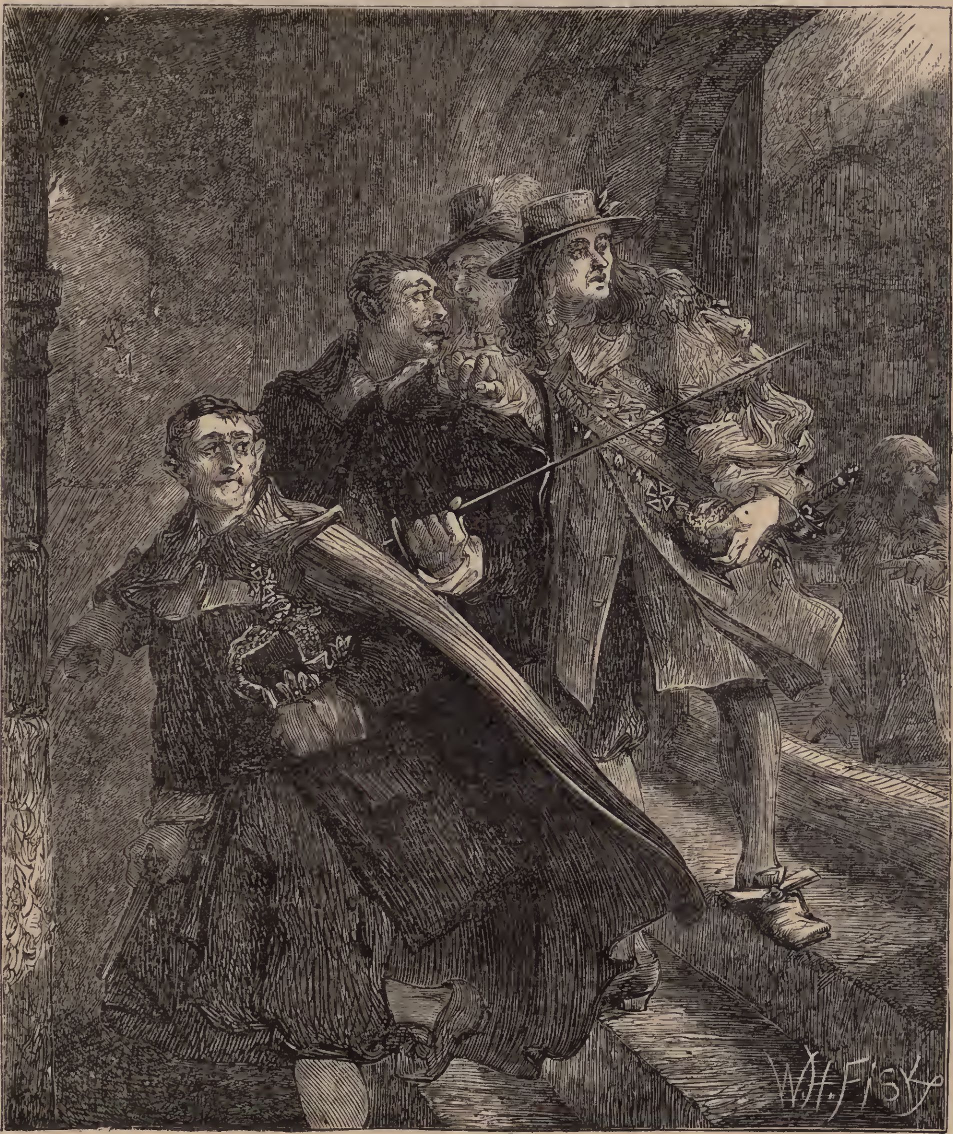
The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems this side always right, and that stark naught;
He foams with censure, with applause he raves-
A dupe to rumours, and a tool of knaves:
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim
While such a thing as foolscap has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel if you step awry,
Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure,
What is he?—what?—touch-paper, to be sure.

What are the poets, take them as they fall—
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll find;
They are the mere waste paper of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet—
She's fair white paper, an unsullied sheet,
On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
May write his name, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring;
'Tis the great man, who scorns a little thing,
Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
Formed on the feelings of his heart alone:
True, genuine, royal paper is his breast,
Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.



(*Drawn by* W. H. Fisk.)

BLOOD'S ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE CROWN.

[From Bayley's "History and Antiquities of the Tower of London."]

It was soon after the appointment of Sir Gilbert Talbot that the regalia in the Tower first became objects of public inspection, which King Charles allowed in consequence of the reduction in the emoluments of the master's office. The profits which arose from showing the jewels to strangers, Sir Gilbert assigned, in lieu of a salary, to the person whom he had appointed to the care of them. This was an old confidential servant of his father's, one Talbot Edwards, whose name is handed down to posterity as keeper of the regalia, when the notorious attempt to steal the crown was made in the year 1673; the following account of which is chiefly derived from a relation which Mr. Edwards himself made of the transaction.

About three weeks before this audacious villain Blood made his attempt upon the crown, he came to the Tower in the habit of a parson, with a long cloak, cassock, and canonical girdle, accompanied by a woman, whom he called his wife. They desired to see the regalia, and, just as their wishes had been gratified, the lady feigned sudden indisposition; this called forth the kind offices of Mrs. Edwards, the keeper's wife, who, having courteously invited her into their house to repose herself, she soon recovered, and, on their departure, professed themselves thankful for this civility. A few days after, Blood came again, bringing a present to Mrs. Edwards of four pairs of white gloves from his pretended wife; and having thus begun the acquaintance, they made frequent visits to improve it. After a short respite of their compliments, the disguised ruffian returned again; and, in conversation with Mrs. Edwards, said that his wife could discourse of nothing but the kindness of those good people in the Tower—that she had long studied, and at length bethought herself of a handsome way of requital. "You have," quoth he, "a pretty young gentlewoman for your daughter, and I have a young nephew, who has two or three hundred a-year in land, and is at my disposal. If your daughter be free, and you approve it, I'll bring him here to see her, and we will endeavour to make it a match." This was easily assented to by old Mr. Edwards, who invited the parson to dine with him on that day; he readily accepted the invitation; and, taking upon him to say grace, performed it with great seeming devotion, and casting up his eyes, concluded it with a prayer for the King, Queen, and Royal family. After dinner, he went up to see the rooms, and, observing a handsome case of pistols hang there, expressed a great desire to buy them, to present to a young lord, who was his neighbour; a pretence by which he thought of disarming the house against the period intended for the execution of his design. At his departure, which was a canonical benediction of the good company, he appointed a day and hour to bring his young nephew to see his mistress, which was the very day that he made his daring attempt. The good old gentleman had got up ready to receive his guest, and the daughter was in her best dress to entertain her expected lover; when, behold, Parson Blood, with three more, came to the jewel-house, all armed with rapier-blades in their canes, and every one a dagger, and a brace of pocket-pistols. Two of his companions entered in with him, on pretence of seeing the crown, and the third stayed at the door, as if to look after the young lady, a jewel of a more charming description, but in reality as a watch. The daughter, who thought it not modest to come down till she was called, sent a maid to take a view of the company, and bring a description of her gallant; and the servant, conceiving that he was the intended bridegroom who stayed at the door, being the youngest of the party, returned to soothe the anxiety of her young mistress with the idea she had formed of his person. Blood told Mr. Edwards that they would not go up-stairs till his wife came, and desired him to show his friends the crown to pass the time till then; and they had no sooner entered the room, and the door, as usual, shut, than a cloak was thrown over the old man's head, and a gag put in his mouth. Thus secured, they told him that their resolution was to have the crown, globe, and sceptre; and, if he would quietly submit to it, they would spare his life; otherwise he was to expect no mercy. He thereupon endeavoured to make all the noise he possibly could, to be heard above; they then knocked him down with a wooden mallet, and told him that, if yet he would lie quietly, they would spare his life; but if not, upon his next attempt to discover them, they would kill him. Mr. Edwards, however, according to his own account, was not intimidated by this threat, but strained himself to make the greater noise, and, in consequence, received several more blows on the head with the mallet, and was stabbed in the belly; this again brought the poor old man to the ground, where he lay for some time in so senseless a state, that one of the villains pronounced him dead. Edwards had come a little to himself, and hearing this, lay quietly, conceiving it best to be thought so. The booty was now to be disposed of, and one of them, named Parrot, secreted the orb. Blood held the crown under his cloak; and the third was about to file the sceptre in two, in order that it might be placed in a bag, brought for that purpose; but, fortunately, the son of Mr. Edwards, who had been in Flanders with Sir John Talbot, and, on his landing in England, had obtained leave to come away post to visit his father, happened to arrive whilst this scene was acting; and on coming to the door, the person that stood sentinel asked with whom he would speak; to which he answered, that he belonged to the house; and, perceiving the person to be a stranger, told him that if he had any business with his father he would acquaint him with it, and so hastened up-stairs to salute his friends. This unexpected accident spread confusion amongst the party, and they instantly decamped with the crown and orb, leaving the sceptre yet unfiled. The aged keeper now raised himself upon his legs, forced the gag from his mouth, and cried, "Treason! murder!" which being heard by his daughter, who was, perhaps, anxiously expecting far other sounds, ran out and reiterated the cry. The alarm now became general, and young Edwards and his brother-in-law, Captain Beckman, ran after the conspirators, whom a warder put himself in a position to stop, but Blood discharged a pistol at him, and he fell, although unhurt, and the thieves proceeded safely to the next post, where one Sill, who had been a soldier under Cromwell, stood sentinel; but he offered no opposition, and they accordingly passed the drawbridge. Horses were waiting for them at St. Catherine's Gate; and as they ran that way along the Tower Wharf, they themselves cried out, "Stop the rogues!" by which they passed on unsuspected, till Captain Beckman overtook them. At his head Blood fired another pistol, but missed him and was seized. Under the cloak of this daring villain was found the crown, and, although he saw himself a prisoner, he had yet the impudence to struggle for his prey; and when it was finally wrested from him, said, "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful; it was for a crown!" Parrot, who had formerly served under General Harrison, was also taken; but Hunt, Blood's son-in-law, reached his horse and rode off, as did two other of the thieves; but he was soon afterwards stopped, and likewise committed to custody. In this struggle and confusion, the great pearl, a large diamond, and several smaller stones were lost from the crown; but the two former, and some of the latter, were afterwards found and restored; and the Ballas ruby, broken off the sceptre, being found in Parrot's pocket, nothing considerable was eventually missing.

As soon as the prisoners were secured, young Edwards hastened to Sir Gilbert Talbot, who was then master and treasurer of the Jewel House, and gave him an account of the transaction. Sir Gilbert instantly went to the king, and acquainted His Majesty with it; and His Majesty commanded him to proceed forthwith to the Tower, to see how matters stood; to take the examination of Blood and the others; and to return and report it to him. Sir Gilbert accordingly went; but the king in the meantime was persuaded by some about him to hear the examination himself, and the prisoners were, in consequence, sent for to Whitehall; a circumstance which is supposed to have saved these daring wretches from the gallows.

On his examination under such an atrocious charge, Blood audaciously replied, "that he would never betray an associate, or defend himself at the expense of uttering a falsehood." He even averred, perhaps, more than was true against himself, when he confessed that he had lain concealed among the reeds for the purpose of killing the king with a carabine, while Charles was bathing; but he pretended that on this occasion his purpose was disconcerted by a secret awe—appearing to verify the allegation in Shakespeare, "There's such divinity doth hedge a king, that treason can but peep to what it would, acts little of its will." To this story, true or false, Blood added a declaration that he was at the head of a numerous following, disbanded soldiers and others, who, from motives of religion, were determined to take the life of the king, as the only obstacle to their obtaining freedom of worship and liberty of conscience. These men, he said, would be determined, by his execution, to persist in the resolution of putting Charles to death; whereas, he averred that, by sparing his life, the king might disarm a hundred poniards directed against his own. This view of the case made a strong impression on Charles, whose selfishness was uncommonly acute: yet he felt the impropriety of pardoning the attempt upon the life of the Duke of Ormond, and condescended to ask that faithful servant's permission, before he would exert his authority, to spare the assassin. Ormond answered, that, if the king chose to pardon the attempt to steal his crown, he himself might easily consent that the attempt upon his own life, as a crime of much less importance, should also be forgiven. Charles, accordingly, not only gave Blood a pardon, but endowed him with a pension of £500 a-year; which led many persons to infer, not only that the king wished to preserve himself from the future attempts of this desperate man, but that he had it also in view to secure the services of so determined a ruffian, in case he should have an opportunity of employing him in his own line of business. There is a striking contrast between the fate of Blood, pensioned and rewarded for this audacious attempt, and that of the faithful Edwards, who may be safely said to have sacrificed his life in defence of the property entrusted to him! In remuneration for his fidelity and his sufferings, Edwards only obtained a grant of £200 from the Exchequer, with £100 to his son; but so little pains were taken about the regular discharge of these donatives, that the parties entitled to them were glad to sell them for half the sum.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

[Mrs. Hemans (Felicia Dorothea Brown). Born at Liverpool, 25th September, 1793. Died 16th May, 1835.]

The breaking waves dashed high
  On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
  Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
  The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
  On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
  They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
  And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
  In silence, and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
  With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang:
  Till the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
  To the anthem of the free.

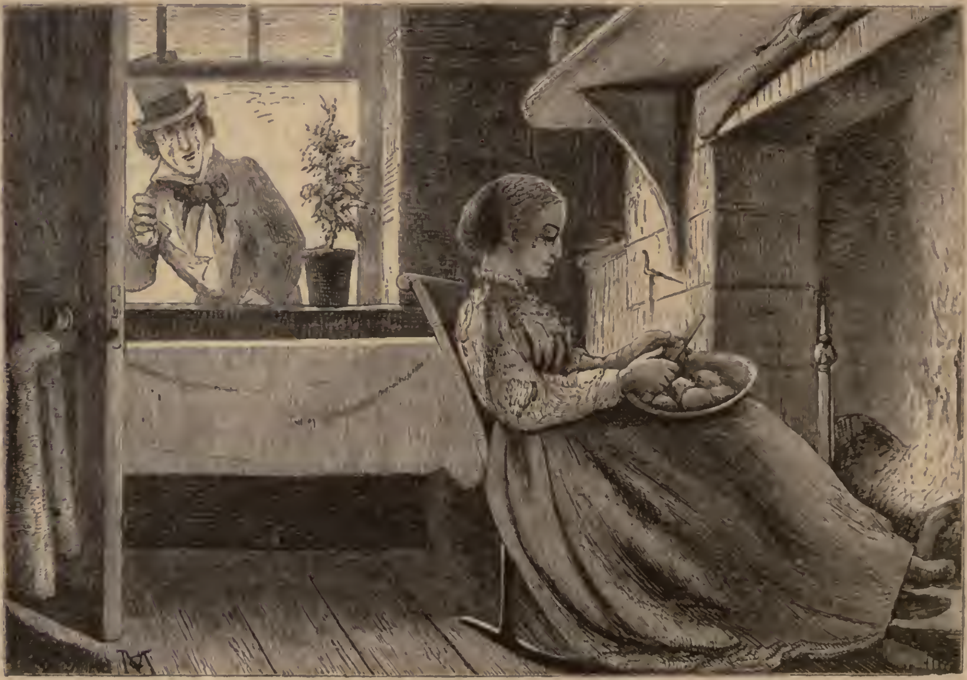
The ocean eagle soared
  From his nest, by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:
  Such was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
  Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
  Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
  Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
  And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
  Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—
  No! 'twas a faith's pure shrine.

Yes, call that holy ground,
  Which first their brave feet trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
  Freedom to worship God!



(*Drawn by* C. Morgan.)

THE COURTIN'.

[James Russell Lowell. *See Page* 41.]

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown,
  An' peeked in thru the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
  'Ith no one nigh to hender.

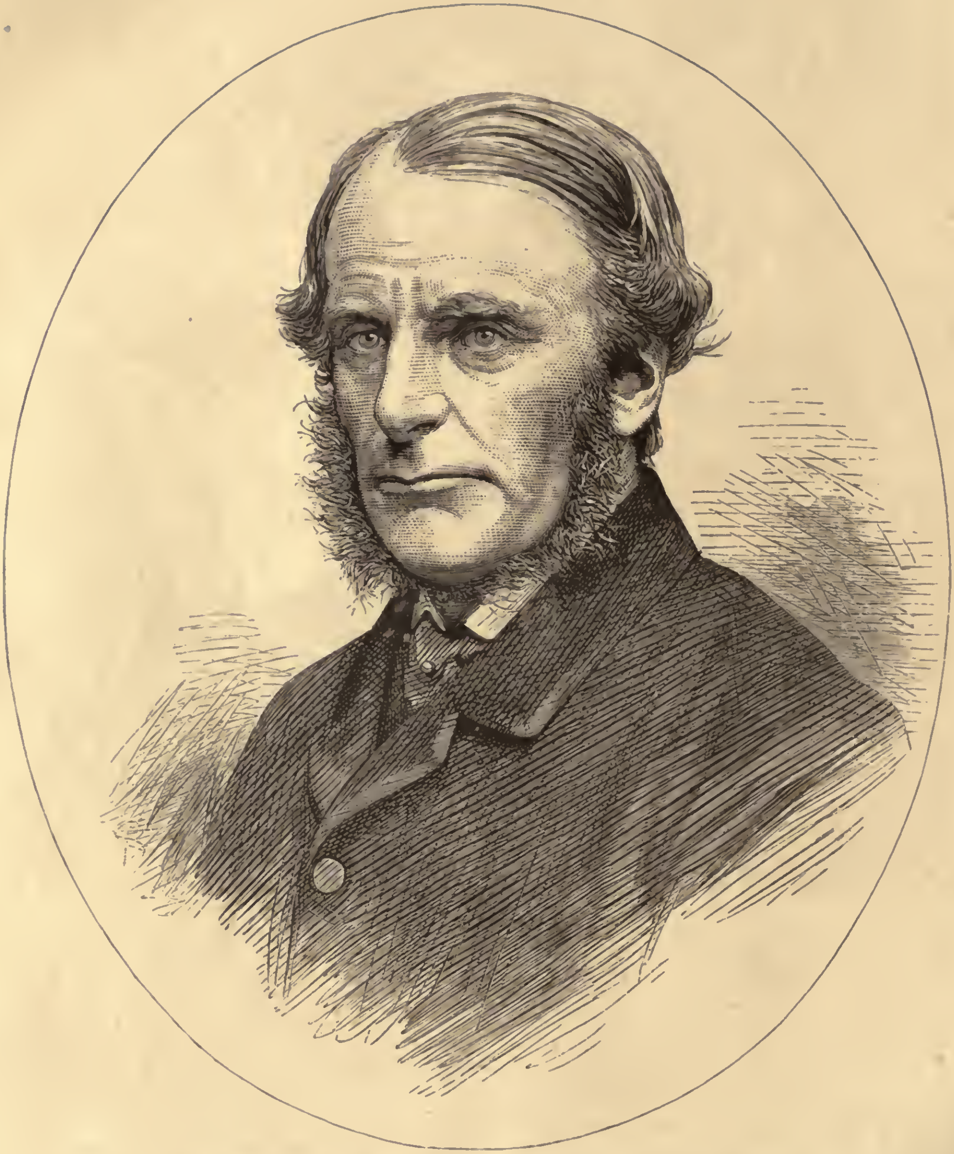
Agin' the chimbly crooknecks hung,
  An' in among 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm that gran'ther Young
  Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
  Toward the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle fires danced all about
  The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, 'cos she was in,
  Looked warm frum floor to ceilin'.
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
  Ez th' apple she wus a-peelin'.

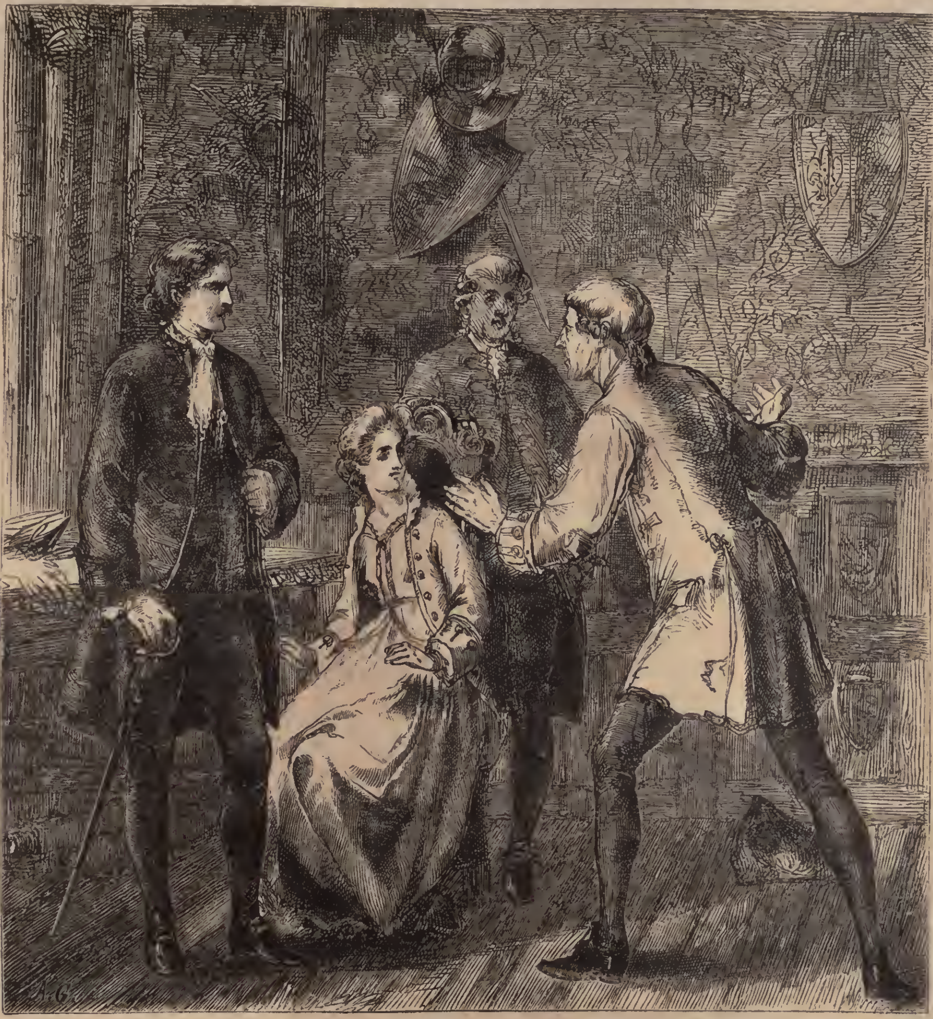
She heerd a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
  A-raspin' on the scraper—
All way to once to her feelins flew
  Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' litered on the mat,
  Some doubtfle of the seekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
  But hern went pity Zekle.



(Copied, by permission, from a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.



(*Drawn by* C. Gow.)

HOW CALEB BALDERSTONE CATERED FOR WOLF'S CRAG.

[Sir Walter Scott. *See Page* 116.]

The thunderbolt, which had stunned all who were within hearing of it, had only served to awaken the bold and inventive genius of the flower of Majors-Domo. Almost before the clatter had ceased, and while there was yet scarce an assurance whether the castle was standing or falling, Caleb exclaimed, "Heavens be praised!—this comes to hand like the boul of a pint stoup." He then barred the kitchen door in the face of the Lord Keeper's servant, whom he perceived returning from the party at the gate, and muttering, "How the deil cam he in?—but deil may care. Mysie, what are ye sitting shaking and greeting in the chimney-neuk for? Come here—or stay where ye are, and skirl as loud as ye can—it's a' ye're gude for. I say, ye auld deil, skirl—skirl—louder—louder, woman—gar the gentles hear ye in the ha'. I have heard ye as far off as the Bass for a less matter. And stay—down wi' that crockery——"

And with a sweeping blow, he threw down from a shelf some articles of pewter and earthenware. He exalted his voice amid the clatter, shouting and roaring in a manner which changed Mysie's hysterical terrors of the thunder into fears that her old fellow-servant was gone distracted. "He has dung down a' the bits o' pigs, too—the only thing we had left to haud a soup milk—and he has spilt the hatted kitt that was for the master's dinner. Mercy save us, the auld man's gaen clean and clear wud wi' the thunner!"

"Haud your tongue!" said Caleb, in the impetuous and overbearing triumph of successful invention; "a's provided now—dinner and a' thing. The thunner's done a' in a clap of a hand!"

"Puir man, he's muckle astray," said Mysie, looking at him with a mixture of pity and alarm; "I wish he may ever come hame to himsell again."

"Here, ye auld doited deil," said Caleb, still exulting in his extrication from a dilemma which had seemed insurmountable; "keep the strange man out of the kitchen. Swear the thunner came down the chimney, and spoiled the best dinner ye ever dressed—beef—bacon—kid—lark—leveret—wild fowl—venison, and what not. Lay it on thick, and never mind expenses. I'll awa up to the ha'. Make a' the confusion ye can, but be sure ye keep out the strange servant."

With these charges to his ally, Caleb posted up to the hall, but stopping to reconnoitre through an aperture which time, for the convenience of many a domestic in succession, had made in the door; and perceiving the situation of Miss Ashton, he had prudence enough to make a pause, both to avoid adding to her alarm, and in order to secure attention to his account of the disastrous effects of the thunder.

But when he perceived that the lady was recovered, and heard the conversation turn upon the accommodation and refreshment which the castle afforded, he thought it time to burst into the room.

"Wull a wins!—wull a wins. Such a misfortune to befa' the House of Ravenswood, and I to live to see it!"

"What is the matter, Caleb?" said his master, somewhat alarmed in his turn; "has any part of the castle fallen?"

"Castle fa'an?—na, but the sute's fa'an, and the thunner's come right down the kitchen-lumm, and the things are a' lying here awa, there awa, like the Laird o' Hotchpotch's lands; and wi' brave guests of honour and quality to entertain"—a low bow here to Sir William Ashton and his daughter—"and naething left in the house fit to present for dinner—or for supper either, for aught that I can see!"

"I verily believe you, Caleb," said Ravenswood, drily.

Balderstone here turned to his master a half-upbraiding, half-imploring countenance, and edged towards him as he repeated, "It was nae great matter of preparation; but just something added to your honour's ordinary course of fare—*petty cover*, as they say at the Louvre—three courses and the fruit."

"Keep your intolerable nonsense to yourself, you old fool!" said Ravenswood, mortified at his officiousness, yet not knowing how to contradict him, without the risk of giving rise to scenes yet more ridiculous.

Caleb saw his advantage, and resolved to improve it. But first, observing that the Lord Keeper's servant entered the apartment, and spoke apart with his master, he took the same opportunity to whisper a few words into Ravenswood's ear:—"Haud your tongue, for heaven's sake, sir. If it's my pleasure to hazard my soul in telling lees for the honour of the family, it's nae business o' yours; and if ye let me gang on quietly, I'se be moderate in my banquet; but if ye contradict me, deil but I dress ye a dinner fit for a duke!"

Ravenswood, in fact, thought it would be best to let his officious butler run on, who proceeded to enumerate upon his fingers—"No muckle provision—might hae served four persons of honour,—first course, capons in white broth—roast kid—bacon with reverence; second course, roasted leveret—butter crabs—a veal florentine; third course, black-cock—it's black eneugh now wi' the sute—plumdamas—a tart—a flam—and some nonsense sweet things, and comfits—and that's a'," he said, seeing the impatience of his master; "that's just a' was o't—forby the apples and pears."

Miss Ashton had by degrees gathered her spirits, so far as to pay some attention to what was going on; and observing the restrained impatience of Ravenswood, contrasted with the peculiar determination of manner with which Caleb detailed his imaginary banquet, the whole struck her as so ridiculous, that, despite every effort to the contrary, she burst into a fit of incontrollable laughter, in which she was joined by her father, though with more moderation, and finally by the Master of Ravenswood himself, though conscious that the jest was at his own expense. Their mirth—for a scene which we read with little emotion often appears extremely ludicrous to the spectators—made the old vault ring again. They ceased—they renewed—they ceased—they renewed again their shouts of laughter. Caleb, in the meantime, stood his ground with a grave, angry, and scornful dignity, which greatly enhanced the ridicule of the scene and the mirth of the spectators.

At length, when the voices, and nearly the strength of the laughers, were exhausted, he exclaimed, with very little ceremony, "The deil's in the gentles! They breakfast sae lordly, that the loss of the best dinner ever cook pat fingers to makes them as merry as if it were the best jeest in a' George Buchanan. If there was as little in your honours' wames as there is in Caleb Balderstone's, less caickling wad serve ye on sic a gravaminous subject."

Caleb's blunt expression of resentment again awakened the mirth of the company, which, by the way, he regarded as not only an aggression upon the dignity of the family, but a special contempt of the eloquence with which he himself had summed up the extent of their supposed losses—"a description of a dinner," as he said afterwards to Mysie, "that wad hae made a fu' man hungry, and them to sit there laughing at it!"

"But," said Miss Ashton, composing her countenance as well as she could, "are all these delicacies so totally destroyed that no scrap can be collected?"

"Collected, my leddy! what wad ye collect out of the sute and the ass? Ye may gang down yoursell, and look into our kitchen—the cookmaid in the trembling exies—the gude vivers lying a' about—beef—capons and white broth—florentine and flams—bacon wi' reverence, and a' the sweet confections and whim-whams; ye'll see them a', my leddy—that is," said he, correcting himself, "ye'll no see ony of them now, for the cook has soopit them up, as was weel her part; but ye'll see the white broth where it was spilt. I pat my fingers in it, and it tastes as like sour milk as onything else; if that isna the effect of thunner, I kenna what is. This gentleman here couldna but hear the clash of our haill dishes, china and silver thegither?"

The Lord Keeper's domestic, though a statesman's attendant, and of course trained to command his countenance upon all occasions, was somewhat discomposed by this appeal, to which he only answered by a bow.

"I think, Mr. Butler," said the Lord Keeper, who began to be afraid lest the prolongation of this scene should at length displease Ravenswood —"I think, that were you to retire with my servant Lockhard—he has travelled, and is quite accustomed to accidents and contingencies of every kind, and I hope betwixt you you may find out some mode of supply at this emergency."

"His honour kens," said Caleb, who, however hopeless of himself of accomplishing what was desirable, would, like the high-spirited elephant, rather have died in the effort than brooked the aid of a brother in commission—"his honour kens weel I need nae counsellor, when the honour of the house is concerned."

"I should be unjust if I denied it, Caleb," said his master; "but your art lies chiefly in making apologies, upon which we can no more dine than upon the bill of fare of our thunder-blasted dinner. Now, possibly, Mr. Lockhard's talent may consist in finding some substitute for that, which certainly is not, and has in all probability never been."

"Your honour is pleased to be facetious," said Caleb, "but I am sure, that for the warst, for a walk as far as Wolf's-hope, I could dine forty men; no that the folk there deserve your honour's custom. They hae been ill advised in the matter of the duty-eggs and butter, I winna deny that."

"Do go consult together," said the master; "go down to the village, and do the best you can. We must not let our guests remain without refreshment, to save the honour of a ruined family. And here, Caleb, take my purse; I believe that will prove your best ally."

"Purse! purse, indeed?" quoth Caleb, indignantly flinging out of the room. "What suld I do wi' your honour's purse, on your ain grund? I trust we are no to pay for our ain?"

The servants left the hall; and the door was no sooner shut, than the Lord Keeper began to apologise for the rudeness of his mirth, and Lucy to hope she had given no pain or offence to the kind-hearted faithful old man.

"Caleb and I must both learn, madam, to undergo with good humour, or at least with patience, the ridicule which everywhere attaches itself to poverty."

"You do yourself injustice, Master of Ravenswood, on my word of honour," answered his elder guest. "I believe I know more of your affairs than you do yourself, and I hope to show to you that I am interested in them; and that—in short, that your prospects are better than you apprehend. In the meantime, I can conceive nothing so respectable as the spirit which rises above misfortune, and prefers honourable privation to debt or dependence."

Whether from fear of offending the delicacy or awakening the pride of the master, the Lord Keeper made these allusions with an appearance of fearful and hesitating reserve, and seemed to be afraid that he was intruding too far in venturing to touch, however lightly, upon such a topic, even when the master had led to it. It was no wonder the Master of Ravenswood, little acquainted as he then was with life, should have given the consummate courtier credit for more sincerity than was probably to be found in a score of his cast.

Lockhard had his master's orders to bring some venison from the inn, and Caleb was to trust to his wits for the honour of his family. The master, indeed, a second time held out his purse; but, as it was in sight of the strange servant, the butler thought himself obliged to decline what his fingers itched to clutch. "Couldna he hae slippit it gently into my hand?" said Caleb—"but his honour will never learn how to bear himsell in siccan cases."

* * * * *

The village which they now approached had frequently afforded the distressed butler resources upon similar emergencies; but his relations with it had been of late much altered.

Willing to shake himself from his companion as soon as possible, he directed Mr. Lockhard to Lukie Sma'trash's change-house, where a din, proceeding from the revels of Bucklaw, Craigengelt, and their party, sounded half-way down the street, while the red glare from the window overpowered the grey twilight which was now settling down, and glimmered against a parcel of old tubs, kegs, and barrels, piled up in the cooper's yard, on the other side of the way.

"If you, Mr. Lockhard," said the old butler to his companion, "will be pleased to step to the change-house where that light comes from, and where, as I judge, they are now singing 'Cauld Kail in Aberdeen,' ye may do your master's errand about the venison, and I will do mine about Bucklaw's bed, as I return frae getting the rest of the vivers. It's no that the venison is actually needfu'," he added, detaining his colleague by the button, "to make up tho dinner; but, as a compliment to the hunters, ye ken—and, Mr. Lockhard, if they offer ye a drink o' yill, or a cup o' wine, or a glass o' brandy, ye'll be a wise man to take it, in case the thunner should hae soured ours at the castle, whilk is ower muckle to be dreaded."

Turning at once upon his heel, Caleb walked hastily back to the cooper's house, lifted the latch without ceremony, and, in a moment, found himself behind the *hallan*, or partition, from which position he could, himself unseen, reconnoitre the interior of the *but*, or kitchen apartment, of the mansion.

Reverse of the sad menage at the Castle of Wolf's Crag, a bickering fire roared up tho cooper's chimney. His wife on the one side, in her pearlings and pudding sleeves, put the last finishing touch to her holiday's apparel, while she contemplated a very handsome and good-humoured face in a broken mirror, raised upon the *bink* (the shelves on which the plates are disposed) for her special accommodation. Her mother, old Luckie Loup-the-Dyke, "a canty carline" as was within twenty miles of her, according to the unanimous report of the gossips, sat in the full glory of a grogram gown, lammer beads, and a clean cockernony, whiffing a snug pipe of tobacco, and superintending the affairs of the kitchen. For—sight more interesting to the anxious heart and craving entrails of the desponding seneschal, than either buxom dame or canty cummer—there bubbled on the aforesaid bickering fire a huge pot, or rather cauldron, steaming with beef and brewis; while before it revolved two spits, turned each by one of the cooper's apprentices, seated in the opposite corners of the chimney; the one loaded with a quarter of mutton, while the other was graced with a fat goose and a brace of wild ducks. The sight and scent of such a land of plenty almost wholly overcame the drooping spirits of Caleb. He turned, for a moment's space, to reconnoitre the *ben*, or parlour end of the house, and there saw a sight scarce less affecting to his feelings: a large round table, covered for ten or twelve persons, *decored* (according to his own favourite term) with *napery* as white as snow; grand flagons of pewter, intermixed with one or two silver cups, containing, as was probable, something worthy the brilliancy of their outward appearance; clean trenchers, cutty spoons, knives and forks, sharp, burnished, and prompt for action, which lay all displayed as for an especial festival.

"The deil's in the peddling tub-coopering carle!" muttered Caleb, in all the envy of astonishment; "it's a shame to see tho like o' them gusting their gabs at sic a rate. But if some o' that gude cheer does not find its way to Wolf's Crag this night, my name is not Caleb Balderstone."

So resolving, he entered the apartment, and, in all courteous greeting, saluted both the mother and the daughter. Wolf's Crag was the court of the barony, Caleb prime minister at Wolf's Crag; and it has ever been remarked, that though the masculine subject who pays the taxes sometimes growls at the courtiers by whom they are imposed, the said courtiers continue, nevertheless, welcome to the fair sex, to whom they furnish the newest small-talk and the earliest fashions. Both the dames were, therefore, at once about old Caleb's neck, setting up their throats together by way of welcome.

"Ay, sirs, Mr. Balderstone, and is this you? A sight of you is gude for sair een. Sit down—sit down; the gudeman will be blithe to see you—ye nar saw him sae cadgy in your life; but we are to christen our bit wean the night, as ye will hae heard, and doubtless ye will stay and see the ordinance. We hae killed a wether, and ane o' our lads has been out wi' his gun at the moss—ye used to like wild-fowl."

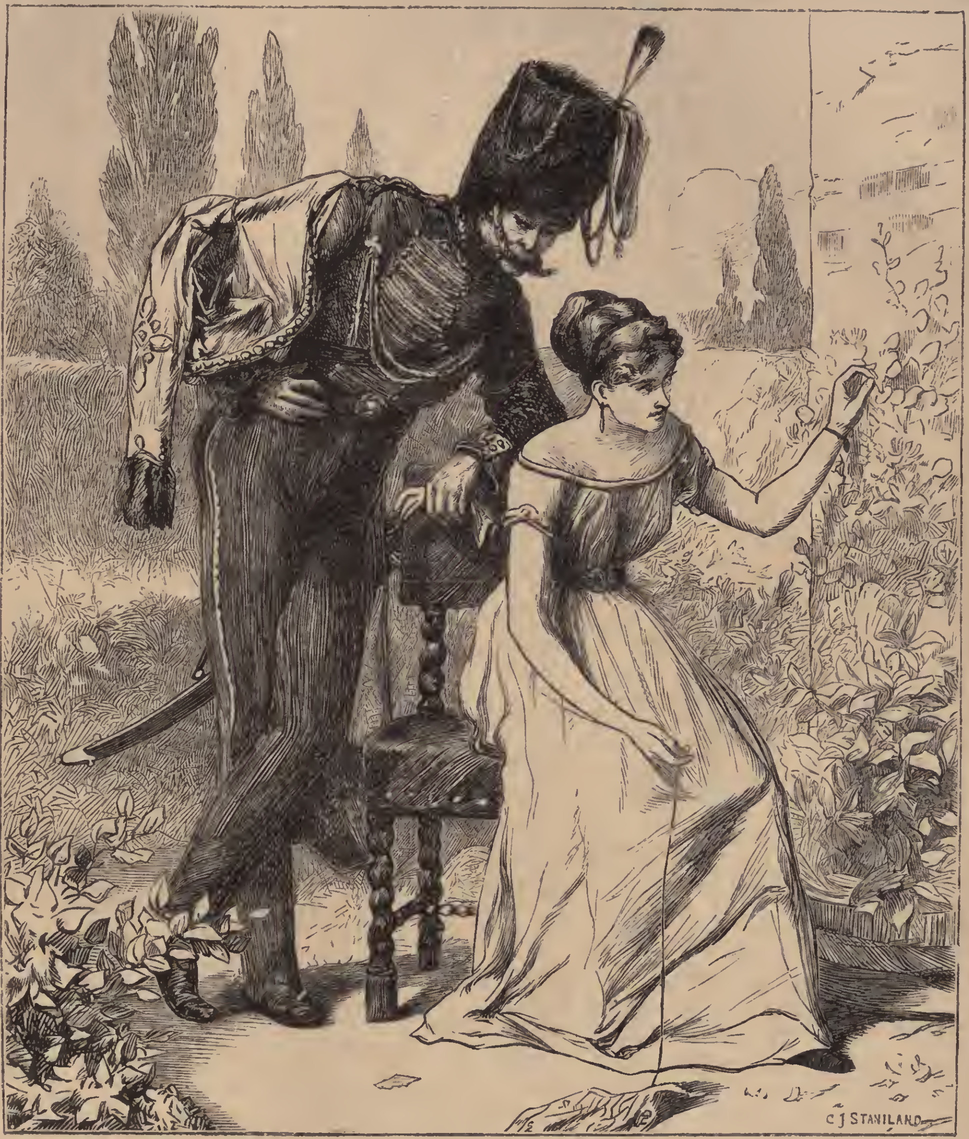
"Na—na, gudewife," said Caleb; "I just keekit in to wish ye joy, and I wad be glad to hae spoken wi' the gudeman, but——" moving, as if to go away.

"The ne'er a fit ye's gang," said the elder dame, laughing and holding him fast, with a freedom which belonged to their old acquaintance; "wha kens what ill it may bring to the bairn, if ye ower-look it in that gate?"

"But I'm in a preceese hurry, gudewife," said the butler, suffering himself to be dragged to a seat without much resistance; "and as to eating" —for he observed the mistress of the dwelling bustling about to place a trencher for him—"as for eating—lack-a-day, we are just killed up yonder wi' eating frae morning to night. It's shamefu' epicurism; but that's what we hae gotten frae tho English pock-puddings."

"Hout! never mind the English pock-puddings," said Luckie Lightbody; "try our puddings, Mr. Balderstone—there is black pudding and whitehass—try whilk ye like best."

"Baith gude—baith excellent—canna be better;



(*Drawn by* C. J. STANILAND.)

YOUNG JESSICA.

(*See Page* 398.)

but the very smell is eneugh for me that hae dined sae lately (the faithful wretch had fasted since daybreak). But I wadna afront your housewifeskep, gudewife; and, with your permission, I'se e'en pit them in my napkin, and eat them to my supper at e'en, for I am wearied of Mysie's pastry and nonsense—ye ken landward dainties aye please me best, Marion—and landward lasses too—(looking at the cooper's wife). Ne'er a bit but she looks far better than when she married Gilbert, and then she was the bonniest lass in our parochine, and the neest till't. But gawsie cow, goodly calf."

The women smiled at the compliment, each to herself, and they smiled again to each other as Caleb wrapped up the puddings in a towel which he had brought with him, as a dragoon carries his foraging bag to receive what may fall in his way.

"Where's the gudeman?" asked Caleb.

"Awa to fetch the minister," said Mrs. Girder, "precious Mr. Peter Bide-the-Bent, frae the Moss-head. The honest man has the rheumatism wi' lying in the hills in the persecution."

"Ay!—a whig and a mountain-man—nae less?" said Caleb, with a peevishness he could not suppress; "I hae seen the day, Luckie, when worthy Mr. Cuffcushion and the service-book would hae served your turn (to the elder dame), or ony honest woman in like circumstances."

"And that's true too," said Mrs. Lightbody; "but what can a body do? Jean maun baith sing her psalms and busk her cockernony the gate the gudeman likes, and nae ither gate; for he's maister and mair at hame, I can tell ye, Mr. Balderstone."

"Ay, ay, and does he guide the gear too?" said Caleb, to whose projects masculine rule boded little good.

"Ilka penny on't; but he'll dress her as dink as a daisy, as ye see; sae she has little reason to complain—where there's ane better aff there's ten waur."

"Aweel, gudewife," said Caleb, crest-fallen, but not beaten off, "that wasna the way ye guided your gudeman; but ilka land has its ain lauch. I maun be ganging. I just wanted to round in the gudeman's lug, that I heard them say up by yonder, that Peter Puncheon, that was cooper to the Queen's stores at the Timmer Burse at Leith, is dead; sae I thought that maybe a word frae my lord to the Lord Keeper might hae served Gilbert; but since he's frae hame——"

"Oh, but ye maun stay his hame-coming," said the dame. "I aye telled the gudeman ye meant weel to him; but he taks the tout at every bit lippening word."

"Aweel, I'll stay the last minute I can."

"And so," said the handsome young spouse of Mr. Girder, "ye think this Miss Ashton is weel-favoured?—troth, and sae should she, to set up for our young lord, with a face, and a hand, and a seat on his horse that might become a king's son. D'ye ken that he aye glowers up at my window, Mr. Balderstone, when he chaunces to ride thro' the town; sae I hae a right to ken what like he is, as weel as onybody."

"I ken that brawly," said Caleb, "for I hae heard his lordship say the cooper's wife had the blackest ee in the barony; and I said, 'Weel may that be, my lord, for it was her mither's afore her,' as I ken to my cost—eh, Marion? Ha, ha, ha!—Ah! these were merry days!"

"Hout awa, auld carle," said the old dame, "to speak sic daffing to young folk. But, Jean—fie, woman, dinna ye hear the bairn greet? I'se warrant it's that dreary weid has come ower't again."

Up got mother and grandmother, and scoured away, jostling each other as they ran, into some remote corner of the tenement, where the young hero of the evening was deposited. When Caleb saw the coast fairly clear, he took an invigorating pinch of snuff, to sharpen and confirm his resolution.

"Cauld be my cast," thought he, "if either Bide-the-Bent or Girder taste that broche of wild-fowl this evening;" and then, addressing the eldest turnspit, a boy of about eleven years old, and putting a penny into his hand, he said, "Here is twal pennies, my man; carry that ower to Mrs. Sma'trash, and bid her fill my mill wi' snishing, and I'll turn the broche for ye in the meantime, and she will gie ye a gingerbread snap for your pains."

No sooner was the elder boy departed on this mission, than Caleb, looking the remaining turnspit gravely and steadily in the face, removed from the fire the spit bearing the wild-fowl of which he had undertaken the charge, clapped his hat on his head, and fairly marched off with it.

YOUNG JESSICA.

[Thomas Moore. *See Page 92.*]

Young Jessica sat all the day
  In love-dreams languishingly pining;
Her needle bright neglected lay,
  Like truant genius idly shining.
Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
  That love and mischief are most nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
  Of Cupid is Minerva's thimble.

A child, who with a magnet played,
  And knew its winning ways so wily,
The magnet near the needle laid,
  And laughing, said, "We'll steal it slily."
The needle, having naught to do,
  Was pleased to let the magnet wheedle,
Till closer still the tempter drew,
  And off, at length, eloped the needle.

Now, had this needle turned its eye
  To some gay reticule's construction,
It ne'er had strayed from duty's tie,
  Nor felt a magnet's sly seduction.
Girls, would you keep tranquil hearts,
  Your snowy fingers must be nimble;
The safest shield against the darts
  Of Cupid is Minerva's thimble.

BACON'S TRIAL.*

[Lord Macaulay. *See Page* 129.]

On the 19th of March the King sent a message to the Commons, expressing his deep regret that so eminent a person as the Chancellor should be suspected of misconduct. His Majesty declared that he had no wish to screen the guilty from justice, and proposed to appoint a new kind of tribunal, consisting of eighteen commissioners, who might be chosen from among the members of the two Houses, to investigate the matter. The Commons were not disposed to depart from their regular course of proceeding. On the same day they held a conference with the Lords, and delivered in the heads of the accusation against the Chancellor. At this conference Bacon was not present. Overwhelmed with shame and remorse, and abandoned by all those in whom he had weakly put his trust, he had shut himself up in his chamber from the eyes of men. The dejection of his mind soon disordered his body. Buckingham, who visited him by the king's order, "found his lordship very sick and heavy." It appears from a pathetic letter which the unhappy man addressed to the Peers on the day of the conference, that he neither expected nor wished to survive his disgrace. During several days he remained in his bed, refusing to see any human being. He passionately told his attendants to leave him, to forget him, never again to name his name, never to remember that there had been such a man in the world. In the meantime, fresh instances of corruption were every day brought to the knowledge of his accusers. The number of charges rapidly increased from two to twenty-three. The Lords entered on the investigation of the case with laudable alacrity. Some witnesses were examined at the bar of the House. A select committee was appointed to take the depositions of others; and the inquiry was rapidly proceeding, when, on the 26th of March, the king adjourned the Parliament for three weeks.

This measure revived Bacon's hopes. He made the most of his short respite. He attempted to work on the feeble mind of the king. He appealed to all the strongest feelings of James, to his fears, to his vanity, to his high notions of prerogative. Would the Solomon of the age commit so gross an error as to encourage the encroaching spirit of Parliaments? Would God's anointed, accountable to God alone, pay homage to the clamorous multitude? "Those," exclaimed Bacon, "who now strike at the Chancellor will soon strike at the Crown. I am the first sacrifice. I wish I may be the last." But all his eloquence and address were employed in vain. Indeed, whatever Mr. Montagu may say, we are firmly convinced that it was not in the king's power to save Bacon, without having recourse to measures which would have convulsed the realm. The Crown had not sufficient influence over the Parliament to procure an acquittal in so clear a case of guilt. And to dissolve a Parliament which is universally allowed to have been one of the best Parliaments that ever sat, which had acted liberally and respectfully towards the sovereign, and which enjoyed in the highest degree the favour of the people, only in order to stop a grave, temperate, and constitutional inquiry into the personal integrity of the first judge in the kingdom, would have been a measure more scandalous and absurd than any of those which were the ruin of the house of Stuart. Such a measure, while it would have been as fatal to the Chancellor's honour as a conviction, would have endangered the very existence of the monarchy. The king, acting by the advice of Williams, very properly refused to engage in a dangerous struggle with his people, for the purpose of saving from legal condemnation a minister whom it was impossible to save from dishonour. He advised Bacon to plead guilty, and promised to do all in his power to mitigate the punishment. Mr. Montagu is exceedingly angry with James on this account. But though we are, in general, very little inclined to admire that prince's conduct, we really think that this advice was, under all the circumstances, the best advice that could have been given.

On the 17th of April the Houses re-assembled, and the Lords resumed their inquiries into the abuses of the Court of Chancery. On the 22nd, Bacon addressed to the Peers a letter, which the Prince of Wales condescended to deliver. In this artful and pathetic composition, the Chancellor acknowledged his guilt in guarded and general terms, and, while acknowledging, endeavoured to palliate it. This, however, was not thought sufficient by his judges. They required a more particular confession, and sent him a copy of the charges. On the 30th, he delivered a paper in which he admitted, with few and unimportant reservations, the truth of the accusations brought against him, and threw himself entirely on the mercy of his peers. "Upon advised consideration of the charges," said he, "descending into my own conscience, and calling my memory to account so far as I am able, I do plainly and ingenuously confess that I am guilty of corruption, and do renounce all defence."

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* By kind permission of Messrs. Longman and Co.

The Lords came to a resolution that the Chancellor's confession appeared to be full and ingenuous, and sent a committee to inquire of him whether it was really subscribed by himself. The deputies, among whom was Southampton, the common friend, many years before, of Bacon and Essex, performed their duty with great delicacy. Indeed, the agonies of such a mind and the degradation of such a name might well have softened the most obdurate natures. "My lords," said Bacon, "it is my act, my hand, my heart. I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed." They withdrew; and he again retired to his chamber in the deepest dejection. The next day, the sergeant-at-arms and the usher of the House of Lords came to conduct him to Westminster Hall, where sentence was to be pronounced. But they found him so unwell that he could not leave his bed; and this excuse for his absence was readily accepted. In no quarter does there appear to have been any desire to add to his humiliation.

The sentence was, however, severe, the more severe, no doubt, because the Lords knew it would not be executed, and that they had an excellent opportunity of exhibiting, at small cost, the inflexibility of their justice, and their abhorrence of corruption. Bacon was condemned to pay a fine of £40,000, and to be imprisoned in the Tower during the king's pleasure. He was declared incapable of holding any office in the State or of sitting in Parliament; and he was banished for life from the verge of the court. In such misery and shame ended that long career of worldly wisdom and worldly prosperity.

MY CHILD.

[John Pierpoint. Born at Lichfield, Conn., U.S., April 6, 1785. Educated at Yale College. Began life at the Bar; but became subsequently a merchant; afterwards a minister of the Unitarian Church.]

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlour floor,
And through the open door
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair:
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me that he is not there!

I tread the crowded street:
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and coloured hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid,
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair:
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched o'er with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that he is not there!

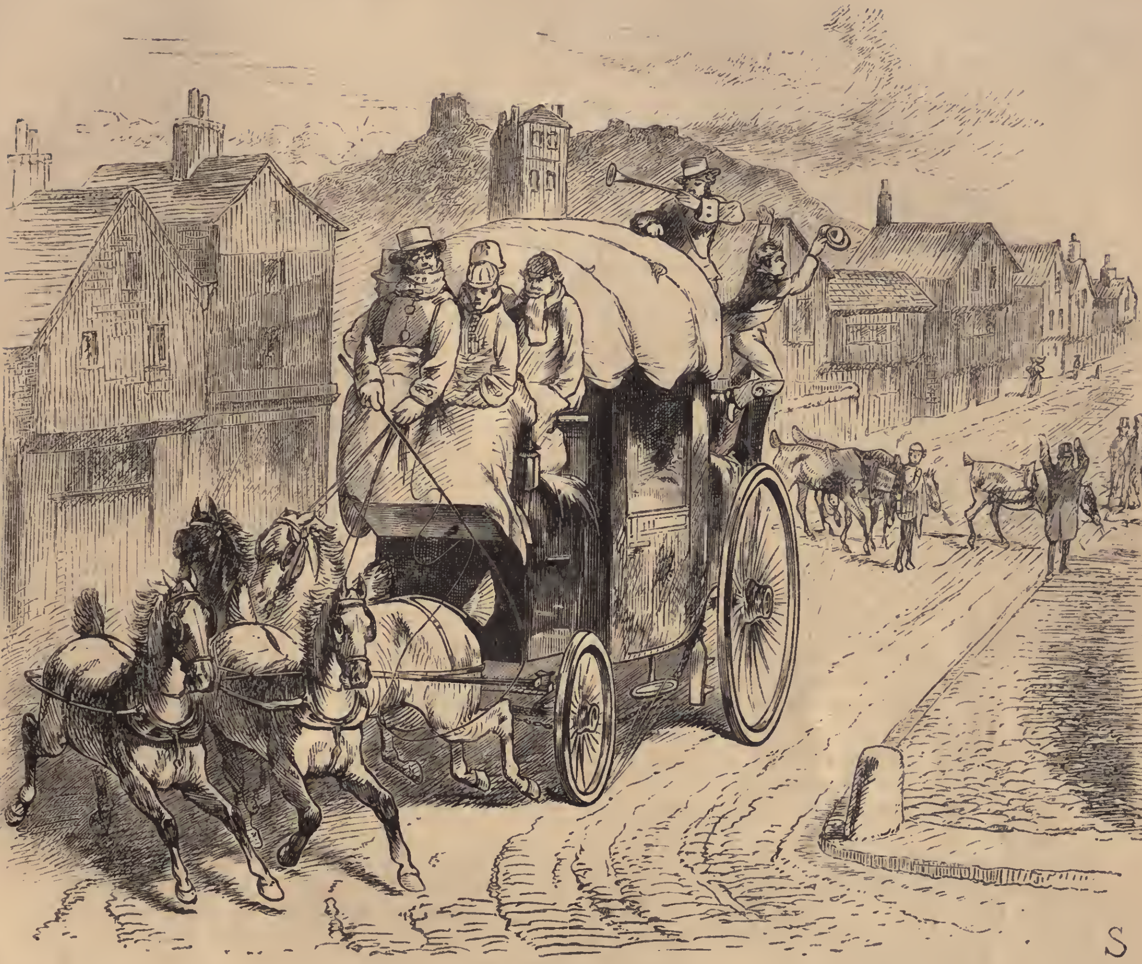
When, at the cool, grey break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air,
My soul goes up with joy
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that he is not there!

When, at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though he is not there!

Not there! Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked—he is not there!

He lives! In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair:
In dream, I see him now;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit-land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that he is there!



(*Drawn by* H. Sandercock.)

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS.*

[Thomas Hughes. *See Page* 100.]

"Now, sir, time to get up, if you please. Tally-ho, coach for Leicester 'll be round in half-an-hour, and don't wait for nobody." So spake the Boots of the "Peacock Inn," Islington, at half-past two o'clock on the morning of a day in the early part of November, 183—, giving Tom at the same time a shake by the shoulder, and then putting down a candle and carrying off his shoes to clean.

Tom and his father had arrived in town from Berkshire the day before, and finding, on inquiry, that the Birmingham coaches which ran from the city did not pass through Rugby, but deposited their passengers at Dunchurch, a village three miles distant on the main road, where said passengers had to wait for the Oxford and Leicester coach in the evening, or to take a post-chaise—had resolved that Tom should travel down by the Tally-ho, which diverged from the main road and passed through Rugby itself. And as the Tally-ho was an early coach, they had driven out to the "Peacock" to be on the road.

Tom had never been in London, and would have liked to have stopped at the "Belle Savage," where they had been put down by the Star, just at dusk, that he might have gone roving about those endless, mysterious, gas-lit streets, which, with their glare and hum and moving crowds, excited him so that he couldn't talk even. But as soon as he found that the "Peacock" arrangement would get him to Rugby by twelve o'clock in the day, whereas otherwise he wouldn't be there till the evening, all other plans melted away; his one absorbing aim being to become a public schoolboy as fast as possible, and six hours sooner or later seeming to him of the most alarming importance.

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* By kind permission of the Author.

Tom and his father had alighted at the "Peacock," at about seven in the evening; and having heard with unfeigned joy the paternal order at the bar, of steaks and oyster-sauce for supper in half-an-hour, and seen his father seated cosily by the bright fire in the coffee-room with the paper in his hand—Tom had run out to see about him, had wondered at all the vehicles passing and repassing, and had fraternised with the Boots and ostler, from whom he ascertained that the Tally-ho was a tip-top goer, ten miles an hour including stoppages, and so punctual that all the road set their clocks by her.

Then, being summoned to supper, he had regaled himself in one of the bright little boxes of the "Peacock" coffee-room on the beef-steak and unlimited oyster-sauce, and brown stout (tasted then for the first time—a day to be marked for ever by Tom with a white stone); had at first attended to the excellent advice which his father was bestowing on him from over his glass of steaming brandy and water, and then begun nodding, from the united effects of the stout, the fire, and the lecture. Till the squire observing Tom's state, and remembering that it was nearly nine o'clock, and that the Tally-ho left at three, sent the little fellow off to the chambermaid, with a shake of the hand (Tom having stipulated in the morning before starting, that kissing should now cease between them) and a few parting words.

"And now, Tom, my boy," said the squire, "remember you are going, at your own earnest request, to be chucked into this great school, like a young bear, with all your troubles before you—earlier than we should have sent you, perhaps. If schools are what they were in my time, you'll see a great many cruel blackguard things done, and hear a deal of foul bad talk. But never fear. You tell the truth, keep a brave and kind heart, and never listen to or say anything you wouldn't have your mother and sister hear, and you'll never feel ashamed to come home, or we to see you."

The allusion to his mother made Tom feel rather chokey, and he would have liked to have hugged his father well, if it hadn't been for the recent stipulation.

As it was, he only squeezed his father's hand, and looked bravely up and said, "I'll try, father."

"I know you will, my boy. Is your money all safe?"

"Yes," said Tom, diving into one pocket to make sure.

"And your keys?" said the squire.

"All right," said Tom, diving into the other pocket.

"Well then, good night. God bless you! I'll tell Boots to call you, and be up to see you off."

Tom was carried off by the chambermaid in a brown study, from which he was roused in a clean little attic, by that buxom person calling him a little darling, and kissing him as she left the room; which indignity he was too much surprised to resent. And still thinking of his father's last words, and the look with which they were spoken, he knelt down and prayed that, come what might, he might never bring shame and sorrow on the dear folk at home.

Indeed, the squire's last words deserved to have their effect, for they had been the result of much anxious thought. All the way up to London he had pondered what he should say to Tom by way of parting advice; something that the boy could keep in his head ready for use. By way of assisting meditation, he had even gone the length of taking out his flint and steel, and tinder, and hammering away for a quarter of an hour till he had manufactured a light for a long Trichinopoli cheroot, which he silently puffed; to the no small wonder of Coachee, who was an old friend, and an institution on the Bath road; and who always expected to talk on the prospects and doings, agricultural and social, of the whole county when he carried the squire.

To condense the squire's meditation, it was somewhat as follows: "I won't tell him to read his Bible, and love and serve God; if he don't do that for his mother's sake and teaching, he won't for mine. Shall I go into the sort of temptations he'll meet with? No, I can't do that. Never do for an old fellow to go into such things with a boy. He won't understand me. Do him more harm than good, ten to one. Shall I tell him to mind his work, and say he's sent to school to make himself a good scholar? Well, but he isn't sent to school for that—at any rate, not for that mainly. I don't care a straw for Greek particles, or the digamma, no more does his mother. What is he sent to school for? Well, partly because he wanted so to go. If he'll only turn out a brave, helpful, truth-telling Englishman, and a gentleman, and a Christian, that's all I want," thought the squire; and upon this view of the case framed his last words of advice to Tom, which were well enough suited to his purpose.

For they were Tom's first thoughts as he tumbled out of bed at the summons of Boots, and proceeded rapidly to wash and dress himself. At ten minutes to three he was down in the coffee-room in his stockings, carrying his hat-box, coat, and comforter in his hand; and there he found his father nursing a bright fire, and a cup of hot coffee and a hard biscuit on the table.

"Now then, Tom, give us your things here, and drink this; there's nothing like starting warm, old fellow."

Tom addressed himself to the coffee, and prattled away while he worked himself into his shoes and his great-coat, well warmed through; a Petersham coat with velvet collar, made tight after the abominable fashion of those days. And just as he is swallowing his last mouthful, winding his comforter round his throat, and tucking the ends into the breast of his coat, the horn sounds. Boots looks in and says, "Tally-ho, sir;" and they hear the ring and the rattle of the four fast trotters and the town-made drag, as it dashes up to the "Peacock."

"Anything for us, Bob?" says the burly guard, dropping down from behind, and slapping himself across the chest.

"Young genl'm'n, Rugby; three parcels, Leicester; hamper o' game, Rugby," answers ostler.

"Tell young gent to look alive," says guard, opening the hind-boot and shooting in the parcels, after examining them by the lamps. "Here, shove the portmanteau up a-top—I'll fasten him presently. Now then, sir, jump up behind."

"Good-bye, father—my love at home." A last shake of the hand. Up goes Tom, the guard catching his hat-box and holding on with one hand, while with the other he claps the horn to his mouth. Toot, toot, toot! the ostlers let go their heads, the four bays plunge at the collar, and away goes the Tally-ho into the darkness, forty-five seconds from the time they pulled up; ostler, Boots, and the squire stand looking after them under the "Peacock" lamp.

"Sharp work!" says the squire, and goes in again to his bed, the coach being well out of sight and hearing.

Tom stands up on the coach and looks back at his father's figure as long as he can see it, and then the guard, having disposed of his luggage, comes to an anchor, and finishes his buttonings and other preparations for facing the three hours before dawn; no joke for those who minded cold, on a fast coach in November, in the reign of his late majesty.

I sometimes think that you boys of this generation are a deal tenderer fellows than we used to be. At any rate, you're much more comfortable travellers, for I see every one of you with his rug or plaid, and other dodges for preserving the caloric, and most of you going in those fuzzy, dusty, padded first-class carriages. It was another affair altogether, a dark ride on the top of the Tally-ho, I can tell you, in a tight Petersham coat, and your feet dangling six inches from the floor. Then you knew what cold was, and what it was to be without legs, for not a bit of feeling had you in them after the first half-hour. But it had its pleasures, the old dark ride. First, there was the consciousness of silent endurance, so dear to every Englishman—of standing out against something, and not giving in. Then there was the music of the rattling harness, and the ring of the horses' feet on the hard road, and the glare of the two bright lamps through the steaming hoar-frost, over the leaders' ears, into the darkness; and the cheery toot of the guard's horn, to warn some drowsy pikeman or the ostler at the next change; and the looking forward to daylight—and last but not least, the delight of returning sensation in your toes.

Then the break of dawn and the sunrise, where can they be ever seen in perfection but from a coach roof? You want motion and change and music to see them in their glory; not the music of singing-men and singing-women, but good silent music, which sets itself in your own head, the accompaniment of work and getting over the ground.

THE PROUD MISS MACBRIDE.

[JOHN GODFREY SAXE. *See Page* 78.]

Oh, terribly proud was Miss MacBride,
The very personification of pride,
As she minced along, in fashion's tide,
Adown Broadway—on the proper side—
  When the golden sun was setting;
There was pride in the head she carried so high,
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye;
And a world of pride in the very sigh
  That her stately bosom was fretting:

A sigh that a pair of elegant feet,
Sandalled in satin, should kiss the street—
The very same that the vulgar greet
In common leather, not over "neat"—
  For such is the common footing;
(And Christian tears may well be shed,
That, even among our gentlemen-bred,
The glorious Dey of Morocco is dead,
And Day and Martin are reigning instead,
  On much inferior footing).

Oh, terribly proud was Miss MacBride—
Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride,
And proud of fifty matters beside,
  That wouldn't have borne dissection;
Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,
Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,
Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk"
  On a very slight inspection;

Proud abroad, and proud at home,
Proud wherever she chanced to come—
When she was glad, and when she was glum;
Proud as the head of a Saracen
Over the door of a tippling-shop;
Proud as a duchess, proud as a fop,
"Proud as a boy with a bran-new top"—
Proud beyond comparison.

It seems a singular thing to say,
But her very senses led her astray
Respecting all humility;
In sooth, her dull, auricular drum
Could find in humble only a "hum,"
And heard no sound of "gentle" come
In talking about gentility.

What lowly meant she didn't know,
For she always avoided "everything low,"
With care the most punctilious;
And, queerer still, the audible sound
Of "super-silly" she never had found
In the adjective supercilious.

The meaning of *meek* she never knew,
But imagined the phrase had something to do
With "Moses," a German Jew,
Who, like all hawkers, the country through,
Was "a person of no position;"
And it seemed to her exceedingly plain,
If the word was really known to pertain
To a vulgar German, it wasn't germane
To a lady of high condition.

Even her graces—not her grace,
For that was in the "vocative case—"
Chilled with the touch of her icy face,
Sat very stiffly upon her.
She never confessed a favour aloud,
Like one of the simple, common crowd,
But coldly smiled, and faintly bowed,
As who should say, "You do me proud,
And do yourself an honour!"

And yet the pride of Miss MacBride,
Although it had fifty hobbies to ride,
Had really no foundation;
But, like the fabrics that gossips devise—
Those single stories that often arise
And grow till they reach a four-story size—
Was merely a fancy creation!

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known
In human nature, but often shown
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on "feed"
As poor as a pauper's pottage!

That her wit should never have made her vain
Was—like her face—sufficiently plain,
And as to her musical powers,
Although she sang until she was hoarse,
And issued notes with a banker's force,
They are just such notes as we never endorse
For any acquaintance of ours!

Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high—
For Miss MacBride first opened her eye
Through a skylight dim, on the light of the sky;
But—pride is a curious passion,
And in talking about her wealth and worth,
She always forgot to mention her birth
To people of rank and fashion!

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth
Among our "fierce democracy!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten peers—
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

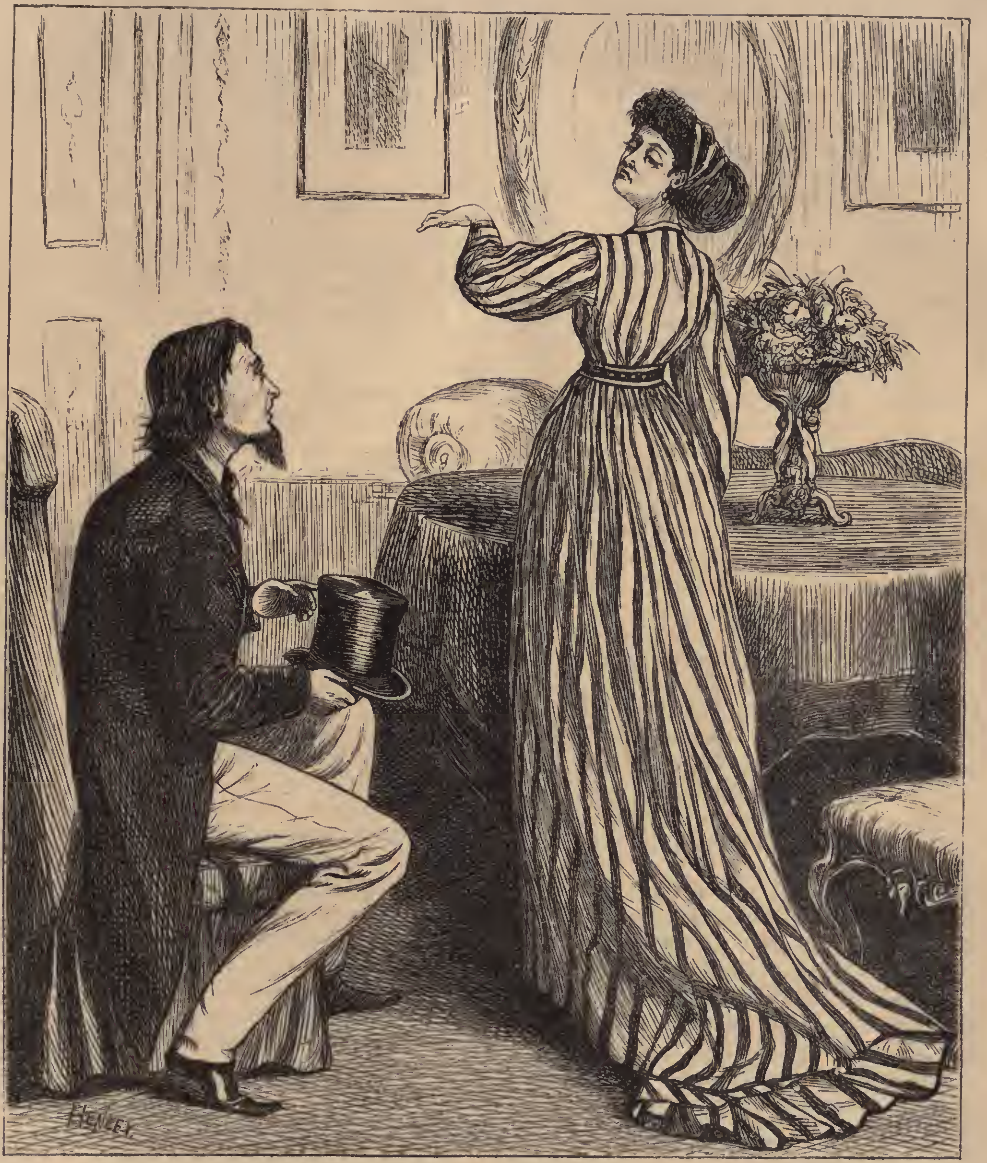
English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch, and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration.
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No Heraldry-Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the farther end,
By some plebeian vocation;
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation!

Alack for many ambitious beaux,
She hung their hopes upon her nose—
The figure is quite Horatian!—
Until, from habit, the member grew
As very a hook as ever eye knew,
To the commonest observation.

A thriving tailor begged her hand,
But she gave "the fellow" to understand,
By a violent manual action,
She perfectly scorned the best of his clan,
And reckoned the ninth of any man
An exceedingly vulgar fraction!

Another, whose sign was a golden boot,
Was mortified with a bootless suit,
In a way that was quite appalling;
For, though a regular sutor by trade,
He wasn't a suitor to suit the maid;
Who cut him off with a saw—and bade
"The cobbler keep to his calling!"



(*Drawn by* L. C. HENLEY.)

(The muse must let a secret out:
There isn't the faintest shadow of doubt
That folks who oftenest sneer and flout
At "the dirty low mechanicals,"
Are they whose sires, by pounding their knees
Or coiling their legs at trades like these,
Contribute to win their children ease
From poverty's galling manacles.)

But Miss MacBride had something beside
Her lofty birth to nourish her pride—
For rich was the old paternal Macbride
According to public rumour;
And he lived "up town" in a splendid square,
And kept his daughter on dainty fare,
And gave her gems that were rich and rare,
And the finest rings and things to wear,
And feathers enough to plume her.

An honest mechanic was John MacBride,
As ever an honest calling plied,
Or graced an honest ditty;
For John had worked in his early day
In "pots and pearls," the legends say—
And kept a shop with a rich array

Of things in the soap and candle way,
  In the lower part of the city!

No "*rara avis*" was honest John—
That's the Latin for "*sable swan*"—
  Though in one of his fancy flashes,
A wicked wag, who meant to deride,
Called honest John "Old Phœnix MacBride,"
  "Because he rose from his ashes!"

Little by little he grew to be rich,
By saving of candle-ends and "sich,"
Till he reached at last an opulent niche—
  No very uncommon affair;
For history quite confirms the law,
Expressed in the ancient Scottish saw,
  A mickle may come to be may'r.

A rich tobacconist comes and sues,
And, thinking the lady would scarce refuse
A man of his wealth and liberal views,
Began at once with "If you choose—
  And could you really love him."
But the lady spoiled his speech in a huff,
With an answer rough and ready enough,
To let him know she was up to snuff,
  And altogether above him.

A young attorney of winning grace
Was scarce allowed to "open his face,"
Ere Miss MacBride had closed his case
  With true judicial celerity.
For the lawyer was poor and "seedy" to boot;
And to say the lady discarded his suit,
  Is merely a double verity.

The last of those who came to court,
Was a lively beau of the dapper sort,
"Without any visible means of support"—
  A crime by no means flagrant
In one who wears an elegant coat,
But the very point on which they vote
  A ragged fellow "a vagrant."

A courtly fellow was dapper Jim—
Sleek and supple, and tall and trim,
And smooth of tongue as neat of limb;
  And, maugre his meagre pocket,
You'd say, from the glittering tales he told,
That Jim had slept in a cradle of gold,
  With Fortunatus to rock it.

Now dapper Jim his courtship plied
(I wish the fact could be denied)
With an eye to the purse of old MacBride,
  And really "nothing shorter."
For he said to himself, in his greedy lust,
"Whenever he dies—as die he must—
And yields to Heaven his vital trust,
He's very sure to 'come down with his dust'
  In behalf of his only daughter."

And the very magnificent Miss MacBride,
Half in love, and half in pride,
  Quite graciously relented;
And tossing her head, and turning her back,
In token of proper pride to tack—
To be a Bride without the "Mac,"
  With much disdain, consented.

Alas! that people who've got their box
Of cash beneath the best of locks,
Secure from all financial shocks,
Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks,
And madly rush upon Wall Street rocks,
  Without the least apology.
Alas! that people whose money-affairs
Are sound beyond all need of repairs,
Should ever tempt the bulls and bears
  Of Mammon's fierce zoology.

Old John MacBride, one fatal day,
Became the unresisting prey
  Of Fortune's undertakers;
And staking all on a single die,
His foundered bark went high and dry
  Among the brokers and breakers.

At his trade again, in the very shop
Where, years before, he let it drop,
  He follows his ancient calling—
Cheerily, too, in poverty's spite,
And sleeping quite as sound at night
As when, at fortune's giddy height,
He used to wake with a dizzy fright,
  From a dismal dream of falling.

But alas! for the haughty Miss MacBride—
'Twas such a shock to her precious pride,
She couldn't recover, although she tried
  Her jaded spirits to rally.
'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,
From a Place "up town" to a nook "up-stairs,"
  From an avenue down to an alley.

'Twas little condolence she had, God wot,
From her "troops of friends," who hadn't forgot
  The airs she used to borrow;
They had civil phrases enough, but yet
'Twas plain to see that their "deepest regret"
  Was a different thing from sorrow.

They owned it couldn't have well been worse,
To go from a full to an empty purse,
To expect a "reversion," and get a reverse,
  Was truly a dismal feature;
But wasn't strange, they whispered, at all!
That the summer of pride should have its fall
  Was truly according to Nature!

And one of those chaps who make a pun,
As if it were quite a legitimate fun

To be blazing away at every one
With a regular double-loaded gun,
  Remarked that moral transgression
Always brings retributive stings
To candle-makers as well as kings,
For "making light of cereous things"
  Was a very wick-ed profession.

And vulgar people—the saucy churls—
Inquired about "the price of pearls,"
  And mocked at her situation:
"She wasn't ruined," they ventured to hope;
"Because she was poor, she needn't mope—
Few people were better off for soap—
  And there was a consolation."

And, to make her cup of woe run over,
Her elegant, ardent, plighted lover
  Was the very first to forsake her.
"He quite regretted the step, 'twas true—
The lady had pride enough for two,
But that alone would never do
  To quiet the butcher and baker."

And now the unhappy Miss MacBride—
The merest ghost of her early pride—
  Bewails her lonely position;
Cramped in the very narrowest niche
Above the poor and below the rich—
  Was ever a worse condition?

MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
  With insolent pride of station.
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes;
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble, that comes—and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
  Is subject to irritation!

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

[Washington Irving. *See Page* 1.]

I HAVE mentioned the squire's fondness for the marvellous, and his predilection for legends and romances. His library contains a curious collection of old works of this kind, which bear evident marks of having been much read. In his great love for all that is antiquated, he cherishes popular superstitions, and listens with very grave attention to every tale, however strange; so that, through his countenance, the household, and, indeed, the whole neighbourhood, is well stocked with wonderful stories; and if ever a doubt is expressed of any one of them, the narrator will generally observe that the "squire thinks there's something in it."

The Hall, of course, comes in for its share, the common people having always a propensity to furnish a great superannuated building of the kind with supernatural inhabitants. The gloomy galleries of such old family mansions, the stately chambers adorned with grotesque carvings and faded paintings, the sounds that vaguely echo about them, the moaning of the wind; the cries of rooks and ravens from the trees and chimney-tops—all produce a state of mind favourable to superstitious fancies.

In one chamber of the Hall, just opposite a door which opens upon a dusky passage, there is a full-length portrait of a warrior in armour. When, on suddenly turning into the passage, I have caught a sight of the portrait, thrown into strong relief by the dark pannelling against which it hangs, I have more than once been startled, as though it were a figure advancing towards me.

To superstitious minds, therefore, predisposed by the strange and melancholy stories that are connected with family paintings, it needs but little stretch of fancy, on a moonlight night, or by the flickering light of a candle, to set the old pictures on the walls in motion, sweeping in their robes and trains about the galleries.

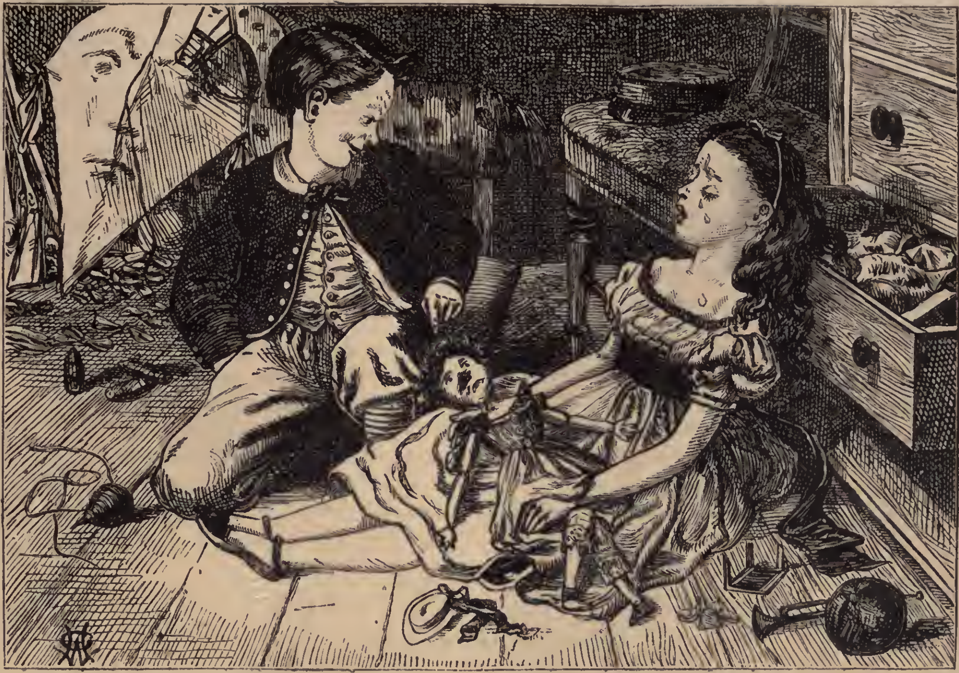
To tell the truth, the squire confessed that he used to take a pleasure in his younger days in setting marvellous stories afloat, and connecting them with the lonely and peculiar places of the neighbourhood. Whenever he read any legend of a striking nature, he endeavoured to transplant it, and give it a local habitation among the scenes of his boyhood. Many of these stories took root, and he says he is often amused with the odd shapes in which they come back to him in some old woman's narrative, after they have been circulating for years among the peasantry, and undergoing rustic additions and amendments. Among these may doubtless be numbered that of the crusader's ghost, which I have mentioned in the account of my Christmas visit; and another about the hard-riding squire of yore, the family Nimrod; who is sometimes heard on stormy winter nights, galloping, with hound and horn, over a wild moor a few miles distant from the Hall. This I apprehend to have had its origin in the famous story of the wild huntsman, the favourite goblin in German tales; though, by-the-bye, as I was talking on the subject with Master Simon the other evening in the dark avenue, he hinted that he had himself once or twice heard odd sounds at night, very like a pack of hounds in cry; and that once, as he was returning rather late from a hunting-dinner, he had seen a strange figure galloping along this same moor; but as he was riding rather fast at the time, and in a hurry to get home, he did not stop to ascertain what it was.

Popular superstitions are fast fading away in England, owing to the general diffusion of knowledge, and the bustling intercourse kept up throughout the country; still they have their strongholds and lingering places, and a retired neighbourhood like this is apt to be one of them. The parson tells me that he meets with many traditional beliefs and notions among the common people, which he has been able to draw from them in the course of familiar conversation, though they are rather shy of avowing them to strangers, and particularly to "the gentry," who are apt to laugh at them. He says there are several of his old parishioners who remember when the village had its bar-guest, or bar-ghost; a spirit supposed to belong to a town or village, and to predict any impending misfortune by midnight shrieks and wailings. The last time it was heard was just before the death of Mr. Bracebridge's father, who was much beloved throughout the neighbourhood; though there are not wanting some obstinate unbelievers, who insisted that it was nothing but the howling of a watch-dog. I have been greatly delighted, however, at meeting with some traces of my old favourite, Robin Goodfellow, though under a different appellation from any of those by which I have heretofore heard him called. The parson assures me that many of the peasantry believe in household goblins, called Dobbies, which live about particular farms and houses, in the same way that Robin Goodfellow did of old.

There is a large, old-fashioned fire-place in the farm-house, which affords fine quarters for a chimney-corner sprite that likes to lie warm; especially as Ready-Money Jack keeps up rousing fires in the winter time. The old people of the village recollect many stories about this goblin that were current in their young days. It was thought to have brought good luck to the house, and to be the reason why the Tibbets were always beforehand in the world, and why their farm was always in better order, their hay got in sooner, and their corn better stacked than that of their neighbours. The present Mrs. Tibbets, at the time of her courtship, had a number of these stories told her by the country gossips; and when married, was a little fearful about living in a house where such a hobgoblin was said to haunt. Jack, however, who has always treated this story with great contempt, assured her that there was no sprite kept about his house that he could not at any time lay in the Red Sea with one flourish of his cudgel. Still his wife has never got completely over her notions on the subject, but has a horse-shoe nailed on the threshold, and keeps a branch of rauntry, or mountain-ash, with its red berries, suspended from one of the great beams in the parlour—a sure protection from all evil spirits.

These fairy superstitions seem to me to accord with the nature of English scenery. They suit these small landscapes, which are divided by honeysuckled hedges into sheltered fields and meadows, where the grass is mingled with daisies, buttercups, and hare-bells. When I first found myself among English scenery, I was continually reminded of the sweet pastoral images which distinguish their fairy mythology; and when for the first time a circle in the grass was pointed out to me as one of the rings where they were formerly supposed to have held their moonlight revels, it appeared for a moment as if fairy-land were no longer a fable.

It seems to me that the older British poets, with that true feeling for nature which distinguishes them, have closely adhered to the simple and familiar imagery which they found in these popular superstitions, and have thus given to their fairy mythology those continual allusions to the farm-house and the dairy, the green meadow and the fountain-head, that fill our minds with the delightful associations of rural life. It is curious to observe how the most delightful fictions have their origin among the rude and ignorant. There is an indescribable charm about the illusions with which chimerical ignorance once clothed every subject. These twilight views of nature are often more captivating than any which are revealed by the rays of enlightened philosophy. The most accomplished and poetical minds, therefore, have been fain to search back into these accidental conceptions of what are termed barbarous ages, and to draw from them their finest imagery and machinery. If we look through our most admired poets, we shall find that their minds have been impregnated by these popular fancies, and that those have succeeded best who have adhered closest to the simplicity of their rustic originals. It is thus that poetry in England has echoed back every rustic note, softened into perfect melody; it is thus that it has spread its charms over everyday life, displacing nothing, taking things as it found them, but tinting them up with its own magical hues, until every green hill and fountain-head, every fresh meadow, nay, every humble flower, is full of song and story.



(*Drawn by* H. G. Wells.)

THE BABY'S DEBUT.

[James Smith. *See Page* 30.]

[*Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.*]

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New Year's Day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me last week a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is—
He thinks mine came to more than his;
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, O my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang with might and main
Its head against the parlour-door:
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite:
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, "Oh, naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt:
No Drury Lane for you to-day!"
And while papa said, "Pooh, she may!"
Mamma said, "No, she shan't!"

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber-room:
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopped it with a mop,
And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes
(I always talk to Sam):
So what does he, but takes and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall, and not so thick
As these; and, goodness me!
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As those that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town!
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound;
And there's a row of lamps!—my eye!
How they do blaze! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away; but Mr. Thing-
um-bob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said, "Go on, my pretty love;
Speak to 'em, little Nan.

"You've only got to curtsey, whisp-
er, hold your chin up, laugh, and lisp,
And then you're sure to take:
I've known the day when brats not quite
Thirteen, got fifty pounds a night;
Then why not Nancy Lake?"

But while I'm speaking, where's papa?
And where's my aunt? and where's mamma?
Where's Jack? Oh, there they sit!
They smile, they nod; I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join mamma, and see the show;
So, bidding you adieu,
I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

[*Blows a kiss, and exit.*

ANNETTE DELARBRE.

[WASHINGTON IRVING. *See Page* 1.]

In the course of a tour that I once made in Lower Normandy, I remained for a day or two at the old town of Honfleur, which stands at the mouth of the Seine. It was the time of a fête, and all the world was thronging in the evening to dance at the fair, held before the chapel of Our Lady of Grace.

Whilst I was regarding the animated picture, I was struck with the appearance of a beautiful girl, who passed through the crowd without seeming to take any interest in their amusements. She was accompanied by a venerable-looking man, whom I presumed to be her father. She approached the edge of the hill, where there is a little platform, from whence the people of Honfleur look out for the approach of vessels. Here she stood for some time waving her handkerchief, though there was nothing to be seen but two or three fishing-boats, like mere specks on the bosom of the distant ocean.

These circumstances excited my curiosity, and I made some inquiries about her, which were answered with readiness and intelligence by a priest of the neighbouring chapel.

Annette Delarbre was the only daughter of one of the higher order of farmers, or small proprietors, as they are called, who lived at Pont l'Evêque, a pleasant village not far from Honfleur, in that rich pastoral part of Lower Normandy called the Pays d'Auge. Annette was the pride and delight of her parents, and was brought up with the fondest indulgence. She was gay, tender, petulant, and susceptible. All her feelings were quick and ardent; and never having experienced contradiction or restraint, she was little practised in self-control: nothing but the native goodness of her heart kept her from running continually into error.

Even while a child, her susceptibility was evinced in an attachment which she formed to a playmate, Eugene La Forgue, the only son of a widow who lived in the neighbourhood. Their childish love was an epitome of maturer passion; it had its caprices, and jealousies, and quarrels, and reconciliations. It was assuming something of a graver character as Annette entered her fifteenth and Eugene his nineteenth year, when he was suddenly carried off to the army by the conscription.

It was a heavy blow to his widowed mother, for he was her only pride and comfort; but it was one of those sudden bereavements which mothers were perpetually doomed to feel in France during the time that continual and bloody wars were incessantly draining her youth. It was a temporary affliction also to Annette to lose her lover. With tender embraces, half childish, half womanish, she parted from him.

Weeks, months, years flew by. Annette increased in beauty as she increased in years, and was the reigning belle of the neighbourhood. Her time passed innocently and happily. Her father was a man of some consequence in the rural community, and his house was the resort of the gayest of the village. Annette held a kind of rural court; she was always surrounded by companions of her own age, among whom she shone unrivalled.

As she was a rural heiress, she did not want for suitors; many advantageous offers were made her, but she refused them all. She laughed at the pretended pangs of her admirers, and triumphed over them with the caprice of buoyant youth and conscious beauty. With all her apparent levity, however, could any one have read the story of her heart, they might have traced in it some fond remembrance of her early playmate, not so deeply graven as to be painful, but too deep to be easily obliterated; and they might have noticed, amidst all her gaiety, the tenderness that marked her manner towards the mother of Eugene. She would often steal away from her youthful companions and their amusements, to pass whole days with the good widow; listening to her fond talk about her boy, and blushing with secret pleasure when his letters were read, at finding herself a constant theme of recollection and inquiry.

At length the sudden return of peace, which sent many a warrior to his native cottage, brought back Eugene, a young, sun-burnt soldier, to the village. I need not say how rapturously his return was greeted by his mother, who saw in him the pride and staff of her old age. He had risen in the service by his merit; but brought away little from the wars, excepting a soldier-like air, a gallant name, and a scar across the forehead.

He had left Annette almost a child; he found her a blooming woman. If he had loved her before, he now adored her. Annette was equally struck with the improvement which time had made in her lover. But Annette was a rural belle. She had tasted the sweets of dominion, and had been rendered wilful and capricious by constant indulgence at home, and admiration abroad. She was conscious of her power over Eugene, and delighted in exercising it. Eugene, however, was of too serious and ardent a nature to be trifled with. He loved too fervently not to be filled with doubt. A slight misunderstanding took place; a quarrel ensued. Annette, unaccustomed to be thwarted and contradicted, and full of the insolence of youthful beauty, assumed an air of disdain. She refused all explanations to her lover, and they parted in anger. That very evening Eugene saw her, full of gaiety, dancing with one of his rivals; and as her eye caught his fixed on her with unfeigned distress, it sparkled with more than usual vivacity. It was a finishing blow to his hopes, already so much impaired by secret distrust. He retired from her presence with the hasty determination never to see her again.

A woman is more considerate in affairs of love than a man, because love is more the study and business of her life. Annette soon repented of her indiscretion; she felt that she had used her lover unkindly; she felt that she had trifled with his sincere and generous nature—and then he looked so handsome when he parted after their quarrel—his fine features lighted up by indignation. She had intended making up with him at the evening dance, but his sudden departure prevented her. Day after day passed, but Eugene did not make his appearance. Sunday evening came, the usual time when all the gaiety of the village assembled; but Eugene was not there. She inquired after him; he had left the village.

While his feelings were yet smarting with her affected disdain, and his heart a prey to alternate indignation and despair, he had suddenly embraced an invitation which had repeatedly been made him by a relation, who was fitting out a ship from the port of Honfleur, and who wished him to be the companion of his voyage. He hastened to Honfleur just in time to make the needful preparations for the voyage; and the first news that Annette received of this sudden determination was a letter delivered by his mother, returning her pledges of affection, particularly a long-treasured braid of her hair, and bidding her a last farewell, in terms more full of sorrow and tenderness than upbraiding.

This was the first stroke of real anguish that Annette had ever received, and it overcame her. The thought occurred to her that the ship might not yet have sailed; she seized on the hope with eagerness, and hastened with her father to Honfleur. The ship had sailed that very morning.

When she returned home, the cheerfulness of her spirits was at an end. With humiliation and diffidence she sought the widowed mother of Eugene, but was received by her with an overflowing heart; for she only beheld in Annette one who could sympathise in her doting fondness for her son. It seemed some alleviation of her remorse to sit by the mother all day, to study her wants, to beguile her heavy hours, to hang about her with the caressing endearments of a daughter, and to seek by every means, if possible, to supply the place of the son whom she reproached herself with having driven away.

In the meantime the ship made a prosperous voyage to her destined port. Eugene's mother received a letter from him, in which he lamented the precipitancy of his departure. The voyage had given him time for sober reflection. If Annette had been unkind to him, he ought not to have forgotten what was due to his mother, who was now advanced in years. He accused himself of selfishness in only listening to the suggestions of his own inconsiderate passions. He promised to return with the ship, to make his mind up to his disappointment, and to think of nothing but making his mother happy—— "And when he does return," said Annette, clasping her hands with transport, "it shall not be my fault if he ever leaves us again."

The time approached for the ship's return. She was daily expected, when the weather became dreadfully tempestuous. Day after day brought news of vessels foundered or driven on shore, and the sea coast was strewed with wrecks. Intelligence was received of the looked-for ship having been dismasted in a violent storm, and the greatest fears were entertained for her safety.

Annette never left the side of Eugene's mother. She watched every change of her countenance with painful solicitude, and endeavoured to cheer her with hopes, while her own mind was racked by anxiety. She made a daily pilgrimage to the chapel of our Lady of Grace; hung votive garlands on the wall, and passed hours either kneeling before the altar, or looking out from the brow of the hill upon the angry sea.

At length word was brought that the long wished-for vessel was in sight. She was seen standing into the mouth of the Seine, shattered and crippled, bearing marks of having been sadly tempest-tossed. There was a general joy diffused by her return; and there was not a brighter eye, nor a lighter heart than Annette's in the little port of Honfleur, as the ship came to anchor in the river; and shortly after a boat put off for the shore. The populace crowded down to the pier-head to welcome it. Annette stood blushing, and smiling, and trembling, and weeping; for a thousand painfully pleasing emotions agitated her breast at the thoughts of the meeting and reconciliation about to take place. Her agitation increased as the boat drew near, until it became distressing; and it was almost a relief to her when she perceived that her lover was not there. She presumed that some accident had detained him on board of the ship; and she felt that the delay would enable her to gather more self-possession for the meeting. At length Annette heard some inquiries after her lover. Her heart palpitated; there was a moment's pause; the reply was brief, but awful. He had been washed from the deck, with two of the crew, in the midst of a stormy night, when it was impossible to render any assistance. A piercing shriek broke from among the crowd, and Annette had nearly fallen into the waves.

The sudden revulsion of feelings after such a transient gleam of happiness was too much for her harassed frame. She was carried home senseless.

"The subject," continued my informer, "is never mentioned in her hearing; but she sometimes speaks of it herself, and it seems as though there were some vague train of impressions in her mind, in which hope and fear are strangely mingled; some imperfect idea of her lover's shipwreck, and yet some expectation of his return.

"Her parents have tried every means to cheer her, and to banish these gloomy images from her thoughts. It makes every one's heart ache to see her in this way, for she used to be the happiest creature in the village.

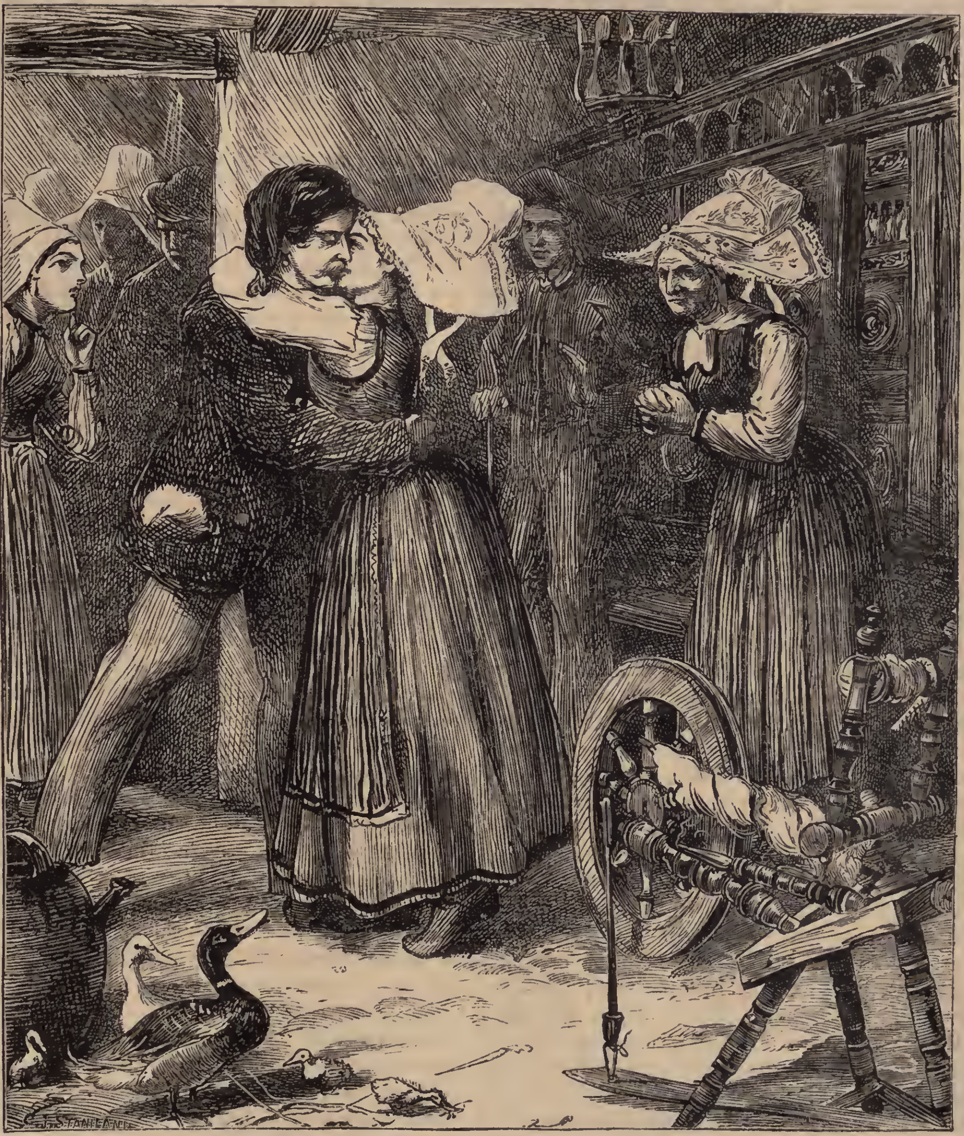
"She passes the greater part of the time with Eugene's mother, whose only consolation is her society, and who dotes on her with a mother's tenderness. She is the only one that has perfect influence over Annette in every mood."

Upwards of a year, he informed me, had now elapsed without effacing from her mind this singular taint of insanity; still her friends hoped it might gradually wear away. They had at one time removed her to a distant part of the country, in hopes that absence from the scenes connected with her story might have a salutary effect; but when her periodical melancholy returned, she became more restless and wretched than usual, and secretly escaping from her friends, set out on foot, without knowing the road, on one of her pilgrimages to the chapel.

About a year afterwards I reached Honfleur on a fine afternoon, intending to cross to Havre the next morning and embark for England. As I had no better way of passing the evening, I strolled up the hill to enjoy the fine prospect from the chapel of Notre Dame de Grace; and while there, I thought of inquiring after the fate of poor Annette Delarbre. The priest who had told me her story was officiating at vespers, after which I accosted him, and learnt from him the remaining circumstances. He told me that, from the time I had seen her at the chapel, her disorder took a sudden turn for the worse, and her health rapidly declined. She became impatient of all sounds of gaiety, and was never so contented as when Eugene's mother was near her. The good woman watched over her with patient, yearning solicitude; and in seeking to beguile her sorrows, would half forget her own.

Just at this time, to the astonishment of every one, news was received of Eugene, who, it appeared, was still living. When almost drowned, he had fortunately seized upon a spar which had been washed from the ship's deck. Finding himself nearly exhausted, he had fastened himself to it and floated for a day and night, until all sense had left him. On recovering, he had found himself on board a vessel bound to India, but so ill as not to move without assistance. His health had continued precarious throughout the voyage; on arriving in India he had experienced many vicissitudes, and had been transferred from ship to ship, and hospital to hospital. His constitution had enabled him to struggle through every hardship; and he was now in a distant port, waiting only for the sailing of a ship to return home.

Great caution was necessary in imparting these tidings to the mother, and even then she was nearly overcome by the transports of her joy.



(*Drawn by* C. J. STANILAND.)

But how to impart them to Annette was a matter of still greater perplexity. Her state of mind had been so morbid; she had been subject to such violent changes, and the cause of her derangement had been of such an inconsolable and hopeless kind, that her friends had always forborne to tamper with her feelings. Her mind admitted but one leading idea at a time, which nothing could divert or efface; or, if ever they succeeded in interrupting the current of her fancy, it only became the more incoherent, and increased the feverishness which preyed upon both mind and body Her friends felt more alarm for her than ever, for they feared that her senses were irrecoverably gone, and her constitution completely undermined.

In the meantime, Eugene returned to the village. He was violently affected when the story of Annette was told him. They did not dare as yet to bring him into Annette's sight, but he was permitted to see her when she was sleeping. The tears streamed down his sunburnt cheeks as he contemplated the ravages which grief and malady had made.

At length the physician that attended her determined to venture upon an experiment; to take advantage of one of those cheerful moods when her mind was visited by hope, and to endeavour to engraft, as it were, the reality upon the delusions of her fancy. Several of her most favourite companions were kept continually about her; they chatted gaily, they laughed, and sang, and danced; but Annette reclined with languid frame and hollow eye, and took no part in their gaiety. At length the winter was gone; the trees put forth their leaves; the swallows began to build in the eaves of the house. Annette's spirits gradually revived. She began to deck her person with unusual care; and, bringing forth a basket of artificial flowers, she went to work to wreathe a bridal chaplet of white roses. Her companions asked her why she prepared the chaplet. "What!" said she, with a smile, "have you not noticed the trees putting on their wedding-dresses of blossoms? Has not the swallow flown back over the sea? Do you not know that the time is come for Eugene to return? that he will be home to-morrow, and that on Sunday we are to be married?"

Her words were repeated to the physician, and he seized on them at once. He directed that her idea should be encouraged and acted upon. Her words were echoed through the house. Every one talked of the return of Eugene as a matter of course; they congratulated her upon her approaching happiness, and assisted her in her preparations. The next morning the same theme was resumed. She was dressed out to receive her lover. Every bosom fluttered with anxiety. A cabriolet drove into the village. "Eugene is coming!" was the cry. She saw him alight at the door, and rushed with a shriek into his arms.

Her friends trembled for the result of this critical experiment; but she did not sink under it, for her fancy had prepared her for his return. She was as one in a dream, to whom a tide of unlooked-for prosperity, that would have overwhelmed his waking reason, seems but the natural current of circumstances. Her conversation, however, showed that her senses were wandering. There was an absolute forgetfulness of all past sorrow; a wild and feverish gaiety that at times was incoherent.

The next morning she awoke languid and exhausted. All the occurrences of the preceding day had passed away from her mind, as though they had been mere illusions of her fancy. She rose melancholy and abstracted, and as she dressed herself, was heard to sing one of her plaintive ballads. When she entered the parlour her eyes were swollen with weeping. She heard Eugene's voice without and started. She passed her hand across her forehead, and stood musing, like one endeavouring to recall a dream. Eugene entered the room, and advanced towards her; she looked at him with an eager, searching look, murmured some indistinct words, and sank on the floor.

She relapsed into a wild and unsettled state of mind; but now that the first shock was over, the physician ordered that Eugene should keep continually in her sight. Sometimes she did not know him; at other times she would talk to him as if he were going to sea, and would implore him not to part from her in anger; and when he was not present she would speak of him as if buried in the ocean, and would sit, with clasped hands, looking upon the ground, the picture of despair.

One day, when Eugene was present, one of her companions endeavoured to rouse her, singing, in a low voice, a tender little air, which was a particular favourite of Annette's.

As she sang, the agitation of Annette subsided, and when the song was ended, she opened her eyes and looked about her, as one awaking in a strange place.

"Oh, Eugene! Eugene!" said she, "it seems as if I have had a long and dismal dream; what has happened, what has been the matter with me?"

He endeavoured to put her off with some evasive answer. "No, no!" cried she, "I know I have been ill, and I have been dreaming strangely. I thought Eugene had left us—and that he had gone to sea—and that—and that he was drowned!—But he *has* been to sea!" added she, earnestly, as recollection kept flashing upon her, "and he has been wrecked—and we were all so wretched—and came home again one bright morning—and ——Oh!" said she, pressing her hand against her forehead, with a sickly smile, "I see how it is; all has not been right here, I begin to recollect—but it is all past now—Eugene is here! and his mother is happy—and we shall never, never part again—shall we, Eugene?"

She sunk back in her chair exhausted; the tears streamed down her cheeks. Her companions hovered round her, not knowing what to make of this sudden dawn of reason. Her lover sobbed aloud. She opened her eyes again, and looked upon them with an air of the sweetest acknowledgment. "You are all so good to me!" said she, faintly.

The physician drew the father aside. "Your daughter's mind is restored," said he; "she is sensible that she has been deranged; she is growing conscious of the past, and conscious of the present. All that now remains is to keep her calm and quiet until her health is re-established, and then let her be married!"

"The wedding took place," continued the good priest, "but a short time since; they were here at the last fête during their honeymoon, and a handsomer and happier couple was not to be seen as they danced under yonder trees."

LAW.

[George Alexander Stevens, Novelist and Humourist. Born about 1720. Died September 6, 1784.]

LAW is law—law is law; and as in such, and so forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, and notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance; people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many desperate cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it: it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

We shall now mention a cause, called "Bullum *versus* Boatum:" it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows:—

There were two farmers: Farmer A. and Farmer B. Farmer A. was seized or possessed of a bull: Farmer B. was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or, as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hayband—after he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went up town to dinner. Farmer A.'s bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came down town to look for a dinner; and, observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat; he ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hayband. The boat, being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock, beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard; whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat for running away with the bull; the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull for running away with the boat: and thus notice of trial was given, Bullum *versus* Boatum, Boatum *versus* Bullum.

Now, the counsel for the bull began with saying:—"My lord, and you gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls, before. Now, my lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat, than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? or, how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull; if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be nonsuited; because, in his declaration, he had not specified what colour he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel:—"My lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour; and, if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be of?" I overruled this motion myself, by observing, the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour; besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour anything. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted; it being proved, that the tide of the river carried them both away; upon which, I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river having carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued; and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose:—How, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos-mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled, by Boatum's attorney declaring that for his client he would swear anything.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record, in true law Latin; which set forth, in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of flood, or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows:—"Aquæ bailiffi est magistratus in choisi super omnibus fishibus qui habuerunt finnos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus vel saltibus riveris, lakis, pondis, canalibus, et well-boatis; sive oysteri, prawni, whitimi, shrimpi, turbutus solus;" that is, not turbots alone, but turbots and soles both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but it being proved that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; but such was the lenity of the Court, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again *de novo*.

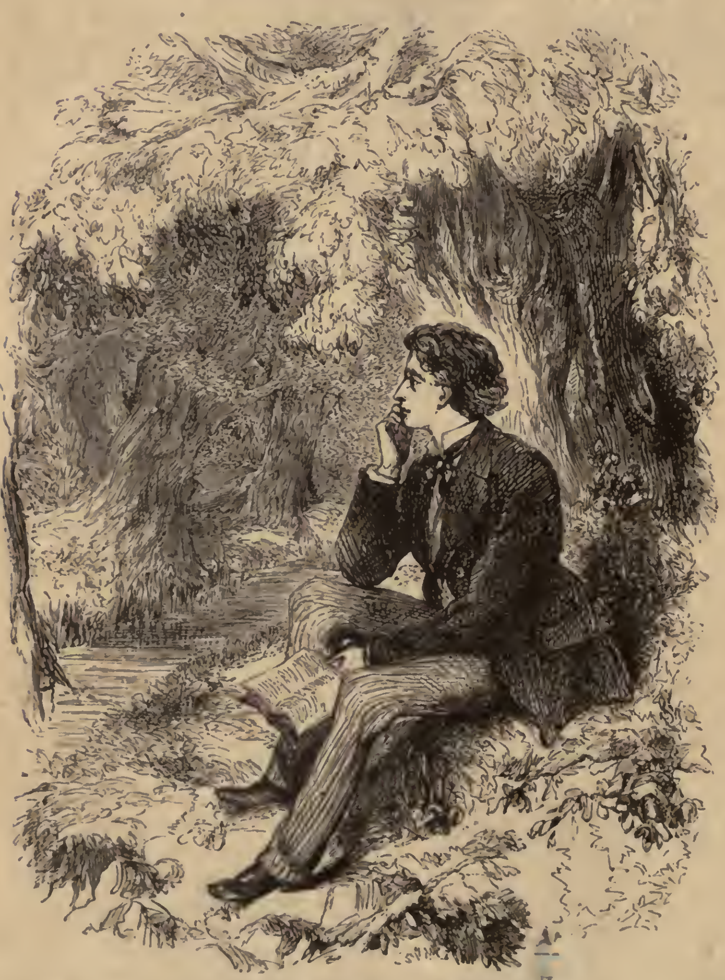
A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

[HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. *See Page* 14.]

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
  Finds us farther than to-day.



(*Drawn by* E. HEBBLETHWAITE.)

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present,
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labour and to wait.

CASSELL, PETTER, AND GALPIN, BELLE SAUVAGE WORKS, LONDON, E.C.

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